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From the North British Review.

BRITISH ASSOCIATION FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF SCIENCE.

THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION has now entered the year of its majority. It has assembled *twenty* times since its establishment, holding its meetings in the following places :

York,	1831.	Plymouth,	1841.
Oxford,	1832.	Manchester,	1842.
Cambridge,	1833.	Cork,	1843.
Edinburgh,	1834.	York,	1844.
Dublin,	1835.	Cambridge,	1845.
Bristol,	1836.	Southampton,	1846.
Liverpool,	1837.	Oxford,	1847.
Newcastle,	1838.	Swansea,	1848.
Birmingham,	1839.	Birmingham,	1849.
Glasgow,	1840.	Edinburgh,	1850.

At *fifteen* of these cities the Association has met *once*, and at *five* of them it has met *twice*, at the earnest solicitation of their Universities and literary institutions, and there are, at this moment, several applications from large and influential cities where the Association has not yet been assembled. Thus countenanced and sustained by all the Universities, and by all the scientific and literary societies in the kingdom, the British Association, in entering the year of its manhood, may now be regarded as a permanent

institution for the advancement of science, to which all others have yielded a willing supremacy, and which may, without presumption, invite the attention of the public to its history, its constitution, and its labors. As the last, and, in the estimation of many, one of the most successful of its meetings, was held in Scotland, it will not be deemed inappropriate in a North British Review to devote a few of its pages to the history of an institution which originated in the North, and which, on two occasions, has received such distinguished support from the philosophers in our metropolis.

The British Association took its origin from a discussion on the decline of science in England, and the neglect of scientific men, which excited much attention between the years 1826 and 1831. Sir John Leslie, Professor Playfair, and others, had previously given expression to their opinions concerning the national discouragement and decline of science, and of the superiority of foreign to British scientific institutions ; but it was not till about the year 1827 that these views excited general attention, and were supported by distinct and specific statements, which neither personal nor national prejudices could gainsay or contradict. The abolition of the Board of Longitude, and the transference of

[NOTE.—The reader will detect the erudite pen of Sir David Brewster in the following rich and instructive article.—Ed.]

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the manufacture of achromatic telescopes and astronomical instruments from England to Bavaria and other parts of the Continent, had roused the indignation of the cultivators of astronomy and optics. In a brief memoir of the life of Joseph Fraunhofer,* who was cut off in the fortieth year of his age, Sir David Brewster thus speaks of that illustrious individual, and of the honors and rewards which were conferred upon him:—

"Of all the losses which science is occasionally called to sustain, there is none which she so deeply deplores as that of an original and inventive genius cut off in the maturity of intellect and in the blaze of reputation. There is an epoch in the career of a man of genuine talent, when he embellishes and extends every subject over which he throws the mantle of his genius. Imbued with the spirit of original research, and familiar with the processes of invention and discovery, his mind teems with new ideas, which spring up around him in rapid and profuse succession. Inventions incomplete, ideas undeveloped, and speculations immatured, amuse and occupy the intervals of elaborate inquiry; and he often sees before him, in dim array, a long train of discoveries, which time and health alone are necessary to realize. The blight of early genius that has put forth its buds of promise, or the stroke which severs from us the hoary sage when he had ceased to instruct and adorn his generation, are events which are felt with a moderated grief, and throughout a narrow range of sympathy; but the blow which strikes down the man of genius in his prime, and in the very heart of his gigantic conceptions, is felt with all the bitterness of sorrow, and is propagated far beyond the circle on which it falls. When a pillar is torn from the temple of science, it must needs convulse the whole of its fabric, and draw the voice of sorrow from its inmost recesses."—Pp. 1, 2.

These opinions respecting the neglect and decline of science in England were cherished by the cultivators of different sciences, who had no communication with each other, and no common object in view. The author of the article Chemistry in the *Encyclopædia Metropolitana*,† while ignorant of the preceding extract, expresses his regret that during the last five or six years chemistry has suffered some degree of neglect in consequence of the attention of Chemists having been turned to the electro-magnetic discoveries of Professor Oersted and his followers. "At least," he adds, "we remark that during this period good chemical analysis and researches have been rare in England; and

yet it must be confessed there is an ample field for chemical discovery."

A greater master in Chemical science, Sir Humphry Davy, the President of the Royal Society of London, entertained still stronger views on the decline of English science. He is said to have written a work with this specific title, full of feeling and eloquence, which his executors have not deemed it proper to publish.

Sir John Herschel had also been led to perceive the inferiority of English to foreign science; and, after he had completed the laborious researches which were requisite for the composition of the articles on LIGHT and SOUND, which he contributed to the *Encyclopædia Metropolitana*, he did not scruple to specify, in strong and articulate language, the particular branches of science in which we had fallen behind our continental neighbors.

The obvious and deep-seated causes of this decline have been eloquently exposed and probed to the bottom by succeeding writers, but particularly by Mr. Babbage, in his "Reflections on the Decline of Science in England, and on some of its Causes." After citing, as we have done, the opinions of Sir Humphry Davy and Sir John Herschel, he asserts, "that in England, particularly with respect to the more difficult and abstract sciences, we are much below other nations, not merely of equal rank, but below several even of inferior power," and that "mathematics, and with it the highest departments of physical science, have gradually declined since the days of Newton." He is of opinion that the causes which have produced, and some of the effects that have resulted from, the present state of science in England, are so mixed, that it is difficult to distinguish accurately between them, and he therefore "does not attempt any minute discrimination, but rather presents the result of his reflections on the concomitant circumstances which have attended the decay, and examined some of the suggestions which have been offered for the advancement, of British science."

Mr. Babbage's work excited great interest in the metropolis, not merely from the importance of the subject, but from the bold and uncompromising eloquence with which he exposed the abuses which then existed in the management of our scientific institutions,—the imperfect system of instruction which is given in our public schools and universities,—the ignorance of public men, and the culpable indifference of successive governments to the intellectual glory of their coun-

* *Edinburgh Journal of Science*, July, 1827, vol. vii. pp. 1-10.

† Page 596.

try. It became accordingly the subject of partial or severe criticism in the public journals, but the longest, the most favorable, and the most elaborate notice of the work appeared in the *Quarterly Review*.*

Regarding the fact of the decline of science, as established by unquestionable evidence, the author takes a rapid view of the patronage which the sovereigns of Europe extended to science in less enlightened ages, and in times when its practical applications were less connected with the wealth and progress of nations;—he then gives a sketch of the present state of science on the continent of Europe—surveys its condition in the British islands—investigates the causes which led to its decline, and suggests the means by which it may be revived and extended. The subject of the Patent Laws is treated at great length and with much fullness of detail, and their flagrant injustice, and iniquitous operation, are boldly and fearlessly denounced.

After these details of the liberality of sovereigns to science both in ancient and modern times, the reader is startled at the following picture of the relation between the Government and the science of England in the year 1830.

"1. There is not at this moment within the British isles a single philosopher, however eminent have been his services, who bears the lowest title that is given to the lowest benefactor of the nation, and the humblest servant of the Crown!†

"2. There is not a single philosopher who enjoys a pension or an allowance, or a sinecure capable of supporting himself and his family in the humblest circumstances! and,

"3. There is not a single philosopher who enjoys the favor of his sovereign, or the friendship of his ministers!"

After illustrating these three propositions by a detail of facts well known and universally admitted, the *Quarterly Reviewer* investigates the cause, and suggests the cure of this ignoble and unhealthy condition of the English mind,—of this ungenerous conduct of English Governments,—of this national insensibility to intellectual greatness,

* October, 1830, vol. xliii. pp. 305-342.

† "Incredible as it may seem," says the late Sir Harris Nicolas, "Sir Walter Scott is the only example in England of an author having been distinguished by any title of honor since the accession of George III."—*Observations on the State of Historical Literature*, &c., London, 1830. The chapter of this work "On the want of Encouragement in Science and Literature," is reprinted in the *Edinburgh Journal of Science*, New Series, vol. vi. pp. 214, 228.—April 1832.

—and of this blind indifference to those elements of glory by which one nation stands out in bold relief from the rest, and challenges the admiration and gratitude of succeeding ages.

Among the remedies which are proposed to revive and extend the science of England, the *Quarterly Reviewer* mentions the following:—

"1. The reform of the University system, and a more liberal endowment of University chairs.

"2. The improvement of our scientific institutions by giving salaries to their office-bearers, and by grants and pecuniary aid; or, what is better,

"3. The raising all our scientific and literary societies into a royal academy or institute, like that of France.

"4. The infusion of scientific members into those public boards which have been established for purposes of a scientific nature.

"5. The admission of men of literature and science into public offices.

"6. The national support of literary and scientific individuals who are prevented by professional occupation from making their genius and talents useful to the State.

"7. Their admission to the same titles, honors, and rewards, which are bestowed upon military, naval, and diplomatic men.

"8. The repeal of the Patent Laws."

The Reviewer concludes his article by proposing the establishment of an ASSOCIATION, the object of which shall be to consider and carry into effect these important measures.

Such was the origin of the *BRITISH ASSOCIATION for the Advancement of Science*. The proposal here made was published to the world, and circulated throughout the empire in October, 1830. In the course of three months, namely, in February, 1831, the Reviewer who made the proposal communicated his plan to the Philosophical Society of York, and in the course of other five months the British Association, consisting of a numerous assemblage of "nobility, clergy, gentry, and philosophers," was founded at York, under auspices the most favorable, and with prospects the most cheering.

The work of Mr. Babbage on the Decline of Science, had excited much attention both by the facts which it disclosed and the vigor and eloquence with which it was written; but the article in the *Quarterly Review*, in consequence of the new topics which it introduced, and the decided measures which it advocated, as well as from other causes, at-

tracted the notice of individuals in power, and of an extensive class of readers who were not likely to peruse the separate work of Mr. Babbage. Such an article might have been expected to appear in the *Edinburgh Review*, with the principles of which it might have been supposed to harmonize; but, emanating from the *Quarterly Review*, which was not in the practice of pleading for change, it fell with an electric force among the friends and enemies of reform. Sir Robert Peel, as we have been assured, on good authority, felt the force of its reproof and remonstrance; and we have no doubt that had he continued in power, he would have carried into effect many of its suggestions; or at least would have promoted those measures so favorable to science and scientific men, which he afterwards adopted. He resigned office, however, under the Duke of Wellington's ministry, a few weeks after he had read the article, and had no opportunity of advancing the interests of science and the arts, till he became Prime Minister in 1841.

On the accession of the Whigs to power, in 1831, when the reform of our institutions, scientific and political, was the great topic of the day, the attention of Lord Grey's Government was called to the state of English science, and the condition of its cultivators. Lord Brougham, who then adorned the Wool-sack, took an active part in promoting the interests of science, and through his instrumentality some of the more important objects of the British Association were secured before it had held its first meeting. Previous to the meeting of the British Association at York, a congress of naturalists and physicians had assembled eight times in Germany. Its first meeting was held in Leipsic in the year 1822, on the suggestion of Professor Oken, whose political and philosophical opinions were not likely to obtain for it the countenance of the friends of order and religion. About twelve strangers and twenty citizens constituted the first meeting of a society, the sole object of which was to make its members better acquainted with each other. It assembled, however, with increasing numbers in Halle, Wurzburg, Frankfort on the Maine, and Dresden. At Munich, where it met in 1827, it was patronized by the King of Bavaria. In 1828 it was hospitably received at Berlin by the King of Prussia, under the presidency of the illustrious Baron Humboldt, the number of strangers amounting to 267. In 1829, when it assembled at Heidelberg, the strangers were only 193; but in 1830, when it met at Hamburg, the strangers had

increased to 258. Mr. Babbage was the only Englishman who was present at the Berlin congress, and Professor Johnston, Dr. Traill, and Professor Pillans, were the Scotch representatives of England at the meeting in Hamburg.*

In order to accomplish the objects which he had recommended in the *Quarterly Review*, Sir David Brewster, immediately after its publication, took the necessary steps for assembling in some central town of England the cultivators and friends of science from every part of the British Islands. York appeared to him to be the most convenient locality; and having been previously in correspondence with Mr. Phillips, the distinguished Secretary of the Philosophical Society of that city, he addressed to him the following letter:—

"ALLERLY BY MELROSE, Feb. 23d, 1831.

"DEAR SIR,—I have taken the liberty of writing you on a subject of considerable importance. It is proposed to establish a *British Association of men of science*, similar to that which has existed for eight years in Germany, and which is now patronized by the most powerful Sovereigns in that part of Europe. The arrangements for the first meeting are now in progress, and it is contemplated that it shall be held in York, as the most central city of the three kingdoms. My object in writing to you at present is to beg that you would ascertain if York will furnish the accommodations necessary for so large a meeting, which might perhaps consist of above 100 individuals,—if the Philosophical Society would enter zealously into the plan, and if the Mayor and influential persons in the town and in the vicinity would be likely to promote its objects. *The principal objects of the Society would be, to make the cultivators of science acquainted with each other; to stimulate one another to renewed exertions; to bring the objects of science before the public eye; and to take measures for advancing its interests and accelerating its progress.* The Society would possess no funds, make no collections, and hold no property; the expense of each anniversary meeting being defrayed by the members who are present. As these few observations will enable you to form a general opinion of the objects in view, I shall only add, that the time of meeting which is likely to be most convenient would be about the 18th or 25th of July. I am, dear sir, ever most truly yours,

D. BREWSTER."

Having submitted this letter to the Coun-

* Mr. Babbage communicated to Sir David Brewster's *Edinburgh Journal of Sciences* for April 1829, an interesting account of the Berlin congress, with Baron Humboldt's speech as President; and Professor Johnston published in the same Journal, April 1831, pp. 189-244, a long and most interesting account of the congress at Hamburg.

oil of the Philosophical Society at York, Mr. Phillips was requested by that body to apply to the Lord Mayor and Magistrates of the city for their concurrence. To this application he received the following answer from the Town Clerk:—

“9th March, 1831.

“MY DEAR SIR,—In compliance with the request of the Council of the Yorkshire Philosophical Society, I have taken an opportunity of acquainting the Lord Mayor, and some others of the Magistrates, with the communication contained in Dr. Brewster's letter to you, and they desire me to say, that they will have great pleasure in doing everything that lies in their power to promote the objects of the Society mentioned by Dr. Brewster, and they rejoice that York is fixed upon as the place for holding its meetings. Very faithfully, yours,

ROBT. DAVIES.”

Mr. Phillips lost no time in transmitting to Sir David Brewster a report of the favorable reception which his proposal had received from the Philosophical Society of York, and the Mayor and Magistrates of the city; and the month of September having been fixed upon as the most convenient for the different parties who were likely to attend the congress, Sir David Brewster drew up and printed an advertisement, entitled—“Notice respecting the proposed scientific meeting at York, on Monday, the 26th of September.”

After all the preliminary arrangements had been completed and made known to the public, the British Association assembled at York, on Monday, the 26th September, 1831, under circumstances the most favorable to the prosperity of the Institution. It was peculiarly fortunate for the infant Society that the Philosophical Society of York had such men as the Rev. William Vernon Harcourt for its vice-president, and Mr. John Phillips for its secretary. Nor was it of less importance to the character of the meeting, and the happiness of its members, that it was patronized by the learned and venerable the Archbishop of York, whose intellectual and amiable family took part in its labors, and graced its assemblies. Several of the leading members of the Association were lodged in the Archbishop's Palace at Bishopthorpe, and the Association was invited to a public dinner under that hospitable roof. The ladies of York and vicinity vied with its philosophers in welcoming to their hearths the pilgrims of knowledge. In the sacrifice they offered at the shrine of Minerva, the sunshine of youth and beauty fell upon the altar, and, pre-eminent above the rest, one lovely form, who

might have been mistaken for the goddess herself, graced the intellectual orgies of science.

The first general meeting of the Association took place on Monday evening. The attendance of ladies and gentlemen was numerous; and after the mutual interchange of civilities between the citizens of York and their visitors, Mr. Phillips delivered an eloquent and popular *ex tempore* lecture on the more remarkable geological phenomena of Yorkshire, which he illustrated by several interesting specimens of organic remains, found in different parts of the county.

On the morning of Tuesday, the 27th of September, was held the first meeting of the friends of science, for the purpose of organizing the Association. The theatre of the York Philosophical Society was completely filled, and before two days had elapsed three hundred and fifty-three individuals had enrolled their names. On the motion of Sir David Brewster, Lord Milton, as President of the Philosophical Society of York, was called to the chair, and addressed the meeting. In his speech, which is published in the Transactions of the Association, he pointed out the advantages which would accrue to science by the establishment of the Association. He admitted “that the fiscal laws of the country offered numerous obstacles to scientific improvement,” “that there were some investigations which required to be carried on upon so great a scale as to be beyond the reach of individual enterprise,” and he expressed the hope that Government would “see the necessity of affording to science due encouragement, and of giving every proper stimulus to its advancement.”

The Rev. Mr. William Vernon Harcourt then addressed the meeting in an excellent speech, in which he explained the objects and plan of the Association. After laying before the meeting the reasons for forming a National Association, he proceeded to state “the grounds which subsist for seeking to obtain a greater degree of national attention to the objects of science.”

“Among the subjects,” he said, “to which a scientific association may justly be expected to call the public attention, I would particularly instance a revision of the law of patents. The protection which is given to every other species of property, is not given in the same extent to the property of *scientific invention*. The protection which it does receive must be bought of the State at a high price; an expense varying from two to four or five hundred pounds is first to be sustained. Then, after encountering the risk of this outlay, the patentee is compelled to specify pub-

lily, and with legal precision, the particulars of his invention; thus it is exposed to be pirated, with the redress only of ruinous proceedings at law; and the consequence is, that no patent is considered of any value till it has actually maintained a litigation; and though patents are still taken out, their chief use is understood to be not so much to secure a right as to advertise a commodity. Such is the present policy of our laws respecting the remuneration of practical science, a policy which seems to have no other end than to restrain the multiplicity of inventions. With regard to the direct national encouragement which is due to scientific objects and scientific men, I am unwilling to moot any disputed or disputable question. There is a service of science to be rendered to the State, with which it cannot dispense. And all, I think, must allow, that it is neither liberal nor politic to keep those who employ the rarest intellectual endowments in the direct service of the country upon a kind of PARISH ALLOWANCE. It would be difficult also to withhold our assent from the opinion that a liberal public provision would have a powerful effect in promoting those studies of abstract science which most require artificial encouragement, and that (as Professor Playfair remarks) 'to detach a number of ingenious men from everything but scientific pursuits—to deliver them alike from the embarrassments of poverty and the temptations of wealth—to give them a place and station in society the most respectable, is to REMOVE EVERY IMPEDIMENT AND TO ADD EVERY STIMULUS TO EXERTION.*' But I will not, on this occasion, enter upon a subject on which any difference of sentiment can be supposed to exist, nor pretend to decide whether Playfair judged rightly of the degree in which a provision of this kind has actually improved the state of science in a neighboring country, when he added, that 'to such an Institution, operating upon a people of great genius and indefatigable activity, we are to ascribe that superiority in the mathematical sciences for which, during the last seventy years, they have been so conspicuous.'

"One great benefit, at least, in addition to her maritime expeditions, England as a nation has conferred on the science of the world. She has had reason to be proud of her astronomical observations, though perhaps it is not equally gratifying to reflect that these observations have been turned to account of late years less by her own geometers than by the National School of Mathematicians in France. But there are many other sciences, gentlemen, on which the resources of States are no less dependent: and in them, also, there are physical data, (I do not here speak of loose and subordinate facts, but of those more important physical axioms from which the general laws of nature are deduced,)—in many other sciences, I say, of practical application, there are physical data which require to be ascertained by masters in science with the most rigorous precision, and not without the most persevering labor; and I may be permitted to think, with Mr. Herschel, that

'it may very reasonably be asked, why the direct assistance afforded by Government to the execution of combined series of observations adapted to this special end, should continue to be, as it has hitherto almost exclusively been, confined to astronomy?'

"The chairman of the meeting, adverting to this subject, has said that 'there are enterprises in science which none but a nation can undertake;' let me add also, that 'there are establishments for science which none but a nation can support.'—*Reports of the First and Second Meetings*, pp. 33, 34.

In making these just and admirable observations, Mr. Harcourt remarks, that he has "spoken both of scientific societies and of the national policy with all freedom, because he takes free speech upon points in which the interests of science are deeply concerned to be one of the principal purposes for which the meeting was assembled." In discussing the weighty matters contained in this extract, we shall imitate his example; but at present we shall only call the attention of our readers to the undoubted fact, that the two great and avowed objects of the British Association were to repeal or reform the law of patents, and to obtain from the Government a national establishment, or direct national encouragement for science. There were the objects of the gentlemen who suggested the Association, and, we believe, of every one of the scientific individuals who assembled at York to legislate for its future guidance.

At the morning meetings, which were held during the remaining days of the week, very interesting papers were read, while popular lectures or short popular papers were reserved for the evening assemblages, which were attended by the gentry of York and the neighborhood. The persons who took an active part at these meetings, either by reading papers and lectures, or by oral discussion and the exhibition of interesting scientific objects, were—

Dr. Dalton,	Mr. Luke Howard,
Dr. Henry,	Professor Potter,
Sir D. Brewster,	Mr. J. Gray, jun.,
Rev. Mr. Harcourt,	Mr. Greenough,
Sir R. Murchison,	Mr. George Harvey,
Dr. Scoresby,	Mr. Witham,
Professor Forbes,	Mr. Hutton,
Professor Johnston,	Sir John Robinson,
Dr. Daubeny,	Dr. Warwick,
Mr. Abraham,	Mr. Wm. Smith,
Mr. Phillips,	Mr. Gould,
Mr. Gilbertson,	Mr. R. Havell,
Mr. Thos. Allan,	Mr. Williamson.

* Second Dissertation prefixed to the Supplement to the Encyclopedia Britannica.

As it will be interesting to many of our

readers to know the names of the leading men who came from various parts of the empire to inaugurate the new institution, we have obtained, through the kindness of Mr. Phillips, the following document, which contains, *first*, a list of the signatures, with the number of their ticket, "on the first page of the York Meeting-Book;" and *secondly*, the names of the leading scientific and literary men who attended the meeting:—

- No. of Ticket.
- 1st, 1. David Brewster, Allerly, by Melrose,
2. Milton,
3. W. V. Harcourt, Rev., Wheldrake,
4. John Robinson, Edinburgh,
5. Rod. I. Murchison, London,
6. John Phillips, York,
7. Henry Witham, Edinburgh,
8. James D. Forbes, Edinburgh,
9. James F. W. Johnston, Portobello.

2d, *Names of other Scientific and Literary Members.*

25. W. L. Newman, York.
27. Benjamin Rotch, London.
29. Wm. Hincks, Rev., F.L.S., York.
33. William Taylor, Rev., York.
42. William Gilbertson, Preston.
44. J. D. Preston, Rev., Ashham, Bryan.
49. Thomas Allis, York.
50. Thomas Donkin, York.
58. Jonah Wasse, Ouseburn,
72. William Hewitson, Newcastle.
73. John Gould, Zool. Gar., London.
75. Thomas Meynell, jun., Yarm.
78. John Kenrick, Rev., York.
103. Fra. Wrangham, Hunmanby.
105. L. V. Harcourt, Rev., Stokesley.
116. Charles Wellbeloved, Rev., York.
118. Rev. J. Radcliffe, Oxford.
122. Joseph Hunter, F.S.A., Bath.
126. J. T. Mackay, Dublin.
136. Godfrey Higgins, Shellow Grange.
144. George Goldie, M.D., York.
145. William Gray, jun., York.
150. Sir Philip de Grey Egerton, Oulton Park.
157. J. C. Prichard, Bristol.
159. John Dunn, Scarborough.
161. W. H. Dikes, Hull.
163. John Edward Lee, Hull.
176. Jonathan Gray, York.
178. Thomas Allan, Edinburgh.
185. Dundas, Mansion House, York.
188. John Adamson, Newcastle.
189. William Hutton, Newcastle-on-Tyne.
190. William Cockburn, Dean of York.

192. William West, Leeds.
193. John Marshall, Headingley.
198. William Scoresby, Liverpool.
199. W. L. Wharton, Dryburn, Durham.
201. William Pearson, (Rev.) South Kilworth, Leicestershire.
203. James Black, M.D., Bolton.
207. R. Potter, jun., Smedley Hall, near Manchester.
211. William Smith, Hackness.
215. Geo. Cayley, Brompton.
219. Barth. Lloyd, Provost, Trinity College, Dublin.
222. G. Johnston, M.D., Berwick-on-Tweed.
226. C. Daubeny, Oxford.
228. William Turner, Newcastle-on-Tyne.
231. Francis Cholmeley, Brandsby.
243. James Yates, Upper Bedford Place, London.
247. G. B. Greenough, London.
254. John Dalton, Manchester.
263. Sir T. M. Brisbane.
291. William Etty, R.A., London.
293. Luke Howard, Ackworth.
295. Theodore Dury, Keighley.
299. Mr. Justice Parke, London.
301. F. S. Williams, Trinity College, Cambridge.
303. Morpeth, Castle Howard.
313. Mr. Fawkes, Farnley.
315. Robert Allan, Edinburgh.
326. J. W. Geldart, Prof. of Civil Law, Cambridge.
328. Thomas Longman, London.
343. B. Bailey, Travancore, India.
348. Rev. Dr. Muir, Edinburgh.

The last Ticket was numbered 353.

In this list our readers will recognize the names of many individuals who have since been highly distinguished in science, literature, and the arts:

Our limits will not permit us to give a full account of the objects and rules of the Association as they were agreed to at York, and the steps which were taken to accomplish these objects. It may be sufficient to mention, that Local Committees were appointed in London, Edinburgh, and Dublin, and also in Calcutta, where a Committee was organized under the Presidency of Sir Edward Ryan, President of the Asiatic Society there, George Swinton, Esq., Chief Secretary to the Government, and other scientific individuals; and that Reports* (all of which were

* The valuable idea of requesting Reports on the state of different branches of science was suggested by Dr. Whewell, now master of Trinity College, Cambridge.

prepared and read at the next meeting) were requested,—1. On the Progress of Astronomy during the present century, from PROFESSOR AIRY; 2. On the Tides, from W. LUBBOCK; 3. On Meteorology, from MR. FORBES; 4. On Radiant Heat, from PROFESSOR POWELL; 5. On Thermo-electricity, from PROFESSOR CUMMING; 6. On the Recent Progress of Optics, from SIR DAVID BREWSTER; 7. On Mineralogy, from PROFESSOR WHEWELL; 8. On Geology, from the Rev. W. D. CONYBEARE; 9. On Chemical Science, from PROFESSOR JOHNSTON; and 10. On the History of the Human Species, from DR. PRICHARD. In the perusal of these ten Reports, which occupy 400 closely printed pages, the friends of science will not scruple to admit that real and substantial work was done at the first meeting of the Association at York, while the general reader will learn from our brief notice of the proceedings of the meeting, and the list of the men who composed it, that had the Association never met again, its members would have been amply compensated by the new friendships which they formed, and by the high pleasures of social intercourse which they enjoyed. The feelings of the members themselves have been often expressed at subsequent meetings of the Association. They look back upon the week spent in York, and its elegant and intellectual society, as one of the happiest in their lives. They left the city with sorrow, if not with tears; and those whose lives were spared in 1844 rushed back to the scene of their enjoyment, to revisit the friends who survived, and to mourn over the friends that were lost.

The meeting was adjourned to reassemble at Oxford under the presidency of Dr. Buckland, and the vice-presidency of Sir David Brewster and Professor Whewell, on the 18th June, 1832.

Before we quit the subject of the first or experimental meeting at York, historical truth, and the interests of science itself, demand our attention to a circumstance which exercised an injurious influence on the future proceedings of the Association, and which, but for the good sense of Mr. Harcourt, and the forbearance of others, might have created a division among its members.

At the opening meeting, as we have seen, and before any statement had been made, or resolution moved, Lord Milton, the president of the York Philosophical Society, was, from his official position, called to the chair. In the speech which he addressed to the meeting, he was understood to object "to all di-

rect encouragement of science by the State," and to characterize such a mode of advancing it "as un-English," and calculated "to make men of science the servile pensioners of the Ministry." In the discussion, however, which followed, a clear and positive claim for such national encouragement was made by Mr. Harcourt, who, in urging correct views in reference to this fundamental object of the Association, remarked,—

"I should undoubtedly be very sorry to see any system of encouragement adopted, by which the men of science in England should become servile pensioners of the Ministry: and no less sorry am I to see them under the present system, when exerting the rarest intellectual faculties in the scientific service of the State, chained down in a needy dependence on a too penurious Government. The best kind of porcelain is too refined a ware to be maintained in a country without direct encouragement, and how can it be expected that mathematics should maintain its professors without assistance from the State? As things stand at present, the deeper, drier, and more exalted a man's studies are, the drier, lower, and more sparing must be his diet. For bread some of our first men of science are driven to mercenary practices, which add indignity to poverty, and which leave no leisure, and indeed no soul, for higher achievements. I cannot see any reason why, with proper precautions, *men of science should not be helped to study for the public good, as well as statesmen to act for it*; nor do I see why they should not be *as independent with fixed salaries, as statesmen hold themselves to be in places revocable at will*.

"At the present moment, there is a man of science,* and more than one friend, to the direct encouragement of scientific men, at the head of affairs. Our starving philosophers are indulging no unjustifiable hope that the fortunes of philosophy may be mended under the influence of the present lords of the ascendant. It cannot be wondered that they should be unwilling to have it proclaimed, *ex cathedra*, from the midst of themselves, that there is something illegitimate in the direct encouragement of science, though they are ready enough to own that there is something in it very *un-English*.

"At this moment there is a strong effort making to obtain for the gray-headed and disinterested geological philosopher, Mr. William Smith, that encouragement and reward which his public services deserve. In the present system, it is a matter of interest and favor to obtain it: under a better, it would be an irresistible claim; and had a better existed, half the life of this original and accurate observer would not have been lost to science, for want of direct and most legitimate encouragement."

While these just and admirable views were

* Lord Broughman, we believe, is here justly referred to.

thus eloquently pressed upon the notice of the public by members of the British Association, other minds were at the same time actively engaged in the study of the same subject. Mr. Huskisson, in his celebrated speech on the shipping interest, had declared in Parliament, *that England cannot afford to be in arrear of any other nation in the progress of useful improvement*; and had he lived in the present day, he would doubtless have seen how dependent all useful improvements must ever be on the advancement of science, in its most transcendental as well as in its most practical phase; and we shall have occasion to state, in a subsequent part of this article, that his colleague, Sir Robert Peel, not only adopted the same opinion, but gave it a practical form, by assisting in the establishment of one of our most important scientific institutions.

Beside the opinions of statesmen of large and liberal minds, it is of some importance to be able to place that of a private and highly educated country gentleman, distinguished by his piety, his generosity, and his eloquence, who bewails the decline of science in England, and the growing indifference to the intellectual honor of the nation, as the harbingers of national degradation and ruin. In a pamphlet, entitled "*The Prospects of Great Britain*," published in 1831, Mr. Douglas of Cavers has given a rapid sketch of the religious, the moral, the intellectual, and the political state of England. With the boldness of a Christian patriot, and with an enthusiasm which high principles alone can sustain, the author points out the corruptions which degrade our public institutions, he states and explains the means by which the national interests may be revived, and he unfolds the prospects which may still be cherished if those means shall be blessed with success.

Such were the views of those who proposed and founded the British Association, and of others entirely unconnected with it, on the subject of the direct and national encouragement of science; and it might have been reasonably expected that this influential body would have immediately organized committees and appointed deputations for carrying into effect such an essential and such a noble part of the enterprise in which they had embarked. Philosophers, inventors, and authors, and divines, and physicians, and lawyers, had all assembled at York,—many of them at great inconvenience, and almost all of them at an expense which some could but ill afford. Their purpose

was to sustain and extend the declining science of England by the construction of a gigantic machinery combining all the intellectual powers of the State. They decided upon its plan—they chose its engineers—they fixed the localities for its work—they provided heads and hands, and fire and water, to start it on its noble movement, and to cheer it in its glorious march. They separated from each other at York with no dread of failure, but with high hopes of success. The philosopher returned to his peaceful hearth, resolved to deserve better of his country. The man of science retired to his chamber to complete inventions which he now hoped might obtain a legal protection. The author hastened to his nightly task, when the professional toil of the day had ceased, to provide for his species new forms of amusement and instruction. The poet struck his lyre with less trembling fingers and a more uplifted eye. The man of genius, whose experience had taught him that his country cared little for him, threw from his countenance its habitual gloom, and had faith enough to believe that he might yet obtain food for his children and employment for himself; while the divine, the physician, and the lawyer, saw in the horizon a dawn of better days, and, at least, cherished the hope that they might find some retreat in the El Dorado of the State, or that, in the competition for place, their intellectual labors might be weighed against the hitherto paramount claims of the tools of faction and the minions of power.

With such hopes—hopes just and reasonable—hopes, too, inspired by men who had it in their power to realize them, the philosophers, the men of science, the authors, the men of genius, the divines, physicians, and lawyers, flocked to Oxford, to take part in the festival sacred to Minerva—willing to worship, and expecting blessings in return. The daughter of Jove, however, was invoked by thousands—but the goddess of reason, sense, and taste, gave no response. Her noble plume did not deign to nod assent. The cock, indeed, upon her helmet, crew in welcome to the warrior; but the serpents beneath—the emblems of wisdom—coiled themselves up in shame.

Tu nihil invita dices faciesve Minerva.

The topics of protected inventions and encouraged science were forgotten, and the sages of the north and west had undertaken their second pilgrimage in vain. Attracted

like Danne by a shower of gold in the distance, the pilgrims with their children were left, like her, exposed on the beach, but fortunately, as we shall presently see, there were some stout-hearted fishermen who had the courage, and what generally attends it, the good fortune, to relieve them.

Notwithstanding these broken vows on the one hand, and shattered hopes on the other, the meeting at Oxford was brilliant and successful. Its numerous members were hospitably received within her ancient and gorgeous halls, associated with deeds of lofty genius and undying renown, while a few of its more zealous supporters were honored with the degree of doctor of civil law, amid the applause of thousands assembled in its theatre.* The desire of this great university to do honor to intellectual laborers was thus unequivocally and nobly expressed, and those who felt themselves most deeply compromised in reference to the subject of national encouragement to science, were willing to believe that, owing to the engrossing duties of so large a meeting, it was want of time rather than want of purpose that had placed in temporary abeyance the more urgent objects of the Association.

The third meeting of the British Association assembled at Cambridge on the 18th June 1833, under the Presidency of Professor Sedgwick and the vice-presidency of Dr. Dalton and Professor Airy. The vice-chancellor, the heads of colleges and the professors, vied with each other in hospitality and kindness, and the philosophers of other countries and other universities felt a just pride in being welcomed by the university of Newton, and by those distinguished men who have followed him in the career of invention and discovery. The university honors which it was in their power to bestow, namely, the degree of master of arts, were liberally bestowed on some of the more distinguished strangers. But here, as at Oxford, the subjects of protected inventions, and of national support to science, were utterly thrown overboard, and from statements which were made at several public meetings it became evident that there was a desire in influential quarters to forget the Scottish origin of the Association, and thus to obliterate for ever all public reference to those fundamental objects which were so closely associated with its early history.

The fourth meeting of the Association took

place in Edinburgh, on the 8th September, 1834, Sir Thomas Brisbane being President and Sir David Brewster and Dr. Romney Robinson, Vice-Presidents. The hospitality of the Scottish metropolis was never more nobly displayed. The inhabitants of all classes opened their houses and their hearts for the reception of strangers, and the scientific work of the meeting was carried on with zeal and success. Among the distinguished foreigners who were present, we may enumerate M. Arago, M. Agassiz, M. Treviranus, and Professor Moll. M. Arago, the representative of the National Institute, whose great discoveries were nowhere better known and more highly appreciated than in Edinburgh, was the great object of interest. He took an active part in the Sectional meetings; and in the more public proceedings he delighted the audience by his fluency and eloquence as a speaker. Lord Brougham, who was admitted a member by acclamation, attended the closing meeting, which he addressed with his usual eloquence and power. The University conferred the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws upon Dr. Dalton and the four distinguished foreigners whom we have mentioned, and they were honored also with the freedom of the city.

When Edinburgh was fixed upon as the place of meeting, it was fondly expected that the Scottish origin of the Association might have called to mind the fundamental objects for which it had been established; and that from the Modern Athens would have gone forth the decree, that Science, Literature, and the Arts require the protection of the State, and that no Government either knows its duty or performs it, which does not cheerfully respond to this first law of civilization. These expectations, however, were, as formerly, disappointed, and it now became necessary that some public notice should be taken of this repudiation of the very objects for which the Association was instituted, and some inquiry made into its origin and tendency. An article accordingly appeared in the *Edinburgh Review*,* in which there was much "free speech," as Mr. Harcourt recommended, "upon points in which the interests of science are deeply concerned," and much good advice touching the future management of the Association.

"During the existence of the British Association," says the author, "its leaders have almost entirely neglected its fundamental object. Though

* Dr. Dalton, Mr. Robert Brown, Mr. Faraday, and Sir David Brewster, not one of whom were members of the Church of England.

* January 1835, vol. ix. pp. 362-394.

more than once urged to it, they have not considered the question relative to the Law of Patents. Though Mr. Harvey, Mr. Owen, and Mr. Gill recommended both at Oxford and Cambridge that the state of naval architecture in England should have 'the early attention of the Association, assisted by the Government,' yet not a single step has been taken on the subject; and, though one of the express designs of the Congress, not a single measure has been adopted relative to the encouragement of scientific men. We are not disposed to inquire by what influence, or from what motive, these primary objects of the Association have been so singularly overlooked; but we have no hesitation in predicting their speedy and complete accomplishment."

The author concludes his review with the following list of objects which should be submitted to sub-committees, for the purpose of reporting on them to a general meeting:—

"1. On a direct national provision for men of science.

"2. On the revision or repeal of the Patent Laws.

"3. On the advancement of Astronomy, Navigation, and General Geography, by fitting out ships of discovery.*

"4. On the Advancement of General Science by the Erection of Physical Observatories.†

"5. On the most Scientific and Economical Method of Lighting the Coasts and Harbors of Great Britain.

"6. On the Improvement and Extension of the Lines of Communication throughout the Kingdom by Roads, Railways, and Steamboats.

* This was done in 1835 and 1838. See page 277.

† This proposal was carried into effect, as will be afterwards seen, in 1838. See page 277.

"7. On the formation of a Scientific Board for Improving our Naval Architecture."

"8. On the Improvement and Extension of the British Fisheries.

"9. On the Mines and Minerals of the kingdom.

"10. On the Formation of a Statistical Board.

"11. On the propriety of having an Annual Exhibition of British industry, at the place of meeting of the Association.

"12. On the propriety of entrusting to each Metropolitan and Provincial Society certain specific objects of inquiry, and furnishing the means when necessary to carry them into effect.

"13. To arrange a system of prizes for the successful prosecution of particular branches of science."—*Edinburgh Review*, vol. lx., pp. 393, 394.

Having thus given a brief account of the early history of the Association, we must compress our notice of its future meetings into the briefest space. A very full and correct account of the last meeting in Edinburgh, with a corrected edition of the President's address, will be found in No. III. of the *PALLADIUM*, (placed at the head of this article,) a new monthly journal of very high promise, and under excellent management. The following table shows the Places and Times of Meeting of the Association:—

* This important subject was taken up in 1838, and successfully pursued. See *Reports* of 1838, 1842, 1843, 1844, and 1846. "In France," says Professor Sedgwick, "the art of naval construction was taught by men of profound science, combined with men of practical skill. In England we had men of consummate skill derived from great experience; but Science was almost overlooked, and we have endured much national loss and some dishonor as the consequence of this blindness."—*Discourse*, &c., p. cccxl.

Table showing the Places and Times of Meeting of the British Association, with the Presidents, Vice-Presidents, and Local Secretaries, from its Commencement.

PRESIDENTS		VICE-PRESIDENTS		LOCAL SECRETARIES	
The EARL FITZWILLIAM, D.C.L., F.R.S., F.G.S., &c., York, September 27, 1831.		Rev. W. Vernon Harcourt, M.A., F.R.S., F.G.S.		William Gray, Jun., F.G.S.	
The Rev. W. BUCKLAND, D.D., F.R.S., F.G.S., &c., Oxford, June 19, 1832.		Sir D. Brewster, K.H., LL.D., F.R.S., L. & E., &c.		Professor Phillips, F.R.S., F.G.S.	
The Rev. ADAM SEDGWICK, M.A., V.P.R.S., V.P.G.S., Cambridge, June 25, 1833.		Rev. W. Whewell, F.R.S., Pres. Geol. Soc., &c.		Professor Daubeny, M.D., F.R.S., &c.	
Sir T. MADDUGAL BURSANE, K.C.B., D.C.L., F.R.S., L. & E., Edinburgh, September 8, 1834.		G. B. Airy, F.R.S., Astronomer Royal, &c.		Rev. Professor Henslow, M.A., F.L.S., F.G.S.	
The Rev. PROVOSE LLOYD, LL.D., Dublin, August 10, 1835.		John Dalton, D.C.L., F.R.S.		Rev. W. Whewell, F.R.S.	
The MARQUIS OF LANDOWNE, D.C.L., F.R.S., &c., Bristol, August 22, 1836.		Sir David Brewster, K.H., D.C.L., F.R.S., &c.		Professor Forbes, F.R.S., L. & E., &c.	
		Rev. T. R. Robinson, D.D.		Sir John Robinson, Sec. R.S.E.	
		Viscount Oxmantown, F.R.S., F.R.A.S.		Sir W. R. Hamilton, Astron. Royal of Ireland, &c.	
		Rev. W. Whewell, F.R.S., &c.		Rev. Professor Lloyd, F.R.S.	
		The Marquis of Northampton, F.R.S.		Professor Daubeny, M.D., F.R.S., &c.	
		Rev. W. D. Conybeare, F.R.S., F.G.S.		V. F. Hovenden, Esq.	
		J. C. Pritchard, M.D., F.R.S.		Professor Trail, M.D.	
		The Bishop of Norwich, P.L.S., F.G.S.		Wm. Wallace Currie, Esq.	
The EARL OF BURLINGTON, F.R.S., F.G.S., Chan. Univ. London, Liverpool, September 11, 1837.		John Dalton, D.C.L., F.R.S.		Joseph N. Walker, Pres. Royal Institution, Liverpool.	
		Sir Philip de Grey Egerton, Bart., F.R.S., F.G.S.		John Adamson, F.L.S., &c.	
		Rev. W. Whewell, F.R.S.		Wm. Hutton, F.G.S.	
		The Bishop of Durham, F.R.S., F.S.A.		Professor Johnston, M.A., F.R.S.	
The DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND, F.R.S., F.G.S., &c., Newcastle-on-Tyne, August 20, 1838.		The Rev. W. Vernon Harcourt, F.R.S., &c.		George Barker, Esq., F.R.S.	
		Prideaux John Selby, Esq., F.R.S.E.		Peyton Blakiston, M.D.	
		Marquis of Northampton. Earl of Dartmouth.		Joseph Hodgson, Esq., F.R.S.	
		The Rev. T. R. Robinson, D.D.		Follett Osler, Esq.	
The Rev. W. VERNON HARCOURT, M.A., F.R.S., &c., Birmingham, August 26, 1839.		John Corrie, Esq., F.R.S.		Andrew Liddall, Esq.	
		Very Rev. Principal Macfarlane.		Rev. J. P. Nicol, LL.D.	
		Major-General Lord Greenock, F.R.S.E.		John Strang, Esq.	
The MARQUIS OF BREADALBANE, F.R.S., Glasgow, September 17, 1840.		Sir David Brewster, K.H., D.C.L., F.R.S.		W. S. Harris, Esq., F.R.S. Col. Hamilton Smith, F.R.S.	
		Sir T. M. Brisbane, Bart., F.R.S.		Robert Were Fox, Esq.	
		The Earl of Mount Edgumbe.		Peter Clare, Esq., F.R.A.S.	
		The Earl of Morley. Lord Eliot, M.P.		W. Fleming, M.D.	
The Rev. PROFESSOR WHEWELL, F.R.S., &c., Plymouth, July 20, 1841.		Sir C. Lemon, Bart. Sir T. D. Acland, Bart.		James Heywood, Esq., F.R.S.	
		John Dalton, D.C.L., F.R.S.		Professor John Stevelly, M.A.	
LORD FRANCIS EGERTON, F.G.S., Manchester, June 28, 1842.		Hon. and Rev. W. Herbert, F.L.S., &c.		Rev. Jos. Carson, F.T.C., Dublin.	
		Rev. A. Sedgwick, M.A., F.R.S.		Wm. Kelcher, Esq.	
		W. C. Henry, M.D., F.R.S.			
		Sir Benjamin Heywood, Bart.			
		Earl of Listowel. Viscount Adare.			
The EARL OF ROSSE, F.R.S., Cork, August 17, 1843.		Sir W. R. Hamilton, Pres. R.L.A.			
		Rev. T. R. Robinson, D.D.			

The Rev. G. PEACOCK, D.D. (Dean of Ely), F.R.S.
York, September 26, 1844.

Sir JOHN F. W. HERSCHEL, Bart., F.R.S., &c.
Cambridge, June 19, 1846.

Sir RODERICK LUTY MURKINSON, G.C.S., F.R.S.,
Southampton, September 10, 1846.

Sir ROBERT HARRY INGLIS, Bart., D.C.L., F.R.S., M.P. for the
University of Oxford.
Oxford, June 23, 1847.

The MARQUIS OF NORTHAMPTON, Pres. Royal Society, &c.
Swansea, August 9, 1848.

The Rev. T. R. ROBINSON, D.D., M.R.I.A., F.R.A.S.
Birmingham, September 12, 1849.

Sir DAVID BREWSTER, K.H., D.C.L., F.R.S., L. & E.
Edinburgh, July 31, 1850.

Earl Fitzwilliam, F.R.S. Viscount Morpeth, F.G.S.	William Hatfield, Esq., F.G.S.
The Hon. John Stuart Wortley, M.P.	Thomas Meynell, Esq., F.L.S.
Sir David Brewster, K.H. F.R.S.	Rev. W. Scoresby, LL.D., F.R.S.
Michael Faraday, Esq., D.C.L., F.R.S.	William West, Esq.
Rev. W. V. Harcourt, F.R.S.	
The Earl of Hardwicke. The Bishop of Norwich.	
Rev. J. Graham, D.D. Rev. G. Anslie, D.D.	William Hopkins, Esq., M.A., F.R.S.
G. B. Airy, Esq., M.A., D.C.L., F.R.S.	Professor Ansted, M.A., F.R.S.
The Rev. Professor Sedgwick, M.A., F.R.S.	
The Marquis of Winchester.	
The Earl of Yarborough, D.C.L.	
Lord Ashburton, D.C.L. Visct. Palmerston, M.P.	
Right Hon. Charles Shaw Lefevre, M.P.	Henry Clark, M.D.
Sir Geo. T. Staunton, Bart., M.P., D.C.L., F.R.S.	T. H. C. Moody, Esq.
The Lord Bishop of Oxford, F.R.S.	
Prof. Owen, M.D., F.R.S. Prof. Powell, F.R.S.	
The Earl of Rosse, F.R.S.	
The Lord Bishop of Oxford, F.R.S.	
The Vice-Chancellor of the University.	
Thomas G. Bucknall, Esq., D.C.L., M.P. for the University of Oxford.	Rev. Robert Walker, M.A., F.R.S.
Very Rev. the Dean of Westminster, D.D., F.R.S.	Henry Wentworth Acland, Esq., B.M.
Prof. Daubeny, M.D., F.R.S.	
The Rev. Professor Powell, M.A., F.R.S.	
The Marquis of Bute, K.T. Visct. Adare, F.R.S.	
Sir H. T. De la Beche, F.R.S., Pres. G.S.	Mathew Mogridge, Esq.
The Very Rev. the Dean of Llandaff, F.R.S.	D. Nicol, M.D.
Lewis W. Dillwyn, Esq., F.R.S.	
W. R. Grove, Esq., F.R.S.	
J. H. Vivian, Esq., M.P., F.R.S.	
The Lord Bishop of St. David's.	
The Earl of Harrowby. Lord Wrottesley, F.R.S.	Captain Tindal, R.N.
Right Hon. Sir Robert Peel, M.P., D.C.L., F.R.S.	William Wills, Esq.
Charles Darwin, Esq., M.A., F.R.S., Sec. G. S.	Bell Fletcher, Esq., M.D.
Professor Faraday, D.C.L., F.R.S.	James Chance, Esq.
Sir David Brewster, K.H., D.C.L., F.R.S.	
Rev. Professor Willis, M.A., F.R.S.	
Right Hon. the Lord Provost of Edinburgh.	
The Earl of Cathcart, K.C.B., F.R.S.E.	
The Earl of Rosebery, K.T., D.C.L., F.R.S.	
Rt. Hon. D. Boyle (Lord Justice-General), F.R.S.E.	
General Sir Thomas M. Brisbane, Bart., K.C.B., G.C.H., D.C.L., F.R.S., Pres. R.S.E.	Rev. Professor Kelland, M.A., F.R.S., L. & E.
Very Rev. John Lee, D.D., V.P.R.S.E., Principal of the University of Edinburgh.	Professor Ballour, M.D., F.R.S.E., F.L.S.
Professor Jamieson, F.R.S.E.	James Todd, Esq., F.R.S.
Professor W. P. Alison, M.D., V.P.R.S.E.	
Professor J. D. Forbes, F.R.S., Sec. R.S.E.	

During some of the early years of the Association, the lists which were kept for reference did not specify the number of ladies

who attended. The following table is, therefore, to a certain degree imperfect:—

A Statement of the Number of Persons who have attended the Meetings of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, from 1831 to 1850, inclusive.

1831 York,	353		1845 Cambridge,	817
1832 Oxford,	534	} Somewhat uncertain.	“ Ladies,	172
1833 Cambridge,	856		—	980
1834 Edinburgh,	1139		1846 Southampton,	627
1835 Dublin,	1203		“ Ladies,	196
1836 Bristol,	1330		—	823
1837 Liverpool,	1550		1847 Oxford,	973
1838 Newcastle,	2076		“ Ladies	203
1839 Birmingham,	1393		—	1176
1840 Glasgow,	1316		1848 Swansea,	618
1841 Plymouth,	600		“ Ladies,	197
“ Ladies,	261		—	815
—	861		1849 Birmingham,	866
1842 Manchester,	962		“ Ladies,	323
“ Ladies,	331		—	1189
—	1293		1850 Edinburgh,	828
1843 Cork,	395		“ Ladies,	274
“ Ladies,	160		—	1102
—	555			
1844 York,	659			
“ Ladies,	260			
—	919			

The numbers in the preceding table are exclusive of foreigners. As our readers, whether members of the Association or not, will be desirous of knowing the different classes of foreigners who have honored the Association with their countenance, we have been induced, at some sacrifice of space, to give the following list, which has been prepared with some difficulty:—

A List of Foreign Gentlemen who have attended the Meetings of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, from 1831 to 1850, inclusive.

Adrian, Prof., Director of the University at Giessen.	1842, 1849, Bergeron, Mons. St. Etienne, France.
Agardh, Dr. C. A., Lund, Sweden.	Bernhardt, T., Erfurt.
1846, Agassiz, Louis, Prof. of Nat. Hist. Neuchâtel.	1842, Bessel, Professor, Königsberg.
Allen, Horatio, New York.	Biddle, C. C., Philadelphia.
Ameen, Bey M. Z., Constantinople.	Bocen, Louis, Valenciennes.
Andiffredi, Le Chevalier, Piedmont.	Bocea, Henri, do.
1834, Arago, F., Paris.	Brana, Count, Venice.
Ardascer bursjee, Bombay.	1842, Brashman, Professor, Moscow.
1847, Anderson, Henry James, M.D., New York.	Breda, J. G. & van, Leyden.
1848, Aldenburg, Baron, Paris.	1850, Breunner, Count, Vienna.
1849, Ampère, J. J., Membre de l'Institut, Paris.	1842, Buddenbrock, Aide de camp to Princee Adelbert of Prussia.
Bagge, Professor J. S., Stockholm.	Bunsen, Dr. W., University of Marburg, Hesse Cassel.
Bartolomé, M., Segovia.	1844, Bacchetti, Onorato, University of Pisa.
1842, Bassett, Mr., America.	1845, Buch, Le Baron Leopold von, Berlin.
Bazzina, Professor, Padua.	1845, Boutigny, Mons. Paris.
Berardi, Chevalier, Rome.	1845, Boguslawski, Professor Dr. von, Breslau.
	1847, Bancroft, His Excellency G., American Ambassador.
	1847, Borchardt, C. W., Berlin.
	1847, 1849, Bonaparte, C. L., Prince of Canino, Rome.
	1847, Bunsen, His Excellency Chevalier, Prussian Ambassador.
	1847, Bertrand, T., M.D., Montpellier.
	1847, Bayo, Senor Dr. Adolfo, Madrid.
	1847, Boddie, W. P., United States.
	1847, Broek, John Penn, Pennsylvania.
	1849, Boogaard, J. A., M.D., Rotterdam.
	1850, Brennecke, Dr., Director of the College of Colberg, Prussia.
	1850, Bolmida, Joseph, Turin.
	1850, Breunner, A., jun., Vienna.
	Campbell, Dr. G. W., Tennessee United States.

- Chanviteaux, M., Paris.
 Chatoney, Jules, do.
 Chilton, G., New York.
 Clark, Alonzo, do.
 Clarke, J. M., Vienna.
 Clemson, T. G., Paris.
 Cohen, M. J., United States.
 Combes, C. P., Paris.
 Coupery, Jacques, do.
 Cousins, Jules, do.
 1843, Cantabrana, Juan de, Bolanos, Mexico.
 1845, Cresson, Professor John C., Franklin Institute, Pennsylvania.
 1847, Campbell, Wm. W., New York.
 1847, Carnaro, Dr. Thomas, Venice.
 1847, Clark, R. A., United States.
 1850, Chauncey, Henry C., New York.
 1850, Calo, Professor, Stettin, Prussia.
 D'Abbadie, M., Paris.
 1842, Dall, Rev. Ch. N. A., Baltimore.
 Dana, S. L., M.D., Boston, U. S.
 Darbue, Samuel, Paris.
 Daubrée, Auguste, do.
 Dean, James, United States.
 1842, 1845, Deiffenbach, Dr., Germany.
 De Lancey, Prof. Thomas, Geneva.
 1842, De Lessert, M. Adolphe, (Naturalist,) Paris.
 Demonville, M., Paris.
 Dieterici, M., Berlin.
 Dow, Dr. Robert, New Orleans.
 Druffel, F. C. Von, Prussia.
 Dufrenoy, A.P., Inspector School of Mines, Paris.
 Dupin, Baron C., Paris.
 1845, Dove, Professor, University, Berlin.
 1845, Dupuy, E. E., Paris.
 1849, Duran, T. A., France.
 1847, Ehrenberg, Prof. C. C., Berlin.
 1840, Eneke, Prof. J. F., do.
 Ende, Baron Charles, Baden.
 Erbkam, Barnard, Berlin.
 1842, 1845, Erman, Professor, do.
 Epy, James P., Philadelphia.
 Esterhazy, Count Maurice, Vienna.
 Ettling, Dr., Giessen.
 Evans, C. C., Philadelphia.
 1842, 1844, Everett, His Excellency the Hon. E., American Ambassador.
 1846, 1848, Elton, Rev. Dr., United States.
 1847, Esmark, L., University, Christiania.
 1847, Ekman, Charles, Göttenburg.
 1847, Espeleta, F. C. de, Bordeaux.
 1847, Espeleta, X. L. de, do.
 Fiske, Williber, D.D., Middleton, U. S.
 Fleming, Wm., Leyden.
 Frisiani, M. Paul, Milan.
 1845, Foggi, Professor, University, Pisa.
 1846, 1849, Forchhammer, Prof., Copenhagen.
 1847, Forster, Thomas, F.R.A.S., Bruges, Flanders.
 1848, Forchhammer, Dr. P. W., Kiel, Germany.
 1848, Flügel, O., D.C.L., Vienna.
 Galen, Dr. van, Rotterdam.
 Gerard, M., Paris.
 Giacomini, Professor, Padua.
 Gordon, J. M., Niagara, U. S.
 Gore, Col. Geo., Tours.
 Guinaraem, Carara, Venezuela.
 Gurley, R. R., Secretary American Col. Society, Washington.
 1844, Gonzales, Charles, (Chemist,) Vienna.
 1846, Guerin, M., Paris.
 1847, 1849, Groshaus, G. Ph. F., M.D., Rotterdam.
 1847, Govini, P., Professor, Lodi, Italy.
 1847, Gautier, Emile, Geneva.
 1847, Georgii, Aug., Lecturer in Anatomy, Stockholm.
 1847, Gibson, Wm., M.D., Prof. of Surgery, University of Pennsylvania.
 Hahn, Dr., Germany.
 1843, 1844, Hamel, Dr., St. Petersburg.
 1836, Hare, Robert, M.D., Professor, Philadelphia.
 Hartmann, Henry, Munster in Alsace.
 Harvey, D. C., M.D., Philadelphia.
 Henry, Professor, Princeton, U. S.
 Herbot, G., M.D., Göttingen.
 Hessler, Ferdinand, Prague.
 Hoffman, David, LL.D., Maryland, U. S.
 1842, Holm, Carl Augustus, (Engineer,) Sweden.
 Holt, G. A., New Orleans.
 Hooper, R. W., M.D., Boston, U. S.
 Hughes, Capt. Topographical Engineer, United States.
 Heilmann, Joshua, Mulhausen, France.
 1843, Hoetius, M., Maastricht.
 1844, Hummel, John James, Switzerland.
 1844, Hanstein, Prof. J. H., Giessen.
 1846, 1850, Hoeven, T. van der, Professor, Leyden.
 1847, Hoffman, L., Spire, Germany.
 1848, Heredia, Dr. M. A., Malaga, Spain.
 1848, Hauey, Francis, Vienna.
 1848, Hornes, Dr. Maurice, do.
 1850, Hitchcock, Edward, President of Amherst College, United States.
 1850, Hyrtl, Dr. J., Prof. of Anatomy, Vienna.
 1850, Hoeven, T. van der, jun., Leyden.
 Jacobi.
 1842, Jacobi, C. G. T., Königsberg.
 Jacobson, Bolton, Baltimore.
 Jacobson, J., Berlin.
 Jobat, Dr. Carl, Stuttgart.
 Jonge, Van Ellemut, W. C. M. de.
 Ivanitzky, Captain Engineer, Russian Service.
 1845, Jullien, Mona, A., Paris.
 1849, Jablonski, Dr. P., Berlin.
 Kerbedz, Capt. Stanislaus de, St. Petersburg.
 1842, Keyserling, Count, Russia.
 King, Mitchell, Charleston, S. Carolina.
 Klotzsch, Dr. Fred., Berlin.
 1842, Knoblock, Dr. Robert, Moscow.
 Krag, H., Norway.
 1849, Krantz, Aug., (Naturalist) Berlin.
 Kreiger, Eduard, M.D., Berlin.
 1843, Kokschrroff, Lieut. de, St. Petersburg.
 1844, Kuhlman, Professor.
 1845, Kreil, Carl, Director of Imperial Observatory, Prague.
 1845, 1850, Kupffer, A. T., St. Petersburg.
 1846, Kosow, St. Petersburg.
 1847, Karsten, G., Berlin.
 1847, King, G. G., Newport, Rhode Island, U. S.
 Lamont, Professor, Munich.
 Lappenberg, Dr. J. M., Hamburg.
 Lechslor, Dr. G. V., M.A., University of Tübingen.
 Le Normand, de L'Osier, Havre.
 Le Play, F., Paris.

- Liale, Count de, Paris.
 1844, Liebig, Professor Justus, Giessen.
 Link, H. F., Director of Royal Botanic Garden, Berlin.
 Loomis, Professor Elias, Ohio, U. S.
 Lowell, J. J., Boston, U. S.
 Lowell, John, Munster, Alsace.
 Luca, L'Abate Antonio di, Rome.
 1843, 1847, Langberg, Dr., Christiania.
 1845, Longchamps, Edmond de Lelys, Liege, Belgium.
 1846, Le Blanc, Major, Secy. Geolo. Society of France.
 1847, Leverrier, Paris.
 1847, Levick, James J., M.D., Philadelphia.
 1847, Lunyt, Paul, Royal School of Mines, Paris.
 1848, Lipke, W., Berlin.
 1849, L'Huys, His Excellency E. Drouyn de, Ambassador from France.
 1850, Loewenstein, S., M.D., Berlin.
 M'Ilvaine, Wm., Philadelphia.
 Main, A. L. J., New York.
 1841, Manackjee, Cursetjee, Bombay.
 Manno, Pietro, Rome.
 Marcartin, Felix, Lille.
 Marceet, Professor.
 Marshall, John, Dantzig.
 Martens, B., Brunswick.
 Martinez, Del Rio M., Mexico.
 Mathiez, Dr. J. C., Polytechnic Institution, Amsterdam.
 Maxey, M., Belgium.
 Mendelssohn, Bartholdy Felix, Berlin.
 Meissonier, B., Royal Ac. Engineers, Paris.
 Mendes, J. C., United States.
 Metcalf, S. L., M.D., Kentucky, U. S.
 Michaelis, S. D., Berlin.
 Milner, Clarke, New Orleans.
 Mohr, Dr., Coblenz.
 Mongey, M., Paris.
 Montalembert, M. de, Paris.
 Morgan, H. E., New York.
 Mücke, Dr. C. F.
 Munier, Rev. R., Rector of the University, Geneva.
 Muston, Paul Isaac, Genoa.
 1843, 1845, Meyer, Enrico, Leghorn.
 1844, 1846, Matteucci, Professor Carlo, Pisa.
 1846, Middendorff, St. Petersburg.
 1847, Macaire, T., Professor, Geneva.
 1847, 1849, Milne-Edwards, J., Paris.
 1847, Mohl, Robert von, LL.D., Professor, Heidelberg.
 1847, Megrowitz, Alex., Willna.
 1848, Metternich, Prince Richard, Vienna.
 1849, Magnus, Gustav, Berlin.
 1849, Mohl, Jules, Paris.
 1850, Martins, Ch., do.
 1850, Malmsten, Prof. P. H., Stockholm.
 Nachot, Dr. H. W., Saxony.
 Natschayof, Prof., St. Petersburg.
 Nebel, Henry, Heidelberg.
 Nevins, J. W., Philadelphia.
 1847, Nilsson, Prof. S., Lund, Sweden.
 Noislieu, Martin de.
 Nolthenius, H. J., Batavia.
 1842, Nuttall, Professor, Philadelphia.
 1845, Norton, John P., Connecticut.
 1845, Naville, Emile, Geneva.
 1850, Norton, Charles Elliot, Cambridge, U. S.
 Omer, Effendi, Cairo.
 Otto, Edward, Berlin.
 Oxley, Charles, New Orleans.
 Ord, George, Philadelphia.
 Ostberg, Charles, Stockholm.
 Otto, Dr. Adolph W., Germany.
 1843, Oliffe, Dr., Paris.
 1846, Ersted, Dr., Copenhagen.
 Parigot, Dr., Prof. of Geology, Brussels.
 Parigot, M. J., Ghent.
 Parker, Wm., Cincinnati, Ohio.
 1842, Pattberg, Henry, Berlin.
 Pearsall, R. L., Carlsruhe.
 Phillips, Hardman, Pennsylvania.
 Phillips, Rev. Edward, South Carolina.
 Peithman, Dr., Berlin.
 Peithman, M., Berlin.
 Piot, Felix, Royal Acad. Engineers, Paris.
 Pironde, Cyrus, Marseilles.
 Popp, Alexander, Paris.
 1846, Prevost, A. P., Geneva.
 1847, Plantamour, Dr. Philip, Geneva.
 1847, Puggaard, Christopher, Copenhagen.
 1847, Pedot, Charles, Paris.
 1848, Plücker, Professor, Bonn.
 1849, Pisani, Vincenzo, Lucca, Italy.
 1850, Parlature, Philip, Prof. of Botany, Florence.
 1833, Quetelet, L. A. J., Astron.-Royal, Brussels.
 Ruthen, A. B. Von, Vienna.
 1836, Raumer, F. Von, Professor, Berlin.
 Redtenbacher, Dr. Joseph, Prague.
 1842, Reichel, His Excellency M.
 Riemacki, L., Calitz, Poland.
 Rivas, San Benigno, Carara, Venezuela.
 Roberts, S. W., Philadelphia.
 Rochemont, Pictot de, Geneva.
 Roesser, Dr. Jacques de, Bartenstein, Wurtemberg.
 1848, Rogers, H. D., Professor, Philadelphia.
 Rostain, A., Paris.
 Ritter, Professor Carl, Berlin.
 1846, Rose, Professor H., Berlin.
 1847, Rosen, A. E. de, Officer in Swedish Royal Naval Engineers, Stockholm.
 1847, Redl, Lieut. Charles, Austrian Artillery.
 1847, Reichman, A. de Plauta, Grisons, Switzerland.
 1847, Rigggenbuch, Albert, Basle.
 1848, Rogers, Professor H. D., Boston, U. S.
 1849, Rogers, Professor W. B., Virginia.
 1849, Rinman, L., Civil Engineer, Stockholm.
 1850, Rangabé, A. R., Professor of Archaeology, Athens.
 1842, Sauli, Marquis, Genoa.
 Sautter, A. E., Geneva.
 Sautter, Maurick, Geneva.
 Sautter, Louis, Geneva.
 Saxon, Joseph, Philadelphia.
 1840, Scheffkine, General, St. Petersburg.
 1842, Schoolcraft, Henry R., America.
 Schwabe, George, Hamburg.
 Searle, M., Vienna.
 Sedgwick, Theodore, United States.
 Sentia, Eugene, Paris.
 Scriber, M., Lille.
 Schiffler, Commodore, Royal Danish Navy.
 Seybert, Henry, Philadelphia.
 Shafhaeutl, Professor, Munich.

- Shubarth, Dr. E. L., Professor, Berlin.
 Spencer, J., Philadelphia.
 Stanley, Professor, New Haven University,
 U. S.
 Stevenson, the Hon. Andrew, American Am-
 bassador.
 St. John, Professor, Yale College, U. S.
 St. Leger, M. De, Paris.
 Ström, H. C. Norway.
 Suermanat, M., Utrecht.
 1840, Summer, Charles, Boston, U. S.
 1841, Szyrma, Colonel, Lt. D., Warsaw.
 1844, 1847, Schomburg, Chevalier, Prussia.
 1845, Senftenberg, Baron, Bohemia.
 1845, Splittgerber, M., Berlin.
 1845, Strzelecki, Count P. E. de, Prussia.
 1846, Schoenbein, Professor, Basle.
 1846, Svanberg, Dr., Upsala.
 1846, Schwabe, Capt., Imperial Russian Engineers.
 1846, Sievers, Dr., Gotha.
 1847, Schinz, Dr. E., Prof. at Arau, Switzerland.
 1847, Struve, W., Pulkowa.
 1847, Shaw, H. Norton, Denmark.
 1847, Svedbom, Peter, Stockholm.
 1848, Siljeström, Dr. P. A., Prof., Stockholm.
 1849, Schroetter, A., Prof. of Chemistry, Vienna.
 1850, Story, W. W., Boston.
 1850, Savinon, Domingo, Mexico.
 1850, Struve, Otto, Observatory, Pulkowa.
 1850, Smyth, Thomas, D.D., United States.
 1842, Tait, Peter, Director of Mining Machinery in
 the Ural Mountains.
 Tanner, Professor P., Joannian University,
 Styria.
 1842, Taylor, Philip, Marseilles.
 1842, Taylor, Edward Marseilles.
 Tickner, George, Boston, U. S.
 Toequeville, M. de, Paris.
 1842, Tardy, Aug. J., Mobile, Ala., U. S.
 Togno, Dr., Philadelphia.
 Tolly, Baron B. de, Russia.
 Toorn, A. Van der, Holland.
 Torrigiani, M. Carlo, Florence.
 1834, Treviranus, Dr. L. C., Bonn.
 1843, Tamnau, Dr. F., Berlin.
 1847, Tutschek, L., M.D., Munich.
 1847, Terlechi, Ignatius de.
 1849, Teschemacher, J. E., Boston, U. S.
 1850, Tappan, John, Boston, U. S.
 Ullmann, C., Weimar.
 Urano, Carlo, Royal Academy, Antwerp.
 Vaux, M., Sec. Amer. Minister, London.
 Varrentrapp, Dr. Francis, Frankfurt.
 Verneuil, M. de.
 Velasquez de Leon, Lieutenant-Colonel.
 Vlastos, Chios.
 Vogel, Dr., Bonn.
 1847, 1849, & 1850, Vrij, J. E., Ph. D., Chemical
 Lecturer, Rotterdam.
 1849, Viennot, T. C., Attaché à l'Ambassade de
 France.
 1849, Vierndt, C. H. Th., Ph. D., University, Leipzig.
 Warden, M. F., Secretary to Royal Danish
 Navy.
 Warren, Dr. J. C., Boston, U. S.
 Wedal, Count, Jarlsberg, Norway.
 Wedal, Baron Jarlsberg, Norway.
 White, J. R., Philadelphia.

Wolff, Dr., Hanover.

- 1844, Wagner, Tobias, United States.
 1845, Waltershausen, Baron W. S. de, Göttingen.
 1845, Waidele, M.D., Vienna.
 1846, Wartmann, Professor, Lausanne.
 1846, Wappaus, Dr., Professor, Göttingen.
 1846, Wisenlohr, Professor, Carlsruhe.
 1847, Wetterstedt, Baron Charles, Sweden.
 1848, Wood, Dr. G. B., Philadelphia.
 1849, Wilson, E. E., M.D., Philadelphia.
 Zoppertz, F., Darmstadt.

From America . . .	79
.. France . . .	55
.. Germany . . .	40
.. Prussia . . .	40
.. Switzerland . . .	23
.. Sweden . . .	9
.. Austria . . .	10
.. Belgium . . .	7
.. Italy . . .	17
.. Greece . . .	5
.. Holland . . .	9

Having thus given our readers some account of the general history of the British Association, with the names of the office-bearers by whom its affairs have been conducted, and of the foreigners who have been induced to attend it, we come now to the more important part of our subject, namely, to describe the objects of the Association, and the manner in which they have been carried out. The following is the invariable formula in which the objects of the Association have been expressed and circulated:—
"The Association contemplates no interference with the ground occupied by other institutions. Its objects are, to give a stranger impulse and a more systematic direction to scientific inquiry,—to promote the intercourse of those who cultivate science in different parts of the British Empire, with one another, and with foreign philosophers,—to obtain a more general attention to the objects of science, and a removal of any disadvantages of a public kind which impede its progress."

It is impossible to speak too highly of the success with which the purely scientific and the social objects of the Association have been accomplished. The purely scientific objects of the Association have been carried out in three several ways. *First*, By requesting and printing Reports on the present state of different branches of science; *secondly*, by granting sums of money to small committees or individuals to enable them to carry on new researches on subjects of abstract and practical science; *thirdly*, by recommending to Government to undertake expeditions of discovery, or to make grants of money for certain scientific and national purposes which were beyond the means of the Association;

and, *fourthly*, by the original communications made to the several sections, and the discussions to which they give rise.

The original Reports made to the Association, and published in its Transactions, are documents of the highest value to science. The zeal and ability with which they have been drawn up are equalled only by the noble self-devotion by which they are characterized. A request from the Association commanded, as if by an electric stroke, the services of its members, and no reward was ever offered to, and no favor ever received by, the generous individuals who have devoted their time to the composition of these valuable documents. The same remarks are applicable to those who have undertaken and carried on original researches, most frequently without any pecuniary grant, and sometimes only with such a grant as was necessary to pay the direct scientific expenses of the inquiry. No part of the grant has ever been paid to the philosopher for his time and labor, and no part of it even for his personal expenses. In thus referring to these Reports, we may, without giving offence to others, mention especially Dr. Whewell, Professor Airy, the Dean of Ely, Professor Forbes, and Dr. Lloyd, who gave us the earliest and best examples of this species of labor.

It would be difficult to convey to our readers any sufficient idea of the value and extent of the work which has been accomplished by grants from the funds of the Association. The following General Statement of the sums annually voted, when compared with the corresponding Reports, cannot fail to be gratifying to the reader:—

General Statement of Sums which have been paid on Account of Grants for Scientific purposes.

1834.	
Tide Discussions,	£20 0 0
1835.	
Tide Discussions,	62 0 0
British Fossil Ichthyology,	105 0 0
	£187 0 0
1836.	
Tide Discussions,	£163 0 0
British Fossil Ichthyology,	105 0 0
Thermometric Observations, &c.,	50 0 0
Experiments on long-continued Heat,	17 1 0
Rain Gauges,	9 13 0
Refraction Experiments,	15 0 0
Lunar Nutations,	60 0 0
Thermometers,	15 0 0
	£434 14 0

1837.	
Tide Discussions,	£284 1 0
Chemical Constants,	24 13 6
Lunar Nutations,	70 0 0
Observations on Waves,	100 12 0
Tides at Bristol,	150 0 0
Meteorology and Subterranean Temperature,	89 5 0
Vitrification Experiments,	150 0 0
Heart Experiments,	8 4 6
Barometric Observations,	30 0 0
Barometers,	11 18 6
	£918 14 6

1838.	
Tide Discussions,	£29 0 0
British Fossil Fishes,	100 0 0
Meteorological Observations and Anemometer (construction),	100 0 0
Cast Iron (strength of),	60 0 0
Animal and Vegetable Substances (preservation of),	19 1 10
Railway Constants,	41 12 10
Bristol Tides,	50 0 0
Growth of Plants,	75 0 0
Mud in Rivers,	3 6 6
Education Committee,	50 0 0
Heart Experiments,	5 3 0
Land and Sea Level,	267 8 7
Subterranean Temperature,	8 6 0
Steam-vessels,	100 0 0
Meteorological Committee,	31 9 5
Thermometers,	16 4 0
	£956 12 2

1839.	
Fossil Ichthyology,	£110 0 0
Meteorological Observations at Plymouth,	63 10 0
Mechanism of Waves,	144 2 0
Bristol Tides,	35 13 6
Meteorology and Subterranean Temperature,	21 11 0
Vitrification Experiments,	9 4 7
Cast Iron Experiments,	100 0 0
Railway Constants,	28 7 2
Land and Sea Level,	274 1 4
Steam-Vessels' Engines,	100 0 0
Stars in Histoire Céleste	331 18 6
Stars in Lacaille,	11 0 0
Stars in R. A. S. Catalogue,	6 16 6
Animal Secretions,	10 10 0
Steam-engines in Cornwall,	50 0 0
Atmospheric Air,	16 1 0
Cast and Wrought Iron,	40 0 0
Heat on Organic Bodies,	3 0 0
Gases on Solar Spectrum,	22 0 0
Hourly Meteorological Observations, Inverness and Kingussie,	49 7 8
Fossil Reptiles,	118 2 9
Mining Statistics,	50 0 0
	£1595 11 0

1840.	
Bristol Tides,	£100 0 0
Subterranean Temperature,	13 13 6
Heart Experiments,	18 19 0
Lungs Experiments,	8 13 0
Tide Discussions,	50 0 0

Land and Sea Level,	6 11 1
Stars (Histoire Céleste),	242 10 3
Stars (Lacaille),	4 15 0
Stars (Catalogue),	264 0 0
Atmospheric Air,	15 15 0
Water on Iron,	10 0 0
Heat on Organic Bodies,	7 0 0
Meteorological Observations,	52 17 6
Foreign Scientific Memoirs,	112 1 6
Working Population,	100 0 0
School Statistics,	50 0 0
Forms of Vessels,	184 7 0
Chemical and Electrical Phenomena,	40 0 0
Meteorological Observations at Plymouth,	80 0 0
Magnetical Observations,	185 13 9

£1546 16 4

1841.

Observations on Waves,	£30 0 0
Meteorology and Subterranean Temperature,	8 8 0
Actinometers,	10 0 0
Earthquake Shocks,	17 7 0
Acrid Poisons,	6 0 0
Veins and Absorbents,	3 0 0
Mud in Rivers,	5 0 0
Marine Zoology,	15 12 8
Skeleton Maps,	20 0 0
Mountain Barometers,	6 18 6
Stars (Histoire Céleste),	185 0 0
Stars (Lacaille),	79 5 0
Stars (Nomenclature of),	17 19 6
Stars (Catalogue of),	40 0 0
Water on Iron,	50 0 0
Meteorological Observations at Inverness,	20 0 0
Meteorological Observations (reduction of),	25 0 0
Fossil Reptiles,	50 0 0
Foreign Memoirs,	62 0 0
Railway Sections,	38 1 6
Forms of Vessels,	193 12 0
Meteorological Observations at Plymouth,	55 0 0
Magnetical Observations,	61 18 8
Fishes of the Old Red Sandstone,	100 0 0
Tides at Leith,	50 0 0
Anemometer at Edinburgh,	69 1 10
Tabulating Observations,	9 6 3
Races of Men,	5 0 0
Radiate Animals,	2 0 0

£1235 10 11

1842.

Dynamometric Instruments,	£113 11 2
Anoplura Britanniae,	52 12 0
Tides at Bristol,	59 8 0
Gases on Light,	30 14 7
Chronometers,	26 17 6
Marine Zoology,	1 5 0
British Fossil Mammalia,	100 0 0
Statistics of Education,	20 0 0
Marine Steam-vessels' Engines,	28 0 0
Stars (Histoire Céleste),	59 0 0
Stars (British Association Catalogue of),	110 0 0
Railway Sections,	161 10 0
British Belemnites,	50 0 0
Fossil Reptiles (publication of Report),	210 0 0
Forms of Vessels,	180 0 0
Galvanic Experiments on Rocks,	5 8 6
Meteorological Experiments at Plymouth,	68 0 0

Constant Indicator and Dynamometric Instruments,	90 0 0
Force of Wind,	10 0 0
Light on Growth of Seeds,	8 0 0
Vital Statistics,	50 0 0
Vegetative Power of Seeds,	8 1 11
Questions on Human Race,	7 9 0
	£1449 17 8

1843.

Revision of the Nomenclature of Stars,	£2 0 0
Reduction of Stars, British Association Catalogue,	25 0 0
Anomalous Tides, Frith of Forth,	120 0 0
Hourly Meteorological Observations at Kinguise and Inverness,	77 12 8
Meteorological Observations at Plymouth,	55 0 0
Whewell's Meteorological Anemometer at Plymouth,	10 0 0
Meteorological Observations, Osler's Anemometer at Plymouth,	20 0 0
Reduction of Meteorological Observations,	30 0 0
Meteorological Instruments and Gratuities,	39 6 0
Construction of Anemometer at Inverness,	56 12 2
Magnetic Co-operation,	10 8 10
Meteorological Recorder for Kew Observatory,	50 0 0
Action of Gases on Light,	18 16 1
Establishment at Kew Observatory, Wages, Repairs, Furniture, and Sundries,	133 4 7
Experiments by Captive Balloons,	81 8 0
Oxydation of the Rails of Railways,	20 0 0
Publication of Report on Fossil Reptiles,	40 0 0
Colored Drawings of Railway Sections,	147 18 3
Registration of Earthquake Shocks,	30 0 0
Report on Zoological Nomenclature,	10 0 0
Uncovering Lower Red Sandstone near Manchester,	4 4 6
Vegetative Power of Seeds,	5 3 8
Marine Testacea (Habits of),	10 0 0
Marine Zoology,	10 0 0
Marine Zoology,	2 14 11
Preparation of Report on British Fossil Mammalia,	100 0 0
Physiological Operation of Medicinal Agents,	20 0 0
Vital Statistics,	36 5 8
Additional Experiments on the Forms of Vessels,	70 0 0
Additional Experiments on the Forms of Vessels,	100 0 0
Reduction of Observations on the Forms of Vessels,	100 0 0
Morin's Instrument and Constant Indicator,	69 14 10
Experiments on the Strength of Materials,	60 0 0
	£1565 10 2

1844.

Meteorological Observations at Kinguise and Inverness,	£12 0 0
Completing Observations at Plymouth,	35 0 0
Magnetic and Meteorological Co-operation,	25 8 4

Publication of the British Association Catalogue of Stars,	35 0 0	Fossil Fishes of the London Clay,	100 0 0
Observations on Tides on the East Coast of Scotland,	100 0 0	Computation of the Gaussian Constants, for 1839,	50 0 0
Revision of the Nomenclature of Stars, 1842	2 9 6	Maintaining the Establishment at Kew Observatory,	146 16 7
Maintaining the Establishment in Kew Observatory,	117 17 3	Experiments on the Strength of Materials,	60 0 0
Instruments for Kew Observatory,	56 7 3	Researches in Asphyxia,	6 16 2
Influence of Light on Plants,	10 0 0	Examination of Fossil Shells,	10 0 0
Subterraneous Temperature in Ireland,	5 0 0	Vitality of Seeds, 1844,	2 15 10
Colored Drawings of Railway Sections,	15 17 6	Vitality of Seeds, 1845	7 12 3
Investigation of Fossil Fishes of the Lower Tertiary Strata,	100 0 0	Marine Zoology of Cornwall,	10 0 0
Registering the Shocks of Earthquakes, 1842	23 11 10	Marine Zoology of Britain,	10 0 0
Researches into the Structure of Fossil Shells,	20 0 0	Exotic Anoplura, 1844,	25 0 0
Radiata and Mollusca of the Ægean and Red Seas, 1842	100 0 0	Expenses attending Anemometers,	11 7 6
Geographical Distributions of Marine Zoology, 1842	0 10 0	Anemometers' Repairs,	2 3 6
Marine Zoology of Devon and Cornwall,	10 0 0	Researches on Atmospheric Waves,	3 3 3
Marine Zoology of Corfu,	10 0 0	Captive Balloons, 1844,	8 19 8
Experiments on the Vitality of Seeds,	9 0 3	Varieties of the Human Race, 1844,	7 6 3
Experiments on the Vitality of Seeds, 1842	8 7 3	Statistics of Sickness and Mortality at York,	12 0 0
Researches on Exotic Anoplura,	15 0 0		£685 16 0
Experiments on the Strength of Materials,	100 0 0	1847.	
Completing Experiments on the Forms of Ships,	100 0 0	Computation of the Gaussian Constants for 1839,	£50 0 0
Inquiries into Asphyxia,	10 0 0	Habits of Marine Animals,	10 0 0
Investigations on the Internal Constitution of Metals,	50 0 0	Physiological Action of Medicines,	20 0 0
Constant Indicator and Morin's Instrument, 1842	10 3 6	Marine Zoology of Cornwall,	10 0 0
	£981 12 8	Researches on Atmospheric Waves,	6 9 3
1845.		Vitality of Seeds,	4 7 7
Publication of the British Association Catalogue of stars,	£351 14 6	Maintaining the Establishment at Kew Observatory,	107 8 6
Meteorological Observations at Inverness,	30 18 11		£203 5 4
Magnetic and Meteorological Co-operation,	16 16 8	1848.	
Meteorological Instruments at Edinburgh,	18 11 9	Maintaining the Establishment at Kew Observatory,	£171 15 11
Reduction of Anemometrical Observations at Plymouth,	25 0 0	Researches on Atmospheric Waves,	3 10 9
Electrical Experiments at Kew Observatory,	43 17 8	Vitality of Seeds,	9 15 0
Maintaining the Establishment in Kew Observatory,	149 15 0	Completion of Catalogue of Stars,	70 0 0
For Kreil's Barometograph,	25 0 0	On Coloring Matters,	5 0 0
Gases from Iron Furnaces,	50 0 0	On Growth of Plants,	15 0 0
Experiments on the Actinograph,	15 0 0		£275 1 8
Microscopic Structure of Shells,	20 0 0	1849.	
Exotic Anoplura, 1843,	10 0 0	Electrical Observations at Kew Observatory,	£50 0 0
Vitality of Seeds, 1843,	2 0 7	Maintaining Establishment at ditto	76 2 5
Vitality of Seeds, 1844,	7 0 0	Vitality of Seeds,	5 8 1
Marine Zoology of Cornwall,	10 0 0	On Growth of Plants,	5 0 0
Physiological Action of Medicines,	20 0 0	Registration of Periodical Phenomena,	10 0 0
Statistics of Sickness and Mortality in York,	20 0 0	Bill on account of Anemometrical Observations,	13 9 0
Registration of Earthquake Shocks, 1843,	15 14 8		£159 19 6
	£831 9 9	1850.	
1846.		Maintaining Establishment at Kew Observatory,	£255 18 0
British Association Catalogue of Stars, 1844,	£211 15 0	Earthquake Waves,	50 0 0
		Registration of Periodical Phenomena,	15 0 0
		Meteorological Instruments for the Azore Islands,	25 0 0
			£345 18 0

Extracts from Resolutions of the General Committee.

Committees and individuals, to whom grants of money for scientific purposes have been entrusted, are required to present to each following meeting of the Association a Report of the progress which has been made; with a statement of the sums which have been expended, and the balance which remains disposable on each grant.

Grants of pecuniary aid for scientific purposes from the funds of the Association expire at the ensuing meeting, unless it shall appear by a Report that the recommendations have been acted on, or a continuation of them be ordered by the General Committee.

In each Committee, the member first named is the person entitled to call on the Treasurer, John Taylor, Esq., 6, Queen Street Place, Upper Thames Street, London, for such portion of the sum granted as may from time to time be required.

In grants of money to Committees, the Association does not contemplate the payment of personal expenses to the members.

In all cases where additional grants of money are made for the continuation of Researches at the cost of the Association, the sum named shall be deemed to include, as a part of the amount, the specified balance which may remain unpaid on the former grant for the same object.—*Report of 1849, pp. xxii-xxvii.*

Nor has the Association been less successful in the applications which they have made to Government and to other public bodies, for pecuniary aid in the accomplishment of objects beyond their own means of execution. So early as 1832, it was resolved to apply to Lord Grey's Government for the means of reducing the observations of Bradley, Maskelyne, and Pond, on the sun, moon, and planets, from the year 1750 to the present day. The request was immediately complied with, and £500 advanced by the Treasury.

One of the most important objects which has been pursued by the Association, is the encouragement they have given to magnetic observations, and the establishment of physical observatories. The origin and history of this branch of scientific research have not been recorded, so far as we can find, in any of the Reports or Proceedings of the Association. In the year 1823, when the celebrated Professor Oersted of Copenhagen projected a tour through England, Professor Hansteen of Christiania, in Norway, requested him to make a series of observations on the intensity of the magnetic force in this country; and he entrusted to him a magnetic needle, which had been used in various parts of the Continent, where the time had been ascertained, in which it performed 300 horizontal oscillations.* When Professor Oer-

sted was in Edinburgh on the 23d July 1823, he and Sir David Brewster made a series of observations with it in a field behind Coates Crescent, and nearly at the intersection of Walker Street and Melville Street. These observations were then the most westerly of any that had been previously made. In order to determine the intensity of the magnetic force throughout Scotland, Sir David Brewster, who was then General Secretary to the Royal Society of Edinburgh, ordered for that body Professor Hansteen's apparatus. When this instrument arrived from Christiania, where it was constructed by Professor Hansteen himself, and furnished with his own needle, which he had previously compared with his standard one, in June 1827, Sir David put the apparatus into the hands of Mr. James Dunlop, (with the letter of instructions which he had received from the Professor,) who had agreed to make observations with it throughout Scotland. Mr. Dunlop accordingly travelled along our east and west coasts in June, July, and August, 1829, and made that admirable series of magnetical observations which was communicated to the Royal Society in 1830.†

In 1832, when the vast importance of magnetical and meteorological observations had been recognized throughout Europe, Sir David Brewster, who had pointed out the remarkable connection between the curvature of the magnetic lines and that of Humboldt's isothermal lines, was very desirous of having *Physical Observatories* established in Great Britain and her colonies, in which magnetical and meteorological observations should be conducted. Baron Humboldt had, during his grand tour through Russia in 1820, induced the Emperor to establish a series of magnetic observations in different parts of Asia, an example which was followed by other European sovereigns, and even by the Chinese Government, so that it was no unreasonable proposal that the Government of a great maritime nation should do what almost all others had done. With these views, Sir David Brewster wrote to Mr. Harcourt, in April 1832, and proposed that the British Association should take steps for the establishment of Physical Observatories. He had previously drawn up a plan for such institutions, and submitted it to an individual of high rank and great influence with the Government, but the countenance of a scientific

* *Edinburgh Encyclopedia*, Art. VARIATION of the Needle, vol. xviii. p. 711.

* *Edinburgh Transactions*, vol. xii, Part i, p. 1. See also First Report, 1831, p. 52.

† *Edinburgh Transactions*, 1820, vol. ix. p. 223.

body was required to give effect to any private application. In a letter dated May 4, 1832, Mr. Harcourt says—

“With respect to a Physical Observatory, I do not know what Humboldt’s plans have been, except so far as regards his copper houses for magnetical experiments; but it is easy to conceive a national establishment for observations and experiments of a certain order which would be in the highest degree desirable, and to which the only impediment which forbids us to hope that it can soon be realized, is the state of the national finances. Should these improve, as I trust they will, and should the Government assign a few thousands a-year to the support of such an establishment, I do not think that much objection would be raised, even by a reformed parliament, or by the country, jealous, and often ignorantly jealous, as it now is, of the public expenditure. At such a moment I conceive that our Association might exert itself to promote this object with the greatest effect. Let a committee of the best men be appointed to draw up a report on the manner in which science is affected by the laws and taxes, and on the manner in which it might be promoted by public encouragement—a sound and eloquent politico-scientific report;—let this report be adopted by the following meeting of the Association, and embodied in a petition to the Legislature, with the signatures of all our eminent men of science, and with the support of all its patrons. This would have weight, much greater weight than anything that an individual in office or out of office can say or do: much greater weight also than the application of any scientific council.”

These excellent views were not adopted either at Oxford or Cambridge, and the subject of physical or magnetic observations, though referred to in 1834, was not effectually taken up. Another and a higher impulse was given to it by Humboldt himself. In 1836, this distinguished philosopher, ever ready to labor for science, addressed a letter to the Duke of Sussex, as President of the Royal Society, urging the establishment of regular magnetic observatories in the British dependencies. The Royal Society obtained a grant of money from the Government, but nothing effectual was done till the Association took up the subject in 1838 at their meeting in Newcastle, and prosecuted it with zeal and success. In that year they not only recommended the erection of magnetic observatories, but appointed a conference of the most distinguished philosophers in Europe to be held in Cambridge, in 1845, in order to establish a system of simultaneous observations in various parts of the world. These services to physical science were still farther increased by the establishment of electrical, magnetical, and meteorological observations

in the Kew Observatory, which her Majesty had placed at the disposal of the British Association for the purposes of scientific inquiry.

The meeting at Newcastle took the still more important step of recommending to the Government an expedition into the Antarctic regions, to determine the place of the southern pole, and to advance other branches of science. Lord Melbourne’s Government listened to the application, and the expedition was entrusted to Captain J. C. Ross,* a member of the Association.

In the year 1843 the Association applied to Sir Robert Peel’s Government for the means of publishing the Catalogue of Stars in Lalande’s *Histoire Céleste*, and also Lacaille’s Catalogue of Stars in the Southern Hemisphere, and £1000 was liberally placed at their disposal for this purpose: and they are now applying to the present Government for the means of erecting in a southern climate a large reflecting telescope, to make observations which cannot be so well carried on in our own.

From these details it will be seen with what zeal and success the British Association pursued many of those grand objects for which it was founded. It is impossible to praise too highly the self-devotion and the sacrifice of all personal considerations with which these great services to science have been performed. The nineteen volumes of Reports in which they are embalmed have made known to every part of the civilized world, and will proclaim to future ages, the Herculean labors which the philosophers of England have combined to achieve. The nation may well be proud of possessing men who have so nobly and disinterestedly labored to sustain its scientific glory; and the Governments which have ruled England for the last twenty years may congratulate themselves on having seen the peculiar duties which every other Government performs, discharged by voluntary laborers, and discharged in such a way as to advance the highest interests of the State.

We regret that in awarding this high praise we should be obliged, as we have already been, to utter the slightest note of censure; but the duty we have undertaken, and which we owe to science and the Association itself, would be but ill discharged were we not to place in full relief the grand error of the Association in neglecting its highest and noblest function—that of the

reform of the Patent Laws and the national encouragement of science. In doing this, it is fortunate that our observations can have no personal bearing. The blame lies with the Association as a body; and our light shafts will be tipped with but a healing ointment, even if they should penetrate the integuments of the rhinoceros.

It has been justly asked why we and the other friends of the national encouragement of science, have never proposed at any of their annual meetings, that the Association should carry out its original objects. The question is easily answered. Had this step been taken there can be little doubt that a large majority of the Association would have entered into our views, but this advantage might have been obtained by a disruption in the body, which might have been attended with the most injurious consequences. The singular unanimity and kindly feeling which has marked all the proceedings of the Association might have disappeared in the attempt to carry out views which were not those of the entire body. We, therefore, and those who thought with us, refused to take such a step, and were thus led to pursue *individually* that course of action which might gain for science and scientific men that national encouragement which the Association declined to recommend.

The history of science presents many examples where individual zeal has accomplished more than social combination; and our readers will be surprised to find how much it has accomplished in wresting from the unwilling government of their country the tribute which they should have voluntarily paid to the most useful servants of the State. No sooner had the Whig Government come into power, which took place a few months after the first meeting at York, than one or two of the most active members of the Association placed themselves in communication with some of the leading members of the Cabinet, to plead the cause of the national encouragement of science. Lord Brougham was especially moved by the views which were presented to him, and in 1831 the Guelphic order was, on his recommendation, conferred by William IV. on Mr. Herschel, Mr. Charles Bell, Mr. Harris Nicholas, and Dr. Brewster, and the same gentlemen immediately afterwards received the honor of British knighthood. Similar honors were afterwards liberally conferred on distinguished authors, and literary and scientific men, and while in 1830, as asserted in the Quarterly Review, there

"was not within the British isles a single philosopher, however eminent his services, who bore the lowest title that is given to the lowest benefactor of the nation and the humblest servant of the Crown," we can now present the following list of philosophers and authors on whom successive Sovereigns have conferred the honor of knighthood.

- * 1831. Sir John Herschel.
- * — Sir David Brewster.
- Sir Charles Bell.
- Sir Harry Nicholas.
- 1832. Sir Francis Palgrave.
- 1833. Sir Frederick Madden.
- Sir C. H. Haughton.
- * 1835. Sir W. R. Hamilton.
- * 1836. Sir W. F. Hooker.
- 1838. Sir Henry Ellis.
- 1840. Sir Gardner Wilkinson.
- * 1842. Sir Henry De La Beche.
- * 1844. Sir James C. Ross.
- * 1845. Sir Charles Fellowes.
- * 1846. Sir Roderick Murchison.
- * — Sir Robert Kane.
- * — Sir John Richardson.
- Sir Daniel Sandford.
- * 1850. Sir Charles Lyell.

But the patronage of the Government was not limited to the honors of the State. They gave a still more direct encouragement to science and literature by pecuniary rewards to those who had deserved well of their country. The following Table contains a list of scientific and literary persons who have received pensions since the foundation of the British Association, omitting those who merely received an addition to their pensions after that period:—†

- * 1831. William Smith.
- Sir James South.
- * 1832-6. Mr. Ivory.
- * 1833. Dr. Dalton.
- * 1835. Professor Airy.
- * — Dr. Faraday.
- * — Mr. Jas. Montgomery.
- * — Mr. Thomas Moore.
- 1835-7. Mrs. Somerville.
- 1835-41. Mr. B. Thorpe.
- * 1835. Mr. Sharon Turner.
- Mr. John Banim.

* The asterick denotes Members of the British Association.

† These lists contain none of the honors or pensions granted to architects, painters, and military and naval men, because such grants had been often made before.

1837. Miss Mitford.
 1838. Lady Morgan.
 1839. Colonel Gurwood.
 * 1841. Sir Wm. Snow Harris.
 * — Dr. Anster.
 — Mr. George Burgess.
 — Rev. T. Kidd.
 * 1842. Professor R. Owen.
 * — Mr. John Curtis.
 — Mr. William Wordsworth.
 * 1843. Mr. Robert Brown.
 * 1844. Sir Wm. R. Hamilton.
 * 1846. Professor J. D. Forbes.
 — Mr. Alfred Tennyson.
 — Mrs. Loudon.
 — Mr. Bernard Barton.
 1847. Mr. Leigh Hunt.
 * — Mr. G. Newport, F.R.S.
 1848. Mr. Sheridan Knowles.
 — Mr. W. Carleton.
 * — Mr. J. Couch Adams.

In addition to these examples of the direct encouragement of science by the Government, we may mention those distinguished men who received high appointments on account of their great scientific attainments. All of these were Members of the British Association, and doubtless owed their promotion in some degree to the high reputation which they acquired by their labors in connection with that institution.

- | | |
|----------------------------|---------------------------|
| * The Rev. George Peacock, | appointed Dean of Ely. |
| * Professor Airy, | Astronomer Royal. |
| * Dr. Whewell, | Master of Trinity. |
| * Dr. Buckland, | Dean of Westminster. |
| * Rev. Mr. Challis, | Astronomer at Cambridge. |
| * Professor Sedgwick, | Prebendary of Norwich. |
| * Sir W. Haughton, | Astronomer Royal, Dublin. |

In examining these three lists in connection with our previous details, it will be difficult to resist the conclusion, that the scientific and literary men who have been thus honored and rewarded owe their honors and rewards, in the first instance, to the zeal and ardor with which the cause of declining and neglected science was plead by the individuals who founded the British Association, both before and after the Association itself had declined to interfere; and it is not unworthy of remark, that we find in these lists the names of individuals who refused to give their aid to that very cause with which their own individual interests are now so closely connected.—Such is the fulfillment of the prophecy of the Quarterly Review, in so far as individuals are concerned.

The cause of the direct encouragement of science has been still farther promoted, and a great step has been recently taken to the formation of a National Institution, the mem-

bers of which should be ordained by the State to the undivided function of science. It was to such an Institute—that the early members of the British Association looked forward as the great instrument of placing our indigenous science on a level with that of foreign nations, and it is with no small pride that they see it gradually rising into existence.

Sir Isaac Newton had in his day proposed "*A Scheme for establishing the Royal Society*, in which *one or two*, and at length perhaps *three or four* fellows of the Royal Society, well skilled in any one of the following branches of philosophy, and as many in each of the rest, should be obliged by pensions and forfeitures (as soon as it can be compassed) to attend the meetings of the Royal Society." He then, with some detail, enumerates *five* branches of mathematics, physics, and natural history, and then says, "To any one or more of these fellows, such books, letters, and things, as deserve it, may be referred by the Royal Society at their meetings from time to time. And as often as any such fellowship becomes void, it may be filled up by the Royal Society, by a person who hath already invented something new, or made some considerable improvement in that branch of philosophy, or is eminent for skill therein, if such a person can be found. For the reward will be an encouragement to inventors. And it will be an advantage to the Royal Society to have such men at their meetings, and tend to make their meetings numerous and useful, and their body *famous and lasting*."*

This proposal of having *three or four* paid members for each of the *five* branches of science, or *twenty* members in all, is just a *national institute* on a small scale, and the idea has been partially carried out by Lord Melbourne and Sir Robert Peel, to the latter of whom it was communicated by Sir David Brewster, in the establishment of the *Museum of Practical Geology*, which is neither more nor less than an enlargement of the *mineralogical, geological, and chemical* section of a *National Institute*.

This noble institution owes its origin to the suggestion of Sir H. De la Beche, who, in 1835,† submitted the plan of it to Lord

* Two copies of this curious document were discovered by Sir David Brewster among the family papers of Sir Isaac Newton, in the possession of Lord Portsmouth, at Hurlbourne Park.

† A Committee on the Mines and Minerals of the Kingdom was suggested by us in 1834. See *Edinburgh Review*, vol. lx. p. 393.

Melbourne's Government. Lord Duncannon, who was then at the head of the Woods and Forests, appointed Sir Henry De la Beche to be its director. The object of the institution was to collect specimens illustrative of the application of geology to the useful purposes of life; and hence the Museum of Practical Geology, in which these specimens were to be deposited, became connected with the *Geological Survey* of the United Kingdom, the same officers being in many cases on both services. The following is a list of these distinguished individuals, the asterisk * denoting members of the Association:—

	Salary.
*Sir H. De la Beche, Director-General,	£800
*Professor A. C. Ramsay, Local Director,	400
*Professor Oldham, Do.	
for Ireland,	300
*Professor Edw. Forbes, Palæontologist,	300
Mr. Warrington Smith, A.M., Mining Geologist,	300
*Mr. J. Beele Jukes, M.A., Geologist,	250
Mr. Aveline, Geologist for England,	200
Mr. Bristow, Do. do.	200
Mr. Selwyn, Do. do.	200
Mr. Wilson, Do. for Ireland,	200
Mr. Richard Phillips, Curator,	250
*Dr. Lyon Playfair, Chemist,	250
*Mr. Robert Hunt, Keeper of Mining Records,	200
Trenham Reeks, Secretary,	150
	£4000

This admirable establishment has been patronized by all parties in the State. It was founded by the Whig Government: Sir Robert Peel gave it his best support, and Mr. Joseph Hume not only befriended it, but it was upon his recommendation that the in-

* Besides the officers here mentioned, there are about six assistant geologists, receiving from 7s. to 10s. per day, and also assistants in the laboratory, and messengers for the museum.

quiry into the economic value of coal for the steam-navy was placed under the care of Sir Henry De la Beche and Dr. Lyon Playfair, the experiments being conducted by Mr. J. A. Phillip, who had been educated in the "Ecole des Mines" at Paris.

The scientific services of the members of this important body are, of course, at the entire disposal of the State; and so great is the demand of the Government for the aid of scientific laborers, that the officers are continually employed in other duties than those which strictly belong to their office. Sir H. De la Beche, for example, has been frequently referred to in cases of colliery explosions, and the examination of harbors. The chemists of the Museum have been engaged in matters connected with sewerage and the health of towns; and Mr. Hunt has been employed on the subject of the selection of glass for conservatories, and the strength of iron for railways.*

In all these arrangements, we see not only the germ and fruit of a National Institute, but also the necessity as well as the obligation of establishing it. If *geology* and *chemistry* have obtained a national establishment for their improvement and extension, astronomy, mechanics, natural history, medicine, &c., literature and the arts, all require the same protection from the State; and if the services of the geological and chemical staff are put in requisition by the Government for the purposes connected with other departments of science, it is surely time that these departments should be similarly endowed.

* When Sir Humphrey Davy became President of the Royal Society, he found "the Government (Lord Liverpool's) lukewarm or indifferent in matters of science," and when they required and obtained through him the assistance of scientific men for public purposes, "they forgot even to remunerate them for their services!"

MONUMENT TO FREDERICK II.—The Colossal Monument in bronze to Frederick the Great, by Rauch, which it was hoped would be placed on its pedestal on the 15th of October, cannot now be erected till next spring, owing to delay in the delivery of the vast block of granite on which it is to be set up. The king is represented twice the size of life, mounted on a steed of matchless elegance. The movement of the horse represents a slow

trot, but yet it is full of spirit. The pedestal is to contain also groups of the prominent warriors, statesmen, artists, and savans of Frederick's time, all of the size of life, arranged with admirable skill about the king. No other work exists in Europe which can be compared with this; and we know of no other sculptor than Rauch who could have executed it.

From the Edinburgh Review.

POETRY AND CHARACTER OF HORACE.*

It is an occasional privilege of our craft as reviewers, to turn aside from newly opened paths, and to survey some beaten track upon the great common of literature. We do not, indeed, summon reputations which have become authentic to the critical bar for a rehearing of their case; but we submit them to a fresh analysis, or contemplate them under novel aspects as records of intellectual effort or permanent models of art. It is a privilege we would not willingly forego, and it is one which most readers will cheerfully grant; since it enables both parties to "interpose a little ease" amid the uncertainties and excitement which inevitably attend upon our contemporary politics and literature. No essay of the present day can indeed add renown to the metaphysical pyramid of Aquinas, or to the sombre and lustrous vision of Dante. Nevertheless it is good at times to reconsider the laws of strength and beauty which governed the structure of the *Summa Theologiæ* and the *Divine Comedy*.

The volumes before us afford a fair pretext for exercising this privilege. They relate, indeed, to lighter matters than those great culminations of mediæval science and imagination. Yet the subjects of them are scarcely less illustrative of the epochs and the circumstances which gave them birth. Few authors have attained a wider reputation than Tasso; none are more popular or indeed beloved than Horace. From Tasso we learn our first lisping in Italian literature, and imbibe perhaps our most vivid impression of the partly religious, partly ferocious passions which, at the close of the eleventh century of the Christian era, precipitated Europe upon Asia. With Horace we connect the memory of days when friendships were first formed, when hopes were most buoyant, and literary aspirations retained their vernal

promise. With Horace also we associate the remembrance of moments stolen or redeemed from the graver business of life; moments in which, beside the blazing hearth, or through summer noons, we pondered over his pregnant sense and genial wit; or even explored, volume in hand, under Italian skies, the scenery of his Sabine Farm, his Bendusian fountain, and Venusian birthplace. Than Horace and Tasso there are indeed no companions meet for a critic's holiday, such as we now invite our readers for awhile to share with us.

We purpose, however, being anything rather than critical on this occasion. "Let Euclid rest, and Archimedes pause." We shall take with us, on our excursion, neither Schlegel nor Dr. Blair. We are off circuit—it is vacation time. We wish for a re-introduction to the men themselves, to their friends and patrons, their employments and amusements, their foibles and their sorrows. In the course of our retrospect, we shall have occasion to mourn as well as to smile; for there were shadows even on Horace's career, and there was an horizon of gloom around the life of Tasso. But whether we mourn or rejoice, it shall be with the poets themselves, and not over the defects of the *Gierusalemme*, or the imperfect canons of the *Art of Poetry*. The works have received their *imprimatur* centuries ago; the men may be studied anew—each from an aspect of his own—as representatives of literary or individual life in Italy, during two distant and highly-cultivated ages.

Horace's address to the more beautiful daughter of a beautiful mother is not strictly applicable to the relations of Italian and Latin literature, since their several charms are in many respects too unlike for a comparison. The *pulchra mater* was a majestic and somewhat imperious matron; the *pulchrior filia* was a susceptible and somewhat voluptuous nymph. The elder literature retained even in its lighter moments and its decline the

* *The Works of Quintus Horatius Flaccus, illustrated chiefly from the Remains of Ancient Art. With a Life by the Rev. HENRY HART MILMAN, Canon of St. Peter's. London: 1849.*

stately demeanor of a Cornelia or Æmilia; the younger literature, even its severest garb, reflected the image of a Laura and Fiammetta. The prelude of the one was the trumpet-chorus of Ennui and Pacuvius; the prelude of the other was the plaintive and pastoral pipe of the solitary of Vacluse. Yet between the extremes of Latin and Italian minstrelsy are points of resemblance and affinity which no other literature can exhibit. No other literature, indeed, has enjoyed to the same extent the privilege of metempsychosis. The Roman tongue, partly from direct transmission, partly from the influence of the *Genius Loci*, passed into the Italian without such foreign admixtures as render the Spanish language nearly as much Gothic or Arabic as it is Romanesque; and without such curtailments of inflection and euphony as cripple the poetic eloquence at least of France. Of all the daughters of the Roman speech, the Italian, notwithstanding the diversity we have noticed, best represents the features of the maternal idiom. Nor is the resemblance limited to words. The filial thought and idiosyncrasy are genuine grafts from the parent stem. Neither is it restricted to the sphere of intellect: there is a point of view, strange to say, in which it extends also to the sphere of action. The fortunes of the peninsula, in ancient and in modern times, if we include within our survey a sufficient orbit of change and aspect, have not been so dissimilar as they may appear. The Italy of the Cæsars and that of the Popes, the Italy which declined under the Etruscan Lucumons, and that which withered under the feudal Colonne and Ursini, the final centre of Ethnic civilization and the earliest source of Christian art and refinement, afford parallels closer than many which have been fancied by historians or drawn by Plutarch. Before, however, we notice the points of resemblance between the age of Horace and the age of Tasso, we must briefly advert to the works now before us which have led to our proposed combination of these remote, but not alien, epochs in literary annals.

Of the editor of this eminently beautiful and splendid edition of the works of Horace it is almost superfluous for us to speak. Dean Milman, as a poet, an historian, and a critic, has already earned for himself a station in literature which no commendation of ours would render more certain or conspicuous. His life of Horace is, of course, not a performance which can add much to his literary fame. To a scholar so accomplished, and to so experienced a writer, it was proba-

bly the work of leisure hours. It is, however, both well written and, what with such a subject is of essential importance, gracefully and genially conceived, and should be taken into account by every subsequent editor of the Roman Lyrist. We detect *ex pede Herculem*—the proverbial loyalty of Etonians to their classical training—in the almost universal reception of the Etonian readings of the text. But this is as it should be; for Etonian scholars, by their long and severe drilling, acquire an instinctive feeling for the niceties of Latin metre, which renders them on the whole perhaps the best judges in such matters. We should be ungrateful, also, not to record our hearty thanks to the artists who have assisted the editor in illustrating the author. The Sosii brothers, who published the original parchment of the *Edictio Princeps*, cannot have surpassed in the elegance of their borders and designs the beauty of Mr. Murray's vignettes and decorations. The illustrations do not yield to Pine's; and had Annuals been in fashion at the Saturnalia, Horace could have made no choicer Christmas gift to Varius and Virgil than such an impression of his *Opera Omnia*. Cowper's verses, "Maria, could Horace have guessed—What honors awaited his Ode," would have been more appropriate to this elegant octavo than to Lady Throckmorton's transcript of a spurious poem.

Mr. Robert Milman, we believe, commences his career as an author with the "Life of Tasso." Even were the merits of this work less than they are, we should welcome with pleasure the transmission of literary powers and pursuits in the same family. He does not, however, need the protection of his uncle's Telamonian shield—his book has considerable merit and promise of its own. Its chief defects are such as are incidental to youthful authorship. Mr. R. Milman will write more perspicuously when he has written more frequently, and will sermonize less in his books when he shall have preached oftener in his pulpit. He has evidently, in his biography of Tasso, undertaken a labor of love. His diligence has been great, his materials are copious and well arranged, and his sketches of the poet's contemporaries form agreeable episodes in the narrative of Tasso's works and woes. We should, indeed, have counselled more numerous references to his authorities; and in case of a second edition being called for, we should recommend him to append, either in the text or the notes, the original to the translated passages. This would not materially increase the bulk, while

it would greatly add to the worth and interest of the volumes. Tasso's poems, with the exception of the "Gierusalemme" and "Aminta," are but little known to readers in general; but they are rich in biographical materials; his critical treatises, which contain much that Lessing and the Schlegels afterwards announced as novel principles of taste, are hardly read on this side of the Alps; and such apposition of the text and the translation is warranted by the practice of Bouterwek, Ginguéné, and Sismondi.

Dean Milman—his ecclesiastical rank spares us the awkward affixes of senior and junior—observes that "the poetry of Horace is the history of Rome during the great change from a Republic into a monarchy, during the sudden and almost complete revolution from centuries of war and civil faction to that peaceful period which is called the Augustan Age of Letters. Of Rome, or of the Roman mind, no one can know anything who is not profoundly versed in Horace; and whoever really understands Horace will have a more perfect and more accurate knowledge of the Roman manners and the Roman mind than the most diligent and laborious investigator of the Roman antiquities." Useful and admirable indeed as are the archaeological works of Bekker and Boettiger, we are disposed to wonder and lament that the learning and liveliness bestowed upon "Gallus" and "Sabina" were not rather devoted to a work entitled *Horaz und sein Zeitalter*. The freedman's son would have been a better centre for social and æsthetic disquisition than a Messalina's toilet-table, or a dilettantè prefect of Egypt.

Of all the men of his own time, perhaps of any time, Horace—whether we regard his genius, his opportunities, or his associates—was probably the best qualified for the representative functions which the Dean of St. Paul's so justly ascribes to him. His genius was not one which, by the fervor and force of its conceptions, or the wide orbit of its movements, transcended or transfigured the present; his opportunities for observation were not bounded by birth or station too illustrious or too obscure; and his associates were, by chance or choice, selected from ranks and parties the most opposite to one another. For he sprang, in modern phrase, from the people; and he became, in mature life, the companion of the intellectual aristocracy. His cultivation was Greek; the groundwork of his character was Roman. In youth he was an eager partisan of Brutus and the Senate; in manhood he was the

friend of the inheritors of Caesar's usurpation. He was sufficiently distinguished, in his riper years, to see the leading men of his time in their happier hours; and yet was to much of a private person to be involved in any of their divisions. He could pay a compliment, and he could speak his mind. His mode of writing exempted him from the responsibilities of the historian and from the exaggerations of the orator. A treasury-clerk and a Sabine land-owner, he had as large an experience as Touchstone himself of the relative advantages of city and country life. His ambition was moderate; his tastes were comprehensive; his humor was for the life contemplative, and he had the advantage of being the spectator of one of the most momentous and skillful games of policy ever played by a ruler of men. Despite his "Parian Iambics," we have no scruple in defining Horace as an eminently good-tempered man. We believe, indeed, his good temper to be the main charm of his writings. In reading the "Journal" or the political squibs of Swift, we recoil from the saturnine temperament of their author. In Walpole's letters we make allowance for more than epigrammatic malice. In Prior and Boileau we are on our guard against the plenipoten-tiary and the pensioner; and in Pope we remember that he in turn eulogized and defamed nearly every one of his friends, from Wycherly to Lady Mary. Lapse of time and our imperfect acquaintance with details have doubtless softened, for the modern reader, some of Horace's original acerbity. Canidia, Mænas, and Cassius indeed, could their opinion be obtained, might perhaps justly describe him as being as "good-natured a friend" as any that Sir Fretful Plagiary could boast. But we know little of the provocations he had received: he had been unfortunate in his party politics; he was again rising in the world, and he could not lack enviers and backbiters. Yet the *succus nigra loliginis* is shed over comparatively few of his pages. He plays with foibles rather than lashes vices, and satirizes the type rather than the individual. Though Rome, in the age of Horace, abounded equally with materials for a Newgate Calendar and a Dunciad, he tells us more of the coxcombs than of the criminals. We smile at the loquacity of Fabius, the perfumes of Ruffillus, and the coarse hospitality of Nasidienus; but we are left to learn from other sources the atrocities of L. Hostius and Vedius Pollio. In the hands of Juvenal and Churchill, satire is the iron scourge of the Furies: in those of Horace

and Cowper, it is the rod of a very popular and good-tempered schoolmaster. We believe, with Dr. Tate, in despite of the ingenious argument of Buttman to the contrary, that Malchinus was not intended for Mæcenas. We believe, too, that Horace never maligned or even civilly sneered at any person of real worth and genius; and we find nothing in his satires so disingenuous as Pope's lampoon on the Duke of Chandos, or so insidious as his "Atticus." Sweet as may be the uses of adversity, the uses of prosperity are oftentimes not less so; and as the fortunes of Horace improved, his poetry became not only purer in its sentiments, but also more liberal and indulgent in its treatment of men and manners.

There are losses in historical literature which surpass the injuries inflicted by "barbarian blindness and Gothic rage." Among the heaviest of these is the destruction—the author's own act—of the letters and memoranda of Pomponius Atticus. Vicar of Bray, as Atticus undoubtedly was,—a model we should scarcely have expected to have been picked out by Sir Matthew Hale to dress himself by,—his acroitness in trimming proves his skill in reading the signs of the times. Perhaps, with the exception of the late Prince Talleyrand, never man enjoyed such opportunities for disclosing the springs of faction; and the motives of partisans as the friend of Cicero and Brutus, of Antonius and Augustus, of nearly every sturdy Pompeian, and of nearly every zealous Cæsarian, had access to for half a century. If he were not equally trusted, he was at least generally consulted, by all the leaders and by all the more prominent members of the conflicting parties. His advice was sought by the sufferers as well as by the actors in the revolution,—by matrons trembling for their sons and husbands, by bankers in jeopardy for their investments, and by country gentlemen in dread of a fresh settlement of centurions in their neighborhood. But Talleyrand seems to have extended his caution beyond the grave, and Atticus burned his correspondence with all and sundry; preferring a good match for his daughter Pomponia to the dangerous honor of being the historian to his own life and times. Horace's opportunities for observation were much less complete than those of this prince of trimmers. Yet they were not inconsiderable: and a brief comparison of the several crises of the Republic with the principal epochs of the poet's life, will corroborate Mr. Milman's assertion, that his works are, in great measure, a contemporary

record of Rome. We must not, indeed, look for direct information; neither his mode of writing, his position, nor his inclination admitted of it. Youth and adverse circumstances at first disqualified him for the office of chronicler; and his subsequent connections with the Cæsarian court imposed upon him a politic, though not a servile, acquiescence under the powers that were.

From his birth to his twelfth year, Horace dwelt among the shrewd and hardy borderers of Lucania and Apulia. Yet even among them he witnessed the recent vestiges of foreign war and domestic convulsion. The district of Venusia—the modern Basilicata—had been seized upon by Sulla; and among the immediate neighbors of the elder Flaccus were veterans of the Pontic and Italian campaigns. Even his father's profession (he was a collector of payments at auctions) may have impressed upon the future satirist his first conceptions of the toil and trouble of revolution. In those days of confiscation and of rapid transfer of property, the hereditary land owner was the most frequent sufferer; and "the fields of Umbrenus" may have changed hands more than once during the boyhood of Horace. From the glimpse he affords of the ingenuous youth of Venusi—"magni pueri magnis e centuri-
onibus orti," we may infer that the society of the neighborhood was neither intellectual nor select. "Our armies swore terribly in Flanders;" and we know how the orphan Roderic Random was regarded by his school-fellows, the sons of country magnates. Doubtless the centurions were as hard-drinking and boisterous as "the wise Mr. Justice Freeman or Sir Thomas Truby," and told as interminable stories of "the Propontic and the Hellespont," as Sir Dugald Dalgatty himself in his retirement at Drumthwacket. Men, too, who had reveled in Asian luxury, who had driven off mules laden with gold, and seen frankincense measured by the bushel, would have small respect for the frugal collector and his unproductive farm, which would not have furnished a breakfast for one of the sa-traps of Mithridates. From such worshipful society Horace was removed in his twelfth year by his watchful father, and introduced to the motley crowds and turbulent pomp of the capital. The relation between the father and son appears to have been of the most tender and confiding kind. The paternal fondness and vigilance were repaid by the most filial reverence and affection; and the immortality of the poet has preserved for us one of the most interesting glimpses of Ro-

man private life. The *patria potestas*, in the families at least of Horace and of Ovid, was a most paternal sway. At any era of Rome, to a sprightly and observant boy, removal there from the high-hung *chalets* of Acerenza, the vast thickets of Banza, the sounding Aufidus, and the picturesque Mount Voltore, would have been impressive: in the 701st year of the city it must have been an impression at once startling and indelible. Rome, which had long been the focus of revolution, was in that year staggering under a great defeat. Crassus and his army had perished,—the last counterpoise between the surviving triumvirs had been destroyed,—and all the moderate men and all the dangerous men in Rome were awaiting a collision between the Chief of the Senate and the Proconsul of the Gauls. Nor was the rumor of battle lost or won the only sound which would awaken his curiosity. The year of his arrival was marked upon the spot by even bloodier and more disastrous events than the murder of a triumvir or the dishonor of the legions. There was "war in procinct" in the streets of Rome; and the gladiators of Milo and Clodius fought daily in the forum, and made night hideous with the flames of burning houses and the revelry of their respective camps.

We know not in which of the many lanes of Rome stood the school-room of Orbilius; that it was no very splendid seminary may be inferred from its owner's poverty. But, in whichever of the regions it was seated, and however rare an event a half-holiday may have been, it cannot have been so remote from the arena of convulsion, as to have been beyond earshot of the surge and recoil of fierce civil strife. We know something, however, of Orbilius himself. As every particular connected with the life of Horace is interesting, we will remark,—what has escaped even his last and best biographer,—that, as a native of Beneventum, Orbilius was probably recommended to the elder Flaccus by some of his former neighbors at Venusia. He was a schoolmaster of the old stamp,—as strict a disciplinarian as Dr. Rodinos of Oviedo, whose skill in educating the logical faculties is attested by *Gil Blas*,—and as stout a foe to educational innovation as the Fathers of the National Council of Thurles, or even the Bishop of Exeter himself. He read with his classes Homer and Livius Andronicus; and his "curriculum" produced permanent results upon the mind of his most distinguished pupil. Many a stripe had engraved the

verses of both these archaic bards upon the Horatian memory, but with very opposite effects. For Horace retained small affection for the old Saturnian poet, or for ancient Italian verse in general; while to the end of his life, he studied with delight the war of Troy and the wanderings of Ulysses. From his twelfth to his eighteenth year the young aspirant remained at Rome, and in that period must have been eye-witness and ear-witness of the final movements of the Caesarian revolution. It was among the treasured recollections of Seneca, the rhetorician, in his declining years, that he had heard Cicero speak in the senate. He probably had heard one of the swan-songs of the great orator—one of the speeches against M. Antony. But, in the year after he was placed under the care of Orbilius, Horace may have listened to Cicero's defence of Milo. He may have been among the bystanders on that memorable day when the eye under which Catilina had quailed, and the voice which the tribune Metellus could not silence, drooped and faltered in the presence of the armed tribunal of Pompeius, and the yelling of the Clodian mob. Five years afterward Horace went to the university of Athens. The intervening period was crowded with all the preparations for the last contest between Pompeius and Cæsar. As a freed-man of the Horatian House, the elder Flaccus was probably a conservative in politics. His illustrious son was, we know, an active partisan of Brutus and the senate. These five years of school-life must, accordingly, have been a period of intense excitement, both to the anxious father and the observing son. Men, it has often been remarked, live fast in revolutionary times. The events of an hour often baffle all the experiences of a past life. When Horace came to Rome, the name of Pompeius was in everybody's mouth. "He alone can save the Republic." "He is the second Sulla." "He is the most moderate of men;" "he is the most false of men." "He is all-powerful and will proscribe;" "he is superannuated and will yield;" "Cæsar and his hybrid legions will melt at a word of his mouth;" "Cneius and all his carpet-knights will fly before the Alauda and the Xth." Such were the party cries and prognostications, to be stifled or fulfilled on the plain of Pharsalia. The peaceful studies of the youth of Rome must have been strangely interrupted by these political excitements. No man could be so obscure, so young, or so thoughtless, but that he must have been deeply affected by the insecurity

of liberty and of life. "In the unruffled quiet of his manhood and age," Dean Milman observes, "how often must these turbulent and awful days have contrasted themselves in the memory of Horace, with his tranquil pursuit of letters, social enjoyment, and country retirement."

Meanwhile, there was a happy interval between Horace's earlier and later participation in the common calamities of the time. It was probably in the year after the battle of Pharsalia that he quitted his school at Rome, and enrolled himself as a student under one of the many professors at Athens. We are not informed whether the good *co-actor* still survived, and still farther taxed his humble means to afford his son a university education, or whether Horace already inherited the paternal acres, and maintained himself among "the groves of Academe," upon the rents of his Venusian farm. He has indicated his mode of life there, and his deep enjoyment of its studious repose, by one of those quiet touches which, to the mind's eye, enrich his works with so many lively portraiture. He studied the Greek poets and philosophers, and probably learned geometry, that essential element of Athenian education. More we know not of him, although we may fairly conjecture that his intimacy with Messala and Bibulus was cemented at the university, and that he was contemporary with young Marcus Cicero; who, however, had most likely too large an allowance, and was too much devoted to supper parties and Chian wine to be a congenial companion for the freedman's son. From Lucian and the Greek fathers of the Church we derive some interesting particulars of ancient university life. In the character of Nigrinus the satirist sketches the deep repose and the studious employments of the Attic philosophers; and the groves and walks of the Academy acquire a new charm from the youthful friendship of Basil and Gregory of Nazianzum. But of Horace and his contemporaries it can merely be told that they studied at Athens, and that their studies were interrupted by the immediate consequences of an event which pervaded, with exultation or dismay, every province of the Roman world.

That event was the murder of Cæsar; and one among its many consequences was the arrival of Brutus at Athens to revive the Pompeian party, and to recruit the senatorian army in their old strong quarters, the Grecian and Syrian provinces. Messala, Bibulus, and Horace, were all regarded of

equal worth by the fugitive conspirator,—who at Rome, perhaps, would have scarcely deigned to return the salutation of the collector's son. But it was no time to weigh the accidents of birth or fortune. The veterans were nearly all arrayed on the Cæsarian side; and the extemporary legions of Brutus and Cassius demanded a prompt supply of Roman officers. Clive passed almost immediately from a merchant's desk to the command of a company of Sepoys; and Horace, also of no very robust frame, and altogether inexperienced in war, was, probably after a little previous drilling, appointed to the command of a legion, where he might apply to the columns and squares of Achaian and Asiatic recruits the knowledge he had recently been acquiring of the properties of curves and right lines. The untoward issue of his new avocation is well known; his military career closed at Philippi; and he appears to have never felt it a disgrace to have fled from a field on which the commonwealth itself had fallen irretrievably. "Liberty," Dean Milman well remarks, "may be said to have deserted Horace, rather than Horace liberty; and, happily for mankind, he felt that his calling was to more peaceful pursuits."

We have dwelt the longer upon the mere preludial portion of the life of Horace, because its events materially modified his literary character. These stirring scenes and early calamities colored his political prejudices, his ethical contemplations, and the entire form and texture of his imagination and intellect. His shrewd good sense proved to him, after Philippi, and probably also after a more intimate experience of the senatorian party itself, that liberty, as it was defined by Brutus and the oligarchy, was indeed a dream; and that peace, even under the triumvirs, must be preferable to anarchy under the decrepit and dissolute senate. It was not surprising that "Roman youth, at this ardent and generous period of life, breathing the air of Pericles, Aristotle, and Demosthenes," should, at the moment, have thrown themselves into the ranks of a party whose watchword was "the Republic;" and who had so recently re-consecrated their principles, in the eyes of the vulgar at least, and even with Cicero's vehement, although somewhat tardy approval, by a baptism of blood. Such an act as the assassination of Cæsar had more than once earned for its perpetrators in Greece the title of saviours of their country; and, in the Hellenic calendar, no saints were more illustrious than Harmodius

and Aristogeiton, Dion and Timoleon. But to men of sense, no less than to men of selfish expediency, to Horace no less than to Munatius Plancus, it had become palpable that, in contending for the name of the senate, they were contending against the restoration of order and the substantial recompenses of peace. Of the sons of Pompeius, the only survivor was a reckless, brutal, and stupid youth, whom misfortune had made an exile and choice a pirate. Of the Latin and Sabine families, whose ancestors had given their names to years, and added kingdoms to the commonwealth, many were extinct, many were bankrupt, and the residue, which had retained its place and honors, was either fighting under the triumviral banner, or expiating its share or its approval of Caesar's murder, as suppliants at the Parthian court, or as fugitives in the Iberian sierras. Nor were Horace's political sentiments alone shaken by the blank desperation of the cause he had espoused. His ethical doctrines were gradually modified by it. He came to regard what was possible, as the proper object of desire rather than the "summum bonum," to which many might pretend, but at which no one could arrive. His temper became more indulgent; his discrimination more mature; and he entered upon his new and proper career of literature a poorer, indeed, but a sadder and a wiser man. His experience of the danger of extremes and the hollowness of professions led him, along the path of sorrow, to that sincerity and self-knowledge which are the charm of his moral writings; and disarmed, after a few relapses, his satire of that bitter spirit in which Lucilius had scourged the city, and which imparts to the diatribes of Juvenal at least as much offensiveness as energy.

One literary effect of Horace's campaigns has been unnoticed by his biographers. It has been remarked by an accomplished modern critic that Jeremy Taylor acquired in the camp his vivid and numerous martial images. Horace seems to have turned his military experience to similar account; and certainly no Roman poet, not treating of epic and consequently warlike themes, has so diversified his diction with images and metaphors derived from war. It may be observed also in this place that, for a Roman, Horace was comparatively untraveled. The vast provincial empire of Rome qualified nearly every man, entrusted with public functions, for becoming a member of the "Travelers' Club." As a body, the senate traveled widely in the character of prætors

or proconsuls; as a body, the equites traveled widely in that of farmers-general, or collectors of the revenue; and as bankers, corn-factors, secretaries to embassies, and quæstors' clerks, at least a third of the better educated of the commonalty were either settled in Greece, Asia, or Africa, or visited occasionally the provinces, from "Meroë, Nilotic Isle," to the Black Forest. But the residence of Horace at Athens, and his brief campaign in Macedonia, were, as far as we can now know, the limits of his foreign excursions. From his description of his journey to Brundisium, he regarded it as being as memorable an effort, as, two centuries and a half ago, Ben Jonson regarded his visit to Hawthornden. It would appear, however, that during his university vacations Horace saw more of Greece than could be discerned by climbing the Acropolis or from the promontory of Sunium. Some of his descriptive epithets look too distinct and local for merely borrowed and conventional language. He probably never sallied forth on a picturesque tour, like the Eustaces and Hoares, or Mr. A. de Vere. Yet, as Mr. Milman says, "he must have visited parts of Greece at some period of his life; as he speaks of not having been so much *struck* by the rich plain of Larissa, or the more rugged district of Lacedæmon, as by the headlong Anio and the groves of Tibur."

He had left Rome an eager student: he must have returned in a condition and with prospects, than which nothing darker or more hopeless can be well conceived. Venusia was one of the eighteen cities assigned by the victorious triumvirate to their soldiers; the patrimony of the ex-tribune was confiscated, and some new *co-actor* was, perhaps, collecting the price of his native fields. "The world was all before him where to choose," and he chose to purchase the place of clerk in the Treasury; but whence he obtained the means of purchasing, at that juncture, a patent place, neither scholiast nor commentator has told us.

We are now arrived at the proper commencement of Horace's career. He has not much more than reached manhood, and under most unpromising circumstances, when, at once, he becomes a representative man. But in order to understand his position, we must briefly glance at the social and intellectual crisis at Rome, at the time when Virgil and Varius discerned in their younger contemporary a spirit congenial with their own, and worthy to be cherished by Mæcenas. Many of the broader avenues to the Roman

Parnassus were blocked up. The heroic age of poetry had passed irretrievably away; the poetry of the drama was neither "native nor hospitable" in Rome; and the old Etruscan ritual had never enkindled in its worshipers the feelings or the language of devotion. As a lyric writer, Catullus, so far as regards his countrymen at least, may be said to have failed. His grace, sweetness, and passion, were "caviare to the general;" his fame and popularity rested chiefly on his satiric Iambics. In philosophic poetry Lucretius had preoccupied the ground. The dimensions of his poetic eloquence are the only correlate to the harmonious majesty of Cicero's prose: his "*Rerum Natura*" was the imaginative pantheon of Roman speculations. Nor, in spite of Horace's latter success, was lyric poetry, at the first, a likely venture. The age was either resolutely skeptical or grossly superstitious. It sneered at the Olympian theology, it ridiculed the Etruscan augury, and it lay prostrate before the shrine of Isis. Jupiter Optimus Maximus was the deity of the State and of inscriptions; but the Stoic or Epicurean magistrate had reduced him to a cold abstraction, and the popular heart was absorbed in the ruder and more appalling mysteries of Bacchus and Cybele. Heroic poetry demands a people for its audience. It cannot be fostered by patronage: it droops where Art is cultivated as a luxury. It must speak to a nation of its forefathers, or it is dumb; it must be the link of historical generations, or it is barren. The Anglo-Saxon population of London or York in the age of Tudors, would have listened apathetically to the Mort D'Arthur; and the audiences which applauded Calderon's Autos, would not have given a maravedi to the reciter of the Cid. And where, in the age of Augustus, were the Roman people? In the city itself there was, and there always had been, a populace, which, from the first, was not of Roman extraction. Mechanics and artisans from Etruria and Magna Grecia, physicians and schoolmasters from Achaia, Punic and Smyrniote pedlars, Syrian priests, Rhodian shopkeepers, freed-men whom Sulla had emancipated in gangs, clients whom their patrons had settled by tens of thousands in the tribes—these, and such as these, constituted the motley mass whom the orators addressed as Quirites, and whom the centurions refused to enlist. The four city tribes contained a rabble, with which it would be unjust to compare the population of Wapping or Spitalfields. Even if the epic and mythic songs had not along ago been transmuted

into grave chronicles and mortuary panegyrics, they would have found no echo in this hybrid and pauper multitude. It was a multitude and not a race. They descended not from the Vestal and the War-God; their ancestors had not driven forth the Tarquins or fought at Regillus; they were not the seed of the Fabii who fell beside the Cremera, or of the Horatii who had twice led back the Commons from the Sacred Mount. And beyond the walls the absence of a Roman population was even more conspicuous. Of the thirty Latin cities, about nine survived in the age of Augustus. Of the villages and market towns, which had once clustered around those cities, the greater part was covered with reservoirs of water, by woodlands, where the Umbrian boar and the red deer harbored, or by pastures grazed by Colchian sheep and the short-legged buffalo of Narbonne. The stern, frugal, and strongly national plebeian race which had so long maintained the Roman character for order, virtue, and freedom, had been drained into the legions, and those legions had achieved the conquest of the world. It had been an expensive conquest. It had exported the sinews of the commonwealth; and to the Italian peninsula the return had been a population of slaves. In the Sabine valleys, or among the Umbrian uplands, there might linger isolated patches of the old Sabellian stock; but in the immediate neighborhood of Rome, from the Liris to the feeders of the Anio, the depopulation was probably most complete. "The ancient spirit was dead." The names of Manlius and Coriolanus were as strange to Roman ears as the name of Kosciusko would be to a Russian serf. Both in city and country had died away the genuine Roman people, and with them, doubtless, the last echo of national song. Nor at any period of their history had the Romans been a theatrical people. The more domestic habits of their austerer days had been alien to public amusements; and when these were relaxed, it was into the gross license of the Oscan farce. With the lust of conquest, the ovation and the triumph became the national spectacles. Theatrical entertainments might be forced upon them as a transient fashion, but were never very cordially welcomed. The Heecyra of Terence was twice rejected. Once the spectators hurried out of the theatre to see a boxing-match and some rope-dancers; at its second performance, a combat of gladiators was the signal for a general "exeunt." The late Charles Matthews witnessed the interruption of

"Hamlet" at a New Orleans theatre by a general call of the house for a comic song; and a Roman prætor of Achaia insisted upon the suspension of Electra's woes, and the immediate substitution of the wrestlers and tumblers. We know, from Horace himself, that the Roman play-goers of the Augustan age preferred gorgeous melodramas, in which horses, mules, and interminable processions swept across the stage, to the acting of Æsopus, or the best tragedy of Accius. They might have applauded Victor Hugo; they would not have relished "Macbeth," or even "Coriolanus;" and there was small inducement for a commencing poet to adopt a profession which scarcely yielded Terence bread.

There were, however, domains in poetry which the Greeks had cultivated only in the later and less creative periods of their literature; and it was one of these which Horace, with the instinctive felicity of genius, appropriated to himself. The satiric form of poetry was not, indeed, absolutely original. There was something resembling it in the Silli of the Greeks; and Lucilius had already introduced this style of writing into Rome with great success. Horace's obligations to his predecessor it is impossible to estimate from the few fragments of Lucilius which have survived. His debt was probably in amount what Pope's debt was to the satires of Donne and Hall—a loan, of which the interest far surpassed the principal. Whether, indeed, we possess the poems which first attracted to their author the notice of Virgil and Varius, must remain doubtful. We incline to think that his maturer judgment suppressed the firstlings of his muse, or, at least, so modified them in their collected form, as to leave little of their original texture behind. But that these *primitiæ* were satirical in their character, even if they were lyrical in their form, cannot well be questioned. We believe the fierce invectives on Canidia to be of earlier date than any of the Satires; and consequently, on Bentley's theory, (whose arrangement of the Horatian works we wish Dean Milman had followed,) earlier also than any of the other poems now extant. Pasquinade has been in all ages a genial product of the Italian mind. Marforio was the successor of Mercury. The ten tables could not put it down; it indifferently assailed Tiberius and Hildebrand; and it was the weapon of all classes, from Nævius and Catullus to Cæsar's soldiers and the vine-pruner of Cales, and the last of the successors of St. Peter. The delicacy of his taste, and the kindness of his temper, however, seem to

have preserved Horace, even in the bitterness of adversity, from any serious or permanent abuse of his two-edged weapon. He was neither a table-buffoon, nor any angry declaimer, nor a political lampooner. His father had early sown in his mind the seeds of shrewd observation: in Eupolis, Cratinus, and Menander, he studied the models of grave and temperate irony; and amid the motley population of the Roman forum, he possessed an inexhaustible store of originals and anecdotes for sketches, earnest or jocose.

We have not, however, undertaken to characterize a writer whom all men admire in proportion to their capacity for appreciating him. The world's favorite needs not the critic's ballot; and we have to deal with Horace himself rather than with his writings. A few months at least must have been spent in the business or drudgery (*invisa negotia*) of the treasury clerkship, before his verses or his conversation recommended him to Virgil. Common friends from Athens may have made them first acquainted: and already Virgil had surmounted his early obscurity, and, together with Varius and Asinius Pollio, held a high station among the wits of Rome. A few months more of probation were probably passed by Horace in this illustrious company, ere his friend took courage to present him to Mæcenas; for the great patron of the learned, besides being prime minister and chief of the police, was, by temperament, a shy man, and, from his position, a wary man. About this time, the second satire was probably circulating as a fugitive piece among the Hotel Rambouillet of Rome; and it is suspected of having censured or laughed at several members of the Cæsarian party, if not even at Mæcenas himself. Here was an unpropitious beginning both for his introducers and their new associate; and the dry and rather abrupt manner of Mæcenas, although habitual to him, may probably have convinced all parties that they had made a wrong move, and would have to look in some other quarter for a patron. The Treasury clerkship, for nine months longer, must find Horace in bread and lentils: since his verses apparently rather hinder than forward his preferment. Meanwhile, however, Mæcenas had begun to collect around him all the men, either already eminent, or who promised to become eminent, in arts and letters. Messala had attracted Tibullus, and Asinius Pollio was patronizing one or two poets, who indeed did not do him much credit; for, like their patron, they were rude and intractable, and what was worse, insolent to Cæsar.

Mæcenas, accordingly,—whether it were that he had been really attracted from the first, or heard from his literary or official scouts that the short, stout, and black-haired clerk was, in spite of his Pompeian predilections, a gentleman, and not very obstinate in either his philosophy or his politics,—admitted Horace to a second interview, threw aside all his former reserve, and adopted him into the brilliant and easy circle of the Cilnian House. In the following year, the 717 of Rome, Horace accompanied him to Brundisium, and recorded the events of their journey in one of the most genial and graceful of his Satires. The errand was diplomatic: no less a business than the reconciliation of the “mighty opposites,” Augustus and Antonius. It was an affair in which the world at large was concerned, since upon its issue hung the life and death of thousands, “the fate of empires and the fall of thrones;” and yet Mæcenas went upon it as upon a party of pleasure, environed by the wits and poets who were by this time forming his ordinary society.

The verses—we can hardly term them satirical—which describe the journey to Brundisium afford us a glimpse, not of the political conclave which adjusted the disputes of the triumvirs, but of a more pleasing scene,—the mutual amity of the great Roman literati. Between Virgil, Plotius, Varius, and Horace, and between Horace and Tibullus, there was not merely no vulgar jealousy, no jarring rivalry, but the most frank and cordial admiration. If an epigram of Martial may be trusted, Virgil carried his delicacy so far that he would not trespass on the poetic provinces which his friends had appropriated. He would not write a tragedy, lest he should obscure Varius, or lyric poetry, lest he should eclipse Horace. The epigram of Martial is corroborated by a trait of the Mantuan bard recorded by Donatus. Virgil, he says, rejoiced in another’s fame as much as in his own: “Refert Pedianus benignum (Virgilium) cultoremque omnium bonorum atque eruditorem fuisse, et usque adeo invidiæ expertem, ut si quid eruditè dictum inspiceret alterius, non minus gauderet ac si suum fuisset.” Such virtues, combined with so much genius, entitled the popular poet to his precedence in Dante’s Elysium, and to the solemn salutation which greeted his return to the “painless fields.”

“Onorate l’ altissimo Poeta,
L’ ombra sua torna, ch’ era didartita.”

Ovid informs us that he had merely seen Virgil; and that the fates had denied him

intimacy with the short-lived Tibullus. Virgil, indeed, either for the sake of his health, or to secure leisure for his poetic and archæological studies, seems to have in general preferred the quiet of Athens, of Naples, or of his own fields on the banks of the Mincio, to the courtly and literary circles of the capital. Tibullus, when in Rome, belonged to the coterie of Messala; but feeble health often compelled him to visit the chalybeate springs of Etruria, and he also accompanied his patron on official journeys into Asia and Greece. We understand Ovid, however, to say that he had heard Horace recite the new measures which that skillful metrist (*numerosus*) had first transferred from the Æolian to the Ausonian lyre. At all events, Ovid’s evidence confirms the testimony of Horace as to the general harmony of the Augustan bards. Sympathy with their common art banished, for at least two generations, all personal jealousies from the greater epic, lyric, and elegiac poets; and their friendly union with one another affords an agreeable contrast to the brawls at Hadrian’s literary suppers, and to the heartburnings which, sixteen centuries later, Politian indulged, and Ariosto ridiculed and deplored. Ovid, Virgil, and Horace have, indeed, a kind word for nearly all their contemporaries. We cannot say as much for the poets and philosophers of the age of Louis XIV.; nor can we record a similar interest in each other’s fame among the wits who clustered around Halifax and Bolingbroke, in England’s Augustan age. While the Johnsonian kingdom too often resembled the cavern of Æolus in being a kingdom of storms.

The most substantial proof of friendship which Horace received from his patron was the present of a small estate in the valley of Licenza, about fifteen miles from Tivoli. For this gift posterity as well as Horace is indebted to Mæcenas. “The Sabine farm,” was extrinsically as important an adjunct to his poetry, as his seclusion in Buckinghamshire was to Cowper’s fancy, or the august masses and shadows of his native mountains to the imagination of Wordsworth. Charles Lamb, when he retired on his pension from the India House, did not enjoy his leisure among “the green lanes of pleasant Hertfordshire” more fervently than Horace the tranquillity of his Digentian valley. The poet in his obscure dwelling at Rome had turned with vain yearnings of heart from the strife, and heat, and crowds of the Roman alleys—until Nero rebuilt the city, they scarcely deserved a better name—to the

mountain Solitudes of Voltore, the sparkling Bandusian fountain, and the bending meadows of the Aufidus. The Sabine farm had the recommendation of being situated in a country nearly as romantic, nearer to Rome, and even to a traveler so indolent as Horace, at no great distance from the original paternal acres. We conceive him too much a lover of nature unadorned to have been a very thrifty farmer. His pastures were apparently too mossy—his arable land too much overgrown with the wild cyclamen and the dwarf oak, to entitle him to a medal from the Royal Agricultural Society; and his friend Virgil, if he went to visit him, had doubtless the mortification to find all his Georgical precepts set at nought. Horace, however, managed to live out of his farm himself, and to maintain at least eight slaves, besides letting his cottages to five free *coloni*. But he derived better things from the gift of Mæcenas than a few combs of millet or a few baskets of olives. He reinvigorated his body and his intellectual faculties in the pure atmosphere and Arcadian beauty of the Sabine hills; and his most distant excursions from the capital were to Baïæ or Tarentum, when the snows lingered too long on Mount Soracte.

"To the munificence of Mæcenas," says Mr. Milman, whose graceful observation we gladly borrow, "we owe that peculiar charm of the Horatian poetry, that it represents both the town and country life of the Romans of that age; the country life, not only in the rich and luxurious villa of the wealthy at Tivoli or at Baïæ, but in the secluded retreat and among the simple manners of the peasantry. It might seem as if the wholesome air which the poet breathed, during his retirement on the farm, reinvigorated his natural manliness of mind. There, notwithstanding his love of convivial enjoyment in the palace of Mæcenas and other wealthy friends, he delighted to revert to his own sober and frugal mode of living. Probably at a later period of life he indulged himself in a villa at Tivoli, which he loved for its mild and long spring; and all the later years of his life were passed between these two country residences and Rome."

Of the Roman poets three have eminently succeeded in depicting natural scenery and rural life. In Lucretius we have the earnest gloom of Salvator's landscape; in Virgil the tenderness and fidelity of Poussin; and in Horace the luminous grace and artful combinations of Claude. Perhaps no two poets ever viewed nature under more opposite aspects, or with less similar idiosyncrasies than Horace and Wordsworth. Yet Wordsworth was an assiduous student of the Ro-

man lyrist; and since the poetry of artificial life was probably not the link of attraction, we may infer that Horace's veracity as a painter of nature was the charm which bound to him the author of the *Excursion*. It is agreeable to extract the following passage from Mr. Dennis's letter "De Villa Horatii." It reads like a patent of imaginative nobility. "Few, very few, of the travelers who visit the Eternal City extend their wanderings as far as Licenza; and of those few the greater part are English. In fact, it is commonly believed by the peasantry, that Horace was our countryman, for they cannot conceive of any other sort of interest in one so long dead and unsainted, than that of co-patriotism or consanguinity."

For the dates of Horace's several publications we must refer to Dean Milman's life of the author. The subject, notwithstanding the canons of Bentley, and the industry of subsequent scholars, including the labors of that devoted Horatian student, Prebendary Tate, is still litigated. We believe that the fashion of modern books, their completeness and their number, have misled nearly all who have undertaken to settle the Horatian *Fasti*. The order which Bentley suggested and Mr. Tate adopted in his edition of the poet, is doubtless the true one, as regards the collected works. But it by no means necessarily follows that the arrangement of the volumes was also in all cases the order of publication of the several poems. Horace, in those pieces at least which do not betray by internal evidence their proper date, might easily circulate at one and the same time among the literary coteries of Rome a satirical poem, a lyrical poem, and a familiar letter of compliment or invitation. When as many of such pieces as would form a volume had been received with approbation by Cæsar, Messala, or Mæcenas, they would be collected and arranged under proper heads for an *editio princeps* of the whole. To suppose that all the Satires were written before he composed a single ode, or that every epistle must be subsequent to every epode, is as unreasonable as to suppose that all Cowper's humorous pieces were written in one year and all his serious pieces in another, or that Southey's ballads and epics were composed at different periods of his life. Before, however, we proceed to the consideration of Horace as a lyrical poet, we must extract the following remark of Bentley's as modified by Dean Milman. We cite it, because it contains all the wonted sagacity of the great Aristarchus, and much more feeling

than he usually exhibits in his comments on men and books.

"The book of Epodes may be considered in one sense the transition from satire to lyric poetry. Though not collected or completed till the present period of the poet's life, this book appears to contain some of the earliest compositions of Horace. In his sweet youth, his strong passions drove him to express himself in the sharp iambic verse. Bentley's observation, which all could wish to be true, is perhaps more so than would appear from his own theory; that, as it proceeds, the stream of the Horatian poetry flows not only with greater elegance, but with greater purity. The moral character of the poet rises in dignity and decency; he has cast off the coarseness and indelicacy which defile some of his earliest pieces; in his Odes he sings to maidens and to youths. The two or three of the Epodes which offend in this manner, I scruple not to assign to the first year after the return of the poet to Rome. But not merely has he risen above, and refined himself from, the grosser licentiousness, but his bitter and truculent invective has gradually softened into more playful satire."

Two books of Satires and one of Epodes, circulated and published, had invested Horace with something of the importance of a veteran author, and extended his reputation, whether as an object of dread or admiration, among all the literary circles of the capital. He now numbered Augustus among his patrons, and his republican predilections were mitigated, if not eradicated, by the tranquillity and decorum of the Cæsarian Court. Veteran captains at the head of numerous and disciplined armies had yielded to the valor of Agrippa or the policy of Augustus; and the last formidable rival of Rome had admitted within its granite quays and into its empty palaces the eagles of a conqueror as irresistible, if not as heroic, as its founder Alexander. It was no dishonor for an Epicurean poet to bow to the decrees of fate, and to accept the tendered friendship of the master of the world. Nor was Augustus a man whose favor could be justly slighted. To bigots of the senatorian party he might still appear to be the false and ensanguined triumvir; but by the provinces, by commerce, by all men whose avocations were peaceful, by all who preferred order and refinement to the fierce uncertainties of civil war, Augustus was at this time regarded, in the light in which he is described by Horace, as the tutelary guardian of peace, civilization, and progress. So considered, it mattered little whether Cæsar's patronage of learning and the arts were portions of a scheme for the consolidation of despotism.

Whether his conduct in this respect were sincere or only artful, the results to society at large were the same. In peace alone could his illustrious uncle's plans be matured. Only by a vigilant suppression of the anarchical principles of the Pompeian faction could Italy recover from the century of revolution, or the exhausted provinces recruit their strength,—wasted as they had been under double spoliation at the hands of both Cæsar's murderers and the equally cruel and prodigal Antonius. The issue of the contest between Rome and Alexandria, must to the western provincials have seemed as momentous as the issue of the strife in oriental theology between Orosmanes and Ahriman. On the one horn of conflict were license and barbarism, on the other were law and civilization. Had the Liburnian galleys fled at Actium, Asia would have precipitated upon Europe hordes of ruffians and slaves as fierce and insatiable as the first crusaders, or as the motley myriads who followed Attila. The victory in the Ambracian bay delivered the world from an inexorable wo; and, with pardonable adulation, the grateful Romans transferred to their deliverer the attributes of Apollo, the destroyer of Typhon.

The functions of a lyric poet in the Augustan age were greatly circumscribed. He was born out of due season. Poetry and the plastic arts, although not bound by "laws that alter not," require certain conditions of society for their full and spontaneous development. The polar forces of lyrical poetry are devotion and love. The temperament of Pindar and Santa Theresa, or the temperament of Petrarch and Sappho, is a necessary element for its highest excellence. But the religion of the Romans was formalism; and the love of the Romans was sensual. The Etruscan ritual inspired no devout aspirations; and the Lesbia of Catullus, the Delia of Tibullus, the Cynthia of Propertius, and Ovid's Corinna, one and all, seem to have been as ill-calculated to excite a sublime or mystic passion as Lucy Carlisle or Nell Gwynne. It is remarkable that of all the poets of his time, Horace alone had no individual mistress. For, his Lalages and Lydias, his Glyceras and Chloes we believe to have been as authentic personages as "Henry Pimpernel and old John Napps of Greece." His amours are as numerous as those of Cowley, and as fabulous. The very names of his mistresses betray their origin. They were not natives of the Vicus Tuscus, of the Palatine or the Suburra, but damsels who had been serenaded centuries before in

the streets of Mytilene and Athens. That Horace was at one time of his life a lover, may be taken for granted; and we suspect Canidia to have been the object of his passion, and that she jilted him. That he indulged in transient amours with some dark-browed Syrian freed-woman, or the plumper damsels of his Sabine hills, we can also readily imagine. In his boast, *militavi non sine gloria*, he treats with equal levity the campaigns in which he conquered, and the campaign from which he ran away. But as his love of ease and his years increased, he probably bade adieu to a disturbing passion so much at variance with his Epicurean character. A single elegy of Tibullus contains more real passion than all the erotic compositions of Horace.

In his Odes, therefore, we must not seek for the highest form of lyric poetry. They glow with neither earthly passion nor religious enthusiasm. But if we view them as occasional pieces inspired by friendship, by moral sentiment, by genial courtesy, by picturesque taste, or by a grateful sense of favors received, we must admit Horace to have been as consummate an artist in his proper department as Stesichorus or Alcæus. "Their ease, spirit, perspicuity, and harmony compensate, as far as may be, for the want of the nobler characteristics of daring conception, vehemence, sublimity, and passion." So says Dean Milman, and all the world agrees. The martial odes of the fourth book have always appeared to us the noblest samples of Horatian art. War, on the scale at least of the Roman wars, had been unknown to the creative age of Greece. The elegies of Tyrtæus were addressed to a handful of men; the battles before Ilium and Thebes were combats of paladins for a snit of armor, a prince's ransom, or a beautiful slave. But the Roman wars were recompensed by cities and kingdoms, by long processions of captives, by wagons laden with plate, the work of Mentor and Myron, by mules laden with gold, the spoil of Achaian and Iberian fanes, by fierce extremes of despair and triumph, by long avenues of applauding citizens, by the alalagmas of the scared and sunburnt veterans, by the contrast between the chieftain borne to the dungeon and the chieftain ascending the steps of the capitol. Here was a virgin vein of lyrical poetry; and here the native spirit of the poet flashes forth with all the ardor of the most warlike Roman. The fourth book of Odes and the Secular Hymn were written at the express desire of the emperor. Its

heroes are his stepsons Tiberius and Drusus, and the theme was worthy of the monarch who suggested, and of the poet who adopted it.

We have already intimated that the Satires of Horace served the untheatrical Romans as elegant, although not vigorous, transcripts of the Attic comedy. The applause, often denied to the plays of Terence at their representation, had been warmly accorded to them by a select audience at Scipio's Liternan villa. This warning was not lost on Horace: who, while he refused to recite his compositions in the forum or at the baths, entertained the guests of Mæcenas with his shrewd and delicate sketches of Roman life. The Satires, meantime, no less than the Odes, were in some degree the copies of a more complete and racy original; not so the Epistles. These were not only the work of the mature man, but one which may be said to have originated with their author. Of the very few Greek letters, which are not forgeries, none display any of the charms of epistolary correspondence. Letter-writing was in fact a Roman accomplishment. The grave statesmen, the eager politicians, and the professional rhetoricians who corresponded with Cicero, drop, in their letters, the formal dignity of the senate-house and the forum: and Cicero himself, addressing Atticus or Tiro, lays aside his consular pomp and irritable vanity, and attains the "dignified ease" which he never realized in life. There was, however, more than one step between the relaxation of prose and the earnest, playful, and familiar moods which Horace embodied in his epistolary verses. It is perhaps the boldest and most inventive step in all Roman literature. It was a step into a region where he had no precursor, and in which, in spite of the felicitous imitations of Boileau, Swift, Pope, and Mr. Rogers, he has hitherto found no equal. Yet while we feel and acknowledge the charm of these inimitable compositions, it is singularly difficult to define in what consists their attraction. They are not critical or philosophical epistles; yet critics, from the hour when Mæcenas and Augustus cut the silken cord which bound the tablets, have borrowed from them their æsthetical canons, and philosophers their most popular generalities. They are not mere letters of the man of the world; yet men of the world have in all times emulated their ease and adopted their maxims. Their excellence consists in the perfect fusion and equilibrium of all the intellectual elements of their texture. They have all the grace of the

most animated and refined conversation. They are the "Spectator" of the Roman suppers. A line or two from Horace is the only classical quotation ever heard, or permitted to be heard, in what is called "good company." Shrewd sense is relieved by seasonable anecdote; a general rule of life by its pertinent application; "the wisdom of age" and "the sallies of youth" are reconciled; and the individual interest is extended and elevated by its connection with the immediate manners of the time, and with the universal instincts of polite society in all ages. "The Letters of Horace," Dean Milman remarks, "possess every merit of the Satires, in a higher degree, with a more exquisite urbanity, and a more calm and commanding good sense. In their somewhat more elevated tone, they stand, as it were, in the midway, between the Odes and Satires." As miniature-painters of the humors and foibles of mankind, Addison, Fontaine, and Charles Lamb, alone approach the curious felicity of Horace. In each of these "delicate limners" the outline drawn by keen observation is softened by a catholic good humor. The offences tried in their courts are venial; the judge is lenient; the culprit is dismissed with a slight reprimand; and the spectators disperse, divided in their minds between pity and laughter.

Old age was not accorded to Horace; but no man enjoyed a more serene noon of life, or, to adopt his own metaphor, departed from its banquet, making way for younger folk, with greater cheerfulness. His trials had come upon him at the period of buoyant and hopeful youth. He had surmounted them by honorable industry and the successful exercise of popular and delightful talents. His consolations also arrived in due season—friends, reputation, independence, the intimacy of Mæcenas and the favor of Augustus. He was beloved by those who might have been his rivals; he was courted by those who could command. The freedman's son was solicited to be an emperor's secretary, and the historian of the "Town and Country Mouse" could refuse preferment without giving offence. He was the associate of the descendant of the priest-kings of Arretium, upon the honorable terms of continuing to be his own master. Never was position more favorable than that of Horace for the development of the genius he possessed. He was familiar with the noblest aspect of Roman society, in virtue of his intimacy with the source of power and patronage. He was familiar also with the humbler elements of Roman life, in virtue of his early fortunes and

libertine descent. His means, with the exception of a brief interval of adversity, were equal to his wishes; and his education surpassed his means. He enjoyed enough of the busy society of the capital to give a zest to the purer pleasures of country retirement. When weary of the sumptuous hospitality of Mæcenas, he left the palace on the Esquiline hill for his cottage villa near Tivoli, and reposed amid the deep shadows of the Apennines, beside "the dashing and headlong Anio." Hither followed him his distinguished friends from Rome. Tibullus with a new elegy to Delia, Varius with lofty hexameters in praise of Cæsar's acts, or Virgil fresh from the composition of some pastoral scene or rural sketch of Arisæus and the old Corycian bee-keeper. The cask of Falernian was broached: the garlands of ivy and cyclamen were twined; his honest friends Ofellus, "the farmer Flamborough" of his Sabine vicinage, was sent for; the Lares or Arcadian Pan were duly propitiated by libations, and grave or mirthful colloquy was protracted, under the broad umbrage of some favorite pine tree, until the "loosened yokes of the oxen warned" the revellers of the coming night. And should he desire more complete retirement "from the din and smoke and prodigality of Rome," he might visit his Sabine farm, inspect the labors of his faithful steward, survey his agricultural improvements, and wander among scenes which would remind him of those in which he had spent his childhood. There is no reason to reproach Horace with either insincerity or servility in his praises of Mæcenas and Augustus. They had given him more than life—for they afforded him the means of moderate and innocent happiness. In his youth he had witnessed under many aspects the waste and ruin of war. In the camp of Brutus he had associated with the hot and heady youth (*minaces*) who had set all upon a cast, that they might resign their patrician parks and fish-ponds, or revel amid the groans of plundered provinces. In his declining age he could not but contrast his happy repose with the perils and vicissitudes of his early manhood. That he should be grateful to the restorers of peace, and subside into philosophic contentment with the existing order of things, was surely in character with his sociable and reasonable nature. His buckler had been well lost; his flight from Philippi had been propitious; his adverse and his prosperous fortunes had alike disciplined his mind, and the Epicurean poet had attained a portion of the calm of his own secure and contemplative Jupiter.

From Fraser's Magazine.

LORD ROSSE'S TELESCOPE AND ITS REVELATIONS.

THE lights of history, which gleam faintly through the long vista of centuries, inform us, that when Europe was in a state of comparative darkness there shone forth from a small island, whose western shores are lashed by the mighty waves of the broad Atlantic, brilliant rays of science and learning, which illumined and quickened the senses of benighted populations in far-off lands.

That island, known to poets by the euphonious title of Erin, and to politicians by the unhappily significant one of Ire-land, will ever claim the interest and sympathy of her more fortunate sister isle; and although the light of her once resplendent day-star has paled before the rising of other luminaries, yet there are temples in her land within whose walls the fires of science are not quenched, and which, let us hope, like the torch in the halls of antiquity, will be fed by successive generations.

Into one of these temples we propose to conduct our readers, and we do not hesitate to say that, presuming we introduce them to new ground, it will be our fault if they do not leave it with the acquisition of some knowledge and considerable gratification.

On the borders of the King's County, and pretty nearly in the centre of Ireland, stands the castle of the Parsons family, the head of which is worthily represented at the present-day by the Earl of Rosse. It is a large and substantial edifice, with walls yards thick, as they needs must have been to have withstood successfully a siege of many days, directed against them in 1690 by the armies of King James, who have left sundry marks of their hostility in the shape of cannon-balls, the vestiges of which are still to be seen on the walls. The lord of the castle at that period was Sir Lawrence Parsons, a zealous and determined Protestant, who, with Jonathan Darby, of Leap Castle in the same county, also a Protestant, fell under the King's displeasure, and, on pretence of harboring and protecting so-called traitors, or men of their own religious persuasion, were tried, found guilty, and sentenced to be hung.

Circumstances prevented their execution, but the King determined to destroy the castle of Sir Lawrence, and was only frustrated by the desperate and gallant defence made by its garrison. There is a MS. journal of the siege preserved in the castle, which was written by Sir Lawrence; and it is recorded that the besieged were reduced to such straits for the want of ammunition, that "they cut up and melted a large leaden cistern used by Lady Parsons for salting beeves, and sufficiently large to hold five at a time."

The wings of the castle are the sole remains of the original structure: a fire, originating from the carelessness of the house-keeper, destroyed the central portion of the edifice, during the absence of the family, fifteen years ago. It has, however, been rebuilt on an enlarged scale, in a style to correspond with the ancient part of the building; and the castle, as it now stands, is an imposing edifice.

Having been a guest within its walls for some weeks, we can assert that the hospitality of Lord Rosse's ancestors, which the capacious salting-beeve cistern eloquently proclaims, has descended to the present nobleman; and we feel sure that the castle at Parsonstown will yield to no noble habitation in the elegance and comfort which reigns throughout its vast and numerous halls.

Were we disciples of the school of writers, who set at defiance the courtesies and etiquette of hospitality, and write of their entertainers as if they were publicans, and their houses as inns, we might fill no small portion of our paper with the conversations which we had the privilege of hearing at Parsonstown; but holding that all reporters of such things should be held up to public indignation, and pilloried, if such a wholesome mode of punishment were still in force, we shall draw a veil over the domestic economy of Lord Rosse's establishment.

And we think that the reader will have no cause to regret our secrecy, for it is in a far higher, and more interesting point of view,

that we have to introduce to the castle at Parsonstown.

From a very early period of his life Lord Rosse turned his attention to the manufacture of telescopes for astronomical purposes. At first his experiments were directed to the improvement of refracting telescopes, but after various essays in making fluid and other object-glasses, he came to the conclusion that although the improved manufacture of glass afforded the means of constructing larger discs of tolerably perfect glass than was formerly practicable, they still wanted that exact homogeneity and those optical properties essential to any great increase of power. He, therefore, came to the conclusion that there seemed to be but little chance of effecting anything really important in astronomy, except by improving the reflecting telescope. To that object every effort of his mind was directed; and we cannot but regard with amazement and admiration the results which had been created, when we remember that their originator has had parliamentary and other pressing and important duties attached to his high station, which have required and received his attention.

It is almost unnecessary to say that such a man must possess a rare combination of optical and chemical science, when, in the language of a distinguished philosopher, "he has given us the power of overcoming difficulties which arrested our predecessors, and of carrying to an extent, which even Herschel himself did not contemplate, the illuminating power of his telescopes, along with a sharpness of definition scarcely inferior to that of the achromatic.

All this has been effected single-handed, and in a country in no way celebrated for its mechanical manufactures.

It would be wearisome were we even to glance at the numerous experiments which Lord Rosse made before he achieved the glorious and unparalleled feat of casting a speculum six feet in diameter. The extraordinary brittleness of speculum metal renders it most difficult of manipulation; for, although considerably harder than steel, the slightest percussion, or the mere increase by a few degrees only of its temperature, will shiver it to atoms.

To overcome this disastrous tendency to disintegration, the admixture of an increased proportion of copper was tried by early experimenters, and with success so far as rendering the speculum metal less brittle. But the remedy on one side led to a fatal evil on the other. The speculum no longer pre-

sented that brilliancy which is so essential; and, independently of this defect, it became much more liable to tarnish.

It was evident, therefore, that no departure could be made from the best proportions of metals for speculum, which we may here mention Lord Rosse finds to be 126.4 parts of copper to 58.9 of tin. Another feature in this intractable alloy is its porous nature. Of this fact Newton, who made several specula with his own hands, was fully aware, and he records that he considered it as a serious defect.

Lord Rosse at first endeavored to conquer the difficulties of constructing large specula by making them in several pieces, and soldering them to a back of alloy of zinc and copper, which should expand and contract in the same proportion as speculum metal. After several trials, he completed specula of three feet diameter, which answered very well for stars below the fifth magnitude; but above that they exhibited a cross formed by the diffraction at the joints, and were consequently rejected.

In the course of these experiments it was ascertained that the difficulty of casting large discs of speculum metal arose from the unequal contraction of the material; and it appeared evident, that if the fluid mass could be cooled throughout with perfect regularity, so that at every instant every portion should be of the same temperature, there would be no unequal contraction in the progress towards solidification. To effect this, it appeared only necessary to make the lower surface of the mould of iron, while the remainder was of dry sand. But on carrying this into practice, it was found that the speculum metal cooled so rapidly that air-bubbles remained entangled between it and the iron surface. The overcoming of this new difficulty is strikingly illustrative of Lord Rosse's high mechanical talents. He constructed the lower part of his mould of hoop-iron, six inches broad, packed edgewise in a strong frame seven feet in diameter, and supported by strong transverse bars below. The upper surface of this mould was turned to a convex segment of a sphere 108 feet radius, and then ground smooth by a frame filled with concave blocks of sandstone. This contrivance answered admirably. The air escaped through the interstices of the hoop, and the metal which came in contact with them was chilled at once into a dense sheet about half an inch thick. It now only remained to prevent the rest of the speculum cooling unequally, and for that purpose it was placed

in an annealing furnace, and left there till cold.

The success which attended these operations, and the subsequent grinding, polishing, and mounting specula of three feet diameter, induced Lord Rosse to attempt the arduous task of constructing one of six feet.

The first disc of this gigantic size was cast on the 13th of April, 1842. Three iron crucibles, each containing two tons of speculum metal, were used.

On this occasion (we are told), besides the engrossing importance of the operation, its singular and sublime beauty can never be forgotten by those who were so fortunate as to be present. Above, the sky, crowded with stars, seemed to look down auspiciously on the work. Below, the furnaces poured out huge columns of nearly monochromatic yellow flames, and the ignited crucibles, during their passage through the air, were fountains of red light, producing on the towers of the castle and the foliage of the trees such accidents of color and shade as might almost transport fancy to the planets of a contracted double star. Nor was the perfect order and arrangement of everything less striking: each possible contingency had been foreseen, each detail carefully rehearsed; and the workmen executed their orders with a silent and unerring obedience worthy of the calm and provident self-possession in which they were given.

Allusion to the workmen in this passage leads us to mention that all the operatives in Lord Rosse's establishment have been, and are, Irishmen trained by himself. They are under the immediate superintendence of a foreman, also educated by Lord Rosse, whose manipulatory skill and knowledge of mechanics are of so high an order, that he could construct and mount a six foot speculum. The casting of the gigantic mirror is represented as having been a magnificent spectacle. For several minutes the metal rolled in heavy waves like those of quicksilver, which broke in a surf of fire on the sides of the mould. The disc was then placed in the annealing oven, where it remained for sixteen weeks, during the first three of which the exterior of the building was sensibly warm.

The operations of grinding and polishing were next performed, and here the aid of steam-power was required. It was long believed that specula could only be polished successfully by the hand, or in other words, that perfect results could only be obtained by *feeling* the polisher's action.* Lord

Rosse, however, contrived a mechanical apparatus, which not only grinds but polishes specula without the intervention of the hand. His first experiments were directed to specula of three feet diameter, and having succeeded in giving a beautiful figure and surface to these discs, he undertook to grind and polish the large speculum in the same manner.

The speculum is placed in a trough of water, care being taken to maintain it of an equal temperature during the entire process. The grinding-plate, which is of the same diameter as the speculum, is slightly convex. It is intersected by transverse and circular grooves into portions not exceeding half an inch in surface. Prepared emery-powder is then introduced between the two surfaces, and the speculum is made to revolve very slowly, while the grinding-plate is drawn backwards and forwards by one eccentric or crank, and from side to side slowly by another. The process of polishing differs very essentially from that of grinding; in the latter the powder employed runs loose between two hard surfaces, and may produce scratches probably equal in depth to the size of the particles. In the polishing process the case is very different; then, the particles of the powder lodge in the comparatively soft material of which the surface of the polishing tool is formed, and as the portions projecting may bear a very small proportion to the size of the particles themselves, the scratches necessarily will be diminished in the same proportion. The particles are thus forced to imbed themselves, in consequence of the extreme accuracy of contact, between the surface of the polisher and the speculum. But as soon as this accurate contact ceases, the polishing process becomes but fine grinding. It is absolutely necessary, therefore, to secure this accuracy of contact during the whole process. Several very ingenious devices have been suggested to render the art of polishing independent of the process of grinding. Among others was the proposition of Mr. Barton, who conceived that the object might be effected by turning the speculum with a diamond, constrained by very delicate machinery to move in the proper path, and with so slow a motion that the grooves produced by the diamond should act on light as a polished surface; but the extreme accuracy required in an operation of

metropolis who can grind and polish specula efficiently is a blind man of the name of Cuthbert. He polishes all mirrors literally by *feeling*, using no machinery in the operation. But his specula does not exceed four inches in diameter.

* It is worthy of mention, that we were informed by Lord Rosse, that the only person in the

this nature being so great that the error of figure amounting to but a small fraction of a hair's breadth would destroy the action of a speculum, it was not to be expected that such a process could succeed in practice,—nor indeed, any other contrivance which has not, like that of grinding, a decided tendency to correct its own defects, and to produce results in which the errors may be said to be infinitely small in comparison with those in any of the previous steps from which they are derived.

It would occupy more space than we can afford were we to enter into the detail necessary for the comprehension of all Lord Rosse's beautiful and delicate processes, by which he has attained the grand desideratum in the manufacture of reflecting telescopes; to such perfection, however, has he brought his polishing machinery, that he can polish a six-foot speculum in the small space of six hours. The focal length of a three-foot speculum being so much less than that of a six-foot, Lord Rosse was enabled to test the accuracy of the parabolic curve by the following means: Above the speculum were a series of trap-doors, which, being opened, commanded a view of a flag-staff placed on the summit of a tower one hundred feet high. Watch-dials, with their faces inverted, were placed on the flag-staff, and an eye-piece being attached at the proper focal distance, the observer was at once enabled to ascertain the state of the speculum. The six-foot speculum could not be submitted to the test, but it was ground and polished so truly and well, that it only differed one inch from its focal length, which is fifty-three feet. It was our good fortune to see one of these gigantic mirrors polished, and we can truly say, that a more gorgeously resplendent surface cannot be conceived than the face of the speculum presented when the operation was completed. It was, indeed, "a broad bright eye," of intense lustre and brilliancy, undimmed by any flaw or scratch. With provident wisdom, Lord Rosse cast a second six-foot speculum, which he ground and polished with equal success, and thus when the speculum in use requires to be repolished, the telescope does not stand idle.

The construction of the tube and the contrivances for suspending and working it, occupied the greater portion of the year 1844. And here again we have numerous evidences of the master-mind of the noble director of these most interesting works. The great comparative lightness of a three-foot speculum enables it to be mounted equatorially:

that is, in a manner permitting it to be turned to any part of the heavens. But as the six-foot speculum, with its supports, weighs no less than eight tons, and the tube for such a gigantic mirror several more, it became evident that excessive, if not insuperable difficulties existed to mounting it equatorially. It is of paramount importance that the motions of a telescope should be perfectly easy and free from tremor; and when the vast surface of such an instrument as that under consideration is borne in mind, it follows as a matter of course, that the action of a gale of wind on it would render it unsteady were it erected in the manner employed in the three-foot speculum.

Lord Rosse, therefore, determined to confine the range of observation to the vicinity of the meridian. There the stars are at their greatest altitudes, and atmospheric influences affect our vision of them least; their places can be determined with most accuracy, and an equatorial movement, so essential to micrometer measurements, can be easily obtained.

His first step was to build two enormous walls on the lawn in front of the castle, and about three hundred yards from it. These walls are constructed of limestone, with a very solid foundation; they are seven feet thick and sixty-five feet high, and are castellated to correspond with the architecture of the castle.

The tube, which hangs between these walls, is constructed of memel timber, well seasoned, and bound by iron girders, of great strength and thickness. Its length is fifty-six feet, and diameter eight feet in the middle, but tapering to seven at the end—a height sufficient to allow the tallest man to walk through its tunnel-like proportions. The tube reposes at its lower end upon a very massive universal joint of cast-iron, resting on a pier of stonework buried in the ground, in order to insure perfect stability. On the universal joint is firmly bolted a cubical wooden chamber, about eight feet wide, in which the speculum is placed; and this brings us to one of the most beautiful mechanical arrangements of the whole instrument.

The uniform support of a reflector over its entire extent, is a point of the last importance to its optical performance. A distortion of figure by flexure, which in the object-glass of a refracting telescope would produce no appreciably injurious effect, would be utterly fatal to distinct vision in a reflecting one. When even the small speculum used by

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very strong segments of cast-iron, each above one-eighth of the circumference, are adjusted to the edge by screws, the segments bearing upon the massive castings which sustain the three primary supports of the lever apparatus. These mechanical arrangements have answered well, and the mirror has given a very good definition.

When not in use, the speculum is covered with a cap of wood, coated with lime, to prevent oxydation. The tube carries, near its upper extremity, a small Newtonian mirror, which receives the reflection of the object from the speculum. The suspension of the huge telescope is effected by a series of chains passing over pulleys, and terminating in counterpoise weights. The weights are constrained to descend in quadrants of circles by chain guys attached to the frame which bears the declination pulley. The mechanism of this portion of the instrument is so admirable that the gigantic tube is moved with the greatest facility, and is perfectly steady, even in a violent gale of wind. The meridian motion is regulated by a cast-iron arc of a circle, about eighty-five feet in diameter. The arc is composed of pieces of five feet long, each adjusted independently in the meridian by a transit instrument, and secured to massive stonework. A strong bar, provided with friction rollers, is connected with the iron arc. The tube is attached to the bar by wheelwork, so that a handle near the eye-piece enables the observer to move the telescope on either side of the meridian, and thus examine any object before it passes across the meridian, or after it has passed. The range is half-an-hour on each side of the meridian for a star at the equator, and Lord Rosse intends constructing a clock in the course of this winter which shall move the instrument.

The machinery rings a bell when the tube arrives on the meridian.

The western wall supports the stairs and galleries for the use of the observers. As high as 42° of altitude, the telescope is commanded by a light, prism-shaped framework, which slides between two ladders attached to the southern faces of the piers. It is counterpoised, and may be raised to any required position by a windlass; the upper portion affords support to a railway, on which the observing gallery moves about twenty-four feet east and west, the wheels being turned by a winch within reach of the observer. Three other galleries, rising above each other, reach to within 5° of the zenith. They are attached to the summit of the wall, and each is carried by two beams, which run between

pairs of grooved wheels. Each gallery is capable of containing twelve persons; but the mechanism is so simple and easy, that, even when the galleries are full, one man can easily work them. The spectator, standing in the highest of these galleries, when it is suspended over the chasm, sixty feet deep, cannot fail to be struck with the enormous size of the apparatus which meets his eye. The mighty tube, which reposes beneath him in its cradle of massive chains, might be taken for one of the famous round towers, which had sunk down from its ancient foundations. Some idea of the prodigious mass of machinery may be formed from the fact that it contains more than one hundred and fifty tons of iron castings, which have been entirely executed in Lord Rosse's workshops.

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Close to this building stands the three-foot reflecting telescope, which, as we have stated, is mounted equatorially, and which, before the erection of the leviathan instrument, was regarded as a wonder of mechanical ingenuity.

Having now described the construction of the leviathan telescope, we shall next proceed to show the manner in which it is used, and then endeavor to introduce the reader to a few of the extraordinary celestial wonders which it reveals. As "soon as the evening shades prevail," the observatory staff, consisting of an astronomer and four men, prepare the instrument for observing. The eye-pieces, and micrometers for measuring the stars and nebulae, are carefully cleaned and adjusted, and should the night prove propitious for observing, the telescope is at once set to its work. And this is the highest in the whole range of astronomical observation. In the infancy of science, when astronomers for want of instruments only saw the out-

works, as it were, of the starry firmament, the invention of the telescope revealed thousands of brilliant orbs, hitherto unseen because invisible. As this invaluable instrument became improved, new wonders burst on the sight; and it was reserved for the Herschels to introduce us to systems in sublime perspective, vastly separated in space, and apparently unlimited in number and far beyond the region of the so-called fixed stars. These were the nebulae, a term of modern date, for the word *nebulous* was formerly applied only to clusters of small stars. With the aid of reflecting telescopes, the two Herschels examined nearly 3000 nebulae and clusters of stars, an elaborate catalogue of which is given in the *Philosophical Transactions of the Royal Society*. We do not mean to say that these distinguished astronomers were the first to make us aware of the existence of nebulae; but the superior power of the instruments which they employed enabled them to add wonderfully to our knowledge of the construction of the heavens.

Nebulae, as their name imports, are dim and misty-looking objects, but powerful telescopes resolve several of them into stars; while, at the same time, every increase of telescopic power brings fresh and unresolved nebulae into view. These facts, combined with the circumstance that a vast number of the nebulae catalogued by the Herschels are represented as a mere patch of milky-light, led Lord Rosse to determine on re-examining those nebulae, as he had little doubt that the superior power of his large telescope would resolve many which were irresolvable by the instruments used in their former examination. And here we may with propriety give the reader some idea of the relative power of the telescopes used by the above distinguished astronomers.

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Rosse's telescope we should still see it if it were removed to the 3436th order of distances. In other words, it reveals celestial objects at such bewildering and inconceivable distances, that light would be nearly 20,000 years traveling from them to the earth, though constantly speeding at the known rate of 192,000 miles in a second of time. We are happy to have it in our power to quote Sir John Herschel's opinion of Lord Rosse's leviathan telescope, delivered on the occasion of that nobleman reading a paper on the nebula numbered 25 in Herschel's catalogue.

Sir John Herschel declared that he could not explain to the section the strong feelings and emotion with which he saw this old and familiar acquaintance in the very new dress in which the more powerful instrument of Lord Rosse presented it. He then sketched on a piece of paper the appearance under which he had been accustomed to see it, which was a nucleus, surrounded by a ring-shaped nebulous light, with a nebulous curve stretching from one part of the ring to nearly the opposite. This had very strongly suggested to his mind what our system of stars, surrounded by the milky way dividing into its two great branches, would appear if seen from a sufficient distance. But now this nebula is shown in such a way as greatly to modify, if not totally to change, former opinions. In the first place, under the examination of the more powerful instrument, the nucleus became distinctly resolved into its constituent stars, which his telescope is not powerful enough to accomplish; and it now turned out that the appearance which he had taken for a second branch of the ring, was a nebulous offshoot stretching from the principal nebula, and connecting it with a neighboring much smaller one. This was to him quite a new feature in the history of nebulae. The general appearance of the nebula as now presented strongly suggested the leading features of the shell of a snail rather than a ring. He felt a delight he could not express when he contemplated the achievements likely to be performed by this splendid telescope; and he had no doubt that, by opening up new scenes of the grandeur of the creation, it would tend to elevate and ennoble our conceptions of the great and beneficent Architect; the raising of our thoughts to whom should be the aim of all our researches, as the advancing our knowledge of Him, and the grateful tracings of the benefits and blessings with which He had surrounded us, was the noblest aim of all that deserved the name of science.

The prophetic language of Sir John Herschel has been in a great measure realized. The profundities of space hitherto wholly inaccessible have been sounded, and not only have many nebulae been resolved, but such peculiarities of structure have been observed as, in Lord Rosse's words, "seem

even to indicate the presence of dynamical laws, which we may, perhaps, fancy to be almost within our grasp."

It is exceedingly difficult to curb the pen into sobriety of expression when dwelling on the aspect of some of these marvellous objects. Our first view through the mighty tube was at one of the most brilliant nebulae, known by the name of the Dumb-bell. Never shall we forget the breathless interest with which we entered the lofty gallery and took our stand before the object-glass. The field of vision was sown with myriads of stars, but as we gazed there came a dawn of stronger light, which increased in brilliancy as the nebula rose to view, and when it occupied the field, the spectacle which it presented was gorgeous in the extreme. The second nebula which we had the gratification of seeing was that of *Orion*. This nebula is peculiarly interesting to astronomers, and to philosophers generally, in its relation to Sir William Herschel's nebular theory. That distinguished observer, from certain peculiarities which he detected in some of the unresolved nebulae, was induced to imagine that "many of the milky spots were not remote galaxies, but, on the contrary, accumulations of a shining fluid akin to the cometic, and probably located at no great remoteness, amid the interstellar intervals of our heavens."

In some instances the shining matter was chaotic, and presented no definite structure; but in the midst of other masses there seemed a gradual alteration of this amorphous form, and it was thought that the constitution of nuclei might be detected, around which the matter appeared gathering.

The nebula of *Orion* was regarded as a test in some degree of Herschel's hypothesis, and to that remarkable object the large telescope was early directed.

The night on which it was first observed was far from favorable; and it was found impracticable to use more than half the magnifying power which the speculum bears; yet, even under these disadvantages, it was plainly seen that all about the trapezium was a mass of stars; that the rest of the nebula also abounded with stars, and that it exhibited the characteristics of resolvability strongly marked.

Subsequent observations, under more favorable circumstances, have confirmed in all respects this first impression. The extraordinary object—"the glory and wonder of the starry universe," as it has been styled, has been distinctly resolved; and what was thought to be a mottled region, turns out to

be a blaze of stars. Viewing all this glory during the silent night-watches, the words of holy writ came strongly to mind,—“Gird up thy loins now like a man: I will demand of thee, and declare thou unto me. Hast thou an arm like God? or canst thou thunder with a voice like Him? Canst thou bind the sweet influences of Pleiades, or loose the bands of Orion? Canst thou bring forth Mazzaroth in his season? or canst thou guide Arcturus, with his sons?”

The number and variety of nebulae is astounding. The firmament literally swarms with them. Those denominated spirals are among the most remarkable,—sending out their long streamers of stars from a brilliant centre. They vary in extent, aspect, brightness, and resolvability; but a certain degree of sphericity is indicated by their being generally brightest towards the middle. It has been proposed to class nebulae into—1. Clusters, where all the stars are readily distinguishable. 2. Resolvable nebulae, or such as there is every reason to believe consist of stars. 3. Nebulae, properly so called, which no telescopic power can resolve. 4. Planetary nebulae, possessing circular or slightly oval discs. 5. Stellar nebulae, approaching to the appearance of stars; and 6. Nebulous stars, or nebulae connected with very small stars which might be classed together. These may be subdivided into annular, spiral, knotted, and other forms. Lord Rosse is in the habit of calling all nebulae spirals in which he detects a curvilinear arrangement not consisting of regular re-entering curves. He has discovered several of these in the early part of this year. The sketching of nebulae is an exceedingly delicate and difficult operation. For when the nebula is faint, the feeblest amount of lamp-light must be employed to depict the object; and even this light unfits the eye of the observer for deep and steady vision.

The reader will now understand why Lord Rosse has selected the nebulae for the nightly task-work of his unparalleled instrument.* They carry the mind into the highest region of astronomy; and though to grasp by mental efforts the magnificent unity of that wondrous system of worlds, of which our own globe is but as a molecule, is not given to man, yet it may be ours to soar with steadier wing, and more sustained energy, far beyond the flights of our forefathers. The noble

astronomer of Parsonstown is indeed a true type of Thomson's Philosopher:—

“Not to this evanescent speck of earth
Poorly confined—the radiant tracks on high
Are his exalted range; intent to gaze
Creation through, and from that full complex
Of never-ending wonders to conceive
Of the SOLE BEING right.

We shall conclude this branch of our subject by quoting Sir John Herschel's words respecting nebulae and the nebular theory:—

The nebulae furnish in every point of view an inexhaustible field of speculation and conjecture. That by far the larger share of them consists of stars, there can be little doubt; and in the interminable range of system upon system, and firmament upon firmament, which we thus catch a glimpse of, the imagination is bewildered and lost. On the other hand, if it be true, as, to say the least, it seems extremely probable, that a phosphorescent or self-luminous matter also exists, disseminated through extensive regions of space in the manner of a cloud or fog, now assuming capricious shapes, like actual clouds drifted by the wind, and now concentrating itself, like a cometic appearance, around particular stars; what, we naturally ask, is the nature and destination of this nebulous matter? Is it absorbed by the stars in whose neighborhood it is found, to furnish by its condensation their supply of light and heat? or is it progressively concentrating itself by the effect of its own gravity into masses, and so laying the foundation of new sidereal systems, or of insulated stars? It is easier to propound such questions than to offer any probable reply to them. Meanwhile appeal to fact, by the method of constant and diligent observation, is open to us, and as the double stars have yielded to this kind of questioning, and disclosed a series of relations of the most intelligible and interesting description, we may reasonably hope that the assiduous study of nebulae will, ere long, lead to some clearer understanding of their intimate nature.

Such are those objects which we, with our finite senses, have termed nebulae. It may be the good fortune of future astronomers to fathom the mysterious nature of these bodies; but should they fail in this high task, we shall not err in ascribing to their laws of matter and motion the same almighty wisdom which we find pervading everything created by Jehovah, and with which we are permitted to become acquainted.

And canst thou think, poor worm! these orbs of light,
In size immense, in number infinite,
Were made for thee alone?

Of course it is impossible to perceive how far into the depths of space the march of science may lead us. As with the micro-

* The results of the examination of several nebulae have lately been communicated to the Royal Society by Lord Rosse.

scope, so with the telescope, every improvement in those instruments which increases their magnifying power, or renders their lenses or mirrors more transparent, or more reflective, introduces us to new creations; and it appears probable that it is only the excessive remoteness of certain celestial bodies, and the want of penetrating power possessed by our telescopes, that cause them to appear to us as mere glimmers of light.

Sir William Herschel, as the inscription on his monument at Upton finely says, "broke through the inclosures of the heavens;" and although he retreated when he found himself among depths whose light could not have reached him in much less than four thousand years, yet his successors, armed with keener and more space-penetrating vision, may advance beyond former bounds, and inform us of varieties of splendor of which we have no comprehension.

Descending through the strata of celestial space, we come to what we call the fixed stars, but which doubtless only seem unchangeable in their position on account of our limited vision. Those eyes of Providence, as they were entitled by ancient astronomers, are glorious objects to view through the large telescope. Their brilliancy and infinite number startle and bewilder the beholder. Some notion may be gathered of their multitude, from the fact, that Lord Rosse's huge cycloplan orb renders stars of the 2016th order of distances visible. As with the nebulae, so with the fixed stars, mile-measures utterly fail to convey anything like a just appreciation of the remoteness of these objects. The star *61 Cygni*, which is one of the nearest to us, has been computed to be 62,481,500,000,000 miles from the earth. Such distances as this place these orbs utterly beyond our ken; but they are not without their use to us; they have been well described as the landmarks of the universe, for amidst the endless and complicated fluctuations of our system, they seem placed by an Almighty and All-wise hand as guides and records to erring man.

It is, however, after all, when we enter upon the comparatively proximate region of the planets, that the great and searching power of Lord Rosse's large instrument becomes fully apparent to us. Indeed, it is difficult to avoid the risk of being suspected of exaggeration, writing of the moon as it appears in a favorable condition of the atmosphere, when viewed by the above telescope. *Saturn* is another extraordinary object. The two rings are seen with amazing

distinctness, and the satellites themselves are orbs of great glory and brilliancy. How different are all these revelations to those enjoyed by our astronomical forefathers! Such was the imperfection of early instruments, that *Saturn*, from the date which we attach to the creation, made 190 revolutions before the beautiful appendage of his rings became revealed to the eye of man. And when Galileo discovered that the figure of the planet was not round but oblong, his telescope was so weak that he could not discriminate the rings; and subsequent observers stated, that when *Saturn* "was beheld with some great telescope, he was seen with anses or arms fastened to the two sides of his disque."

But while it is a subject of congratulation that science has so greatly increased the power of astronomical instruments, and particularly that of the reflecting telescope, it should not be forgotten that this gauger of the heavens, with all its original imperfections, did good service to astronomy. Among the scientific treasures possessed by the Royal Society, there is none more highly valued than a small pasteboard tube nine inches long, fitted with a speculum two inches and three tenths in diameter. Nor will the lover of science continue to feel surprise when he learns that this is the original reflecting telescope, and that it was invented and constructed by the immortal Newton in 1671. Insignificant as this humble instrument appears when contrasted with Lord Rosse's leviathan, yet we find its illustrious maker stating in a letter to the Royal Society, dated March 16, 1671—"With the telescope which I made, I have sometimes seen remote objects, and particularly the moon, very distinct."

We cannot conclude this imperfect sketch of the wonders at Parsonstown, without adverting to the zeal manifested by Lord Rosse in the cause of science. Not satisfied by the triumphant feat of having constructed the largest telescope in the world, his nights are spent in his observatory, from whence he is summoned when any novel object is revealed to the working observers.

But these night-watches, though harassing and laborious, do not damp his lordship's ardor, nor materially interfere with his day studies. Experiments of the most costly and delicate nature are constantly made; and those who, like ourselves, have had the privilege of an introduction to the laboratory at Parsonstown Castle, will not easily forget the astonishing manipulatory skill of its noble proprietor.

THE HAUNTS OF GENIUS.

GRAY, BURKE, MILTON, DRYDEN, AND POPE.

BY MARY RUSSELL MITFORD.

Two summers ago I spent a few pleasant weeks among some of the loveliest scenery of our great river. The banks of the Thames, always beautiful, are nowhere more delightful than in the neighborhood of Maidenhead—one side ramparted by the high, abrupt, chalky cliffs of Buckinghamshire; the other edging gently away into our rich Berkshire meadows, checkered with villages, villas, and woods.

My own temporary home was one of singular beauty—a snug cottage at Taplow, looking over a garden full of honeysuckles, lilies, and roses, to a miniature terrace, whose steps led down into the water, or rather into our little boat; the fine old bridge at Maidenhead just below us; the magnificent woods of Cliefden, crowned with the lordly mansion (now, alas! a second time burnt down), rising high above; and the broad majestic river, fringed with willow and alder, gay with an ever-changing variety—the trim pleasure-yacht, the busy barge, or the punt of the solitary angler, gliding by placidly and slowly, the very image of calm and conscious power. No pleasanter residence, through the sultry months of July and August, than the Bridge cottage at Taplow.

Besides the natural advantages of the situation, we were within reach of many interesting places, of which we, as strangers, contrived—as strangers usually do—to see a great deal more than the actual residents.

A six-mile drive took us to the lordly towers of Windsor—the most queenly of our palaces—with the adjuncts that so well become the royal residence, St. George's Chapel and Eton College, fitting shrines of learning and devotion! Windsor was full of charm. The ghostly shadow of a tree, that is, or passes for Herne's oak—for the very man of whom we inquired our way maintained that the tree was apocryphal, although in such cases I hold it wisest and pleasantest to believe—the very old town itself, with the

localities immortalized by Sir John and Sir Hugh, Dame Quickly, and Justice Shallow, and all the company of the Merry Wives, had to me an unfailing attraction. To Windsor we drove again and again, until the pony spontaneously turned his head Windsorward.

Then we reviewed the haunts of GRAY, the house at Stoke Pogis, and the churchyard where he is buried, and which contains the touching epitaph wherein the pious son commemorates "the careful mother of many children, one of whom only had the misfortune to survive her." To that spot we drove one bright summer day, and we were not the only visitants. It was pleasant to see one admirer seated under a tree, sketching the church, and another party, escorted by the clergyman, walking reverently through it. Stoke Pogis, however, is not without its rivals; and we also visited the old church at Upton, whose ivy-mantled tower claims to be the veritable tower of the "Elegy." A very curious scene did that old church exhibit—that of an edifice not yet decayed, but abandoned to decay; an incipient ruin, such as probably might have been paralleled in the monasteries of England after the Reformation, or in the churches of France after the first Revolution. The walls were still standing, still full of monuments and monumental inscriptions; in some the gilding was yet fresh, and one tablet especially had been placed there very recently, commemorating the talents and virtues of the celebrated astronomer, Sir John Herschel. But the windows were denuded of their glass, the font broken, the pews dismantled, while on the tottering reading-desk one of the great Prayer-books, all mouldy with damp, still lay open—last vestige of the holy services with which it once resounded. Another church had been erected, but it looked new and naked, and everybody seemed to regret the old place of worship, the roof of which was remarkable for the purity of its design.

Another of our excursions was to Ockwells—a curious and beautiful specimen of domestic architecture in the days before the Tudors. Strange it seems to me that no one has exactly imitated that graceful front, with its steep roof terminated on either side by two projecting gables, the inner one lower than the other, adorned with oak carving, regular and delicate as that on an ivory fan. The porch has equal elegance. One almost expects to see some baronial hawking party, or some bridal procession issue from its recesses. The great hall, although its grand open roof has been barbarously closed up, still retains its fine proportions, its dais, its music gallery, and the long range of windows, still adorned with the mottos and escutcheons of the Norreys's, their kindred and allies. It has long been used as a farmhouse; and one marvels that the painted windows should have remained uninjured through four centuries of neglect and change. Much that was interesting has disappeared, but enough still remains to gratify those who love to examine the picturesque dwellings of our ancestors. The noble staircase, the iron-studded door, the prodigious lock, the gigantic key (too heavy for a woman to wield), the cloistered passages, the old-fashioned buttery-hatch, give a view not merely of the degree of civilization of the age, but of the habits and customs of familiar daily life.

Another drive took us to the old grounds of Lady Place, where, in demolishing the house, care had been taken to preserve the vaults in which the great Whig leaders wrote and signed the famous letter to William of Orange, which drove James the Second from the throne. A gloomy place it is now—a sort of underground ruin—and gloomy enough the patriots must have found it on that memorable occasion: the tombs of the monks (it had formerly been a monastery) under their feet, the rugged walls around them, and no ray of light, except the lanterns they may have brought with them, or the torches that they lit. Surely the signature of that summons which secured the liberties of England would make an impressive picture—Lord Somers in the foreground, and the other Whig statesmen grouped around him. A Latin inscription records a visit made by George the Third to the vaults; and truly it is among the places that monarchs would do well to visit—full of stern lessons!

Chief pilgrimage of all was one that led us first to Beaconsfield, through the delightful lanes of Buckinghamshire, with their luxuriance of hedge-row timber, and their

patches of heathy common. There we paid willing homage to all that remained of the habitation consecrated by the genius of EDMUND BURKE. Little is left, beyond gates and outbuildings, for the house has been burnt down and the grounds disparked; but still some of his old walks remained, and an old well and traces of an old garden—and pleasant it was to tread where such a man had trodden, and to converse with the few who still remembered him. We saw, too, the stalworth yeoman who had the honor not only of furnishing to Sir Joshua the model of his "Infant Hercules," but even of suggesting the subject. Thus it happened. Passing a few days with Mr. Burke at his favorite retirement, the great painter accompanied his host on a visit to his bailiff. A noble boy lay sprawling in the cradle in the room where they sat. His mother would fain have removed him, but Sir Joshua, then commissioned to paint a picture for the Empress Catherine, requested that the child might remain, sent with all speed for pallet and easel, and accomplished his task with that success which so frequently waits upon a sudden inspiration. It is remarkable that the good farmer, whose hearty cordial kindness I shall not soon forget, has kept in a manner most unusual the promise of his sturdy infancy, and makes as near an approach to the proportions of the fabled Hercules as ever Buckinghamshire yeoman displayed.

Beaconsfield, however, and even the cherished retirement of Burke, was by no means the goal of our pilgrimage. The true shrine was to be found four miles farther, in the small cottage at Chalfont St. Giles, where Milton found a refuge during the Great Plague of London.

The road wound through lanes still shadier and hedge-rows still richer, where the tall trees rose from banks overhung with fern, intermixed with spires of purple foxglove; sometimes broken by a bit of mossy park-paling, sometimes by the light shades of a beech-wood, until at last we reached the quiet and secluded village whose very first dwelling was consecrated by the abode of the great poet.

It is a small tenement of four rooms, one on either side the door, standing in a little garden, and having its gable to the road. A short inscription, almost hidden by the foliage of the vine, tells that MILTON once lived within those sacred walls. The cottage has been so seldom visited, is so little desecrated by thronging admirers, and has suffered so

little from alteration or decay, and all about it has so exactly the serene and tranquil aspect that one should expect to see in an English village two centuries ago, that it requires but a slight effort of fancy to image to ourselves the old blind bard still sitting in that little parlor, or sunning himself on the garden-seat beside the well. Milton is said to have corrected at Chalfont some of the sheets of the "Paradise Lost." The "Paradise Regained" he certainly composed there. One loves to think of him in that calm retreat—to look round that poor room, and think how Genius ennobles all that she touches! Heaven forbid that change in any shape, whether of embellishment or of decay, should fall upon that cottage!

Another resort of ours, not a pilgrimage, but a haunt, was the forest of old pollards, known by the name of Burnham Beeches. A real forest it is—six hundred acres in extent, and varied by steep declivities, wild dells, and tangled dingles. The ground, clothed with the fine short turf where the thyme and the harebell love to grow, is partly covered with luxuriant fern; and the juniper and the holly form a fitting under-wood for those magnificent trees, hollowed by age, whose profuse canopy of leafy boughs seems so much too heavy for the thin rind by which it is supported. Mr. Grote has a house here, on which we looked with reverence; and in one of the loveliest spots we came upon a monument erected by Mrs. Grote in memory of Mendelssohn, and enriched by an elegant inscription from her pen.

We were never weary of wandering among the Burnham Beeches, sometimes taking Dropmore by the way, where the taste of the late Lord Grenville created from a barren heath a perfect Eden of rare trees and matchless flowers. But even better than amid that sweet woodland scene did I love to ramble by the side of the Thames, as it bounded the beautiful grounds of Lord Orkney, or the magnificent demense of Sir George Warrender, the verdant lawns of Cliefden.

That place also is full of memories. There

it was that the famous Duke of Buckingham fought his no less famous duel with Lord Shrewsbury, while the fair countess, dressed, rather than disguised, as a page, held the horse of her victorious paramour. We loved to gaze on that princely mansion—since a second time burnt down—repeating to each other the marvelous lines in which our two matchless satirists have immortalized the duke's follies, and doubting which portrait were the best. We may at least be sure that no third painter will excel them. Alas! who reads Pope or Dryden now? I am afraid, very much afraid, that to many a fair young reader these celebrated characters will be as good as manuscript. I will at all events try the experiment. Here they be:

"In the first rank of these did Zimri stand,
A man so various, that he seemed to be
Not one, but all mankind's epitome;
Stiff in opinions, always in the wrong,
Was everything by starts and nothing long;
But in the course of one revolving moon,
Was chemist, fiddler, statesman, and buffoon;
Then all for women, painting, rhyming, drink-
ing,
Besides ten thousand freaks that died in think-
ing.
Blest madman, who could every hour employ
With something new to wish or to enjoy!"
DRYDEN. *Absalom and Achitophel*.

Now for the little hunchback of Twicken-
ham:

"In the worst inn's worst room, with mat half
hung,
The walls of plaster, and the floor of dung;
On once a flock-bed, but repaired with straw,
With tape-tied curtains never meant to draw,
The George and Garter dangling from that bed,
Where tawdry yellow strove with dirty red:
Great Villiers lies:—but, ah, how changed
from him,
That life of pleasure, and that soul of whim,
Gallant and gay in Cliefden's proud alcove,
The bower of wanton Shrewsbury and love!
Or just as gay at council 'mid the ring
Of mimic statesman and their merry king!
No wit to flatter left of all his store;
No fool to laugh at, which he valued more;
There, victor of his health, of fortune, friends,
And fame, the lord of useless thousands ends!"
POPE. *Moral Essays*.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

FREDERIC THE GREAT AND THE SEVEN YEARS' WAR.

It is not our intention to investigate the causes of the Seven Years' War, but to give a rapid sketch of that sanguinary series of campaigns. It will be sufficient to state that from the information of spies which he had planted in almost every state in Europe, Frederic learnt that he was to be simultaneously assaulted by France, Austria, Russia, Saxony, Sweden, and the Germanic body, and that the major part of his comparatively small dominions was to be parcelled out among his enemies.

The Seven Years' War began in August, 1756. The King of Prussia, unable to obtain satisfaction from the Empress Queen of Germany, Maria Theresa, relative to her military preparations, resolved to strike the first blow. He has been blamed for this as precipitate; but it was the nature of Frederic to anticipate, rather than to seem to fear, dangers. Purposing the invasion of Bohemia, he required a passage for his army through Saxony, and did not wait for permission to enter that country. The King of Poland, the Elector, assembled his troops at the strong camp of Pirna, and repaired thither in person, leaving his Queen at Dresden. In a few days that city was taken, and Frederic seized all the public revenues of Saxony, and broke open the secret cabinet in the royal apartments, notwithstanding the personal opposition of the Queen. He then assumed the entire government of the electoral dominions, and dismissed the Saxon council and ministers of state. The next great object was to gain possession of the camp at Pirna. Frederic closely invested it; and by repulsing at the battle of Lowositz the Austrians who came to its relief, he constrained it to surrender. He immediately compelled all the common men of the Saxon army to enter among his own troops, a flagrant but invariable exercise of tyrannic power by this monarch towards a vanquished enemy.

At the beginning of 1757 the enemies of the King of Prussia were collecting forces against him on all sides, and he was put under the ban of the Empire with all the accus-

tomed formalities. Undaunted, and resolved to recommence hostilities by carrying the war into the enemy's country, he marched into Bohemia with four separate bodies of men, which he united under his own command. On May 5, he gave battle at Prague to the Austrians under Prince Charles of Lorraine and Marshal Brown. The combat was obstinately contested, with a frightful loss on both sides; but at length terminated decisively in favor of the Prussians. The Austrians, compelled to take refuge in Prague, were immediately invested by Frederic, who terribly bombarded that city, and reduced the besieged to great straits for want of provisions. The approach of the great Imperial General, Marshal Daun, at length changed the fortune of the campaign. His intrenched camp at Kolin so impeded the operations of the King of Prussia, that he resolved upon attacking it. With an inferior force he long persisted in a most desperate action, and was finally obliged to retreat with great loss. "Nothing remained for him but to retreat in good order, to raise the siege of Prague, and to hurry his army by different routes out of Bohemia." Meantime, an army of French had taken possession of Hanover, after driving out the Duke of Cumberland; and about the same time the Russians and Swedes invaded the Prussian territories from the north. In this critical position of affairs, the activity and resolution of Frederic did not desert him. He first assailed the combined army of French and Imperialists, of double his own number, at Rosbach, and entirely and disgracefully defeated them. Then marching into Silesia, where the Austrians had taken Breslau, he obtained a signal victory over them at Lissa, and recovered the capital. "That battle," said Napoleon, "was a masterpiece. Of itself it is sufficient to entitle Frederic to a place in the first rank of generals." The close of 1757 saw Frederic victorious, and freed in every quarter from the enemies who had so closely pressed upon him.

The splendor of the King of Prussia's

achievements had by this time rendered him an object of general admiration, and in England he was regarded as the Protestant hero, fighting for religion and liberty. Some English noblemen and gentlemen offered to serve in his army as volunteers, an offer which he politely but firmly declined, alleging, as it is said, but at least suspecting, that the example of their luxury and profusion might prove contagious. The British government tendered their assistance in a far more acceptable manner. England agreed to pay a sum of nearly seven hundred thousand pounds to the King of Prussia by way of subsidy. Pitt the elder undertook the task of defending Western Germany against France, and asked Frederic only for the loan of a general. Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick was selected, and put at the head of an army, partly English, partly Hanoverian, and partly composed of mercenaries. "He soon," remarks Macaulay, "vindicated the choice of the two allied courts, and proved himself the second general of the age."

In the campaign of 1758, the King penetrated to Moravia, and laid siege to Olmutz, which was saved by the conduct of Marshal Daun, who intercepted the Prussian convoys, and obliged Frederic to retire into Bohemia. Thence he was called to oppose the Russians, who were besieging Custrin in Brandenburg. The King fought them at Zorndorff, and after a battle most obstinately contested, the Russians were overthrown with great slaughter. Marching thence into Lusatia, he underwent a surprise and a defeat from his valiant antagonist Daun, at Hochkirch, who at once invested Dresden. The Prussian commander set fire to its magnificent suburbs, and the approach of the King, soon after, caused the siege to be raised. The unhappy country of Saxony was the greatest sufferer during the whole war, and the King of Prussia, in particular, exacted immoderate contributions from it with extreme rigor.

The campaign of 1759 began with the King's attempts to free himself from the renewed attacks of the Russians, who, under General Soltikow, having defeated a body of Prussians at Zulichau, had taken possession of Frankfort on the Oder. The King in person now opposed their progress, and on August the 12th, was fought the battle of Kunersdorf, one of the most murderous of all during this destructive war. At first, the success of the Prussians was so great that the King despatched a billet to the queen at Berlin, preparing her to expect a glorious

victory. "But, in the meantime, the stubborn Russians, defeated but unbroken, had taken up their stand in an almost impregnable position. Here the battle recommenced. The Prussian infantry were brought up repeatedly to the attack, but in vain. The King led three charges in person. Two horses were killed under him. The officers of his staff fell all around him. His coat was pierced by several bullets. All was in vain. Then followed an universal rout. Shattered in body, shattered in mind, the King reached that night a village which the Cossacks had plundered; and there in a ruined and deserted farm-house, flung himself on a heap of straw. He had sent to Berlin a second despatch very different from his first. "Let the royal family leave Berlin. Send the archives to Potsdam. The town may make terms with the enemy." Berlin, however, did not fall. Such were the skill and presence of mind of the King in repairing a disaster, that soon after his defeat he so awed the Russian general that he compelled him to march into Lusatia and join Marshal Daun, instead of entering Brandenburg. Still misfortunes crowded upon the King. One of his generals, with 15,000 men, was obliged to surrender at Maxen, and another was beaten at Meissen. At the close of the campaign of 1759, the situation of Prussia would have appeared desperate indeed, but that Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick, by a series of exploits in the west, of which the battle of Minden was the most glorious, had obviated all chance of danger from France.

The commencement of the campaign of 1760 was adverse to Frederic. The Prussians met with a disaster at Landshtut, when a considerable body was defeated and made prisoners by Laudohn. The King, by a masterly manœuvre, deceived Daun, and suddenly appeared before Dresden. The Austrian commander refusing to surrender, Frederic once more ruined some of the finest parts of that unfortunate city by a furious cannonade. He then marched into Silesia, where he gained the great battle of Leignitz over Laudohn. Meanwhile, his inveterate enemies, the Russians, with an army of Austrians and Imperialists, had made themselves masters of Berlin, which, however, was soon evacuated by the enemy; and the King, who was hastening to its relief, turned off to Saxony. There, in a desperate condition of his affairs, he was induced to attack Daun, who was strongly posted at Torgau. After an obstinate and most bloody

action, in which Daun was wounded, the Austrians were compelled to retreat. The Russians and Swedes also quitted his dominions, and thus he gained fresh breathing time in Saxon winter-quarters.

In 1761, it became apparent that the losses of the King of Prussia, in so many bloody campaigns, had greatly reduced him. He occupied a strong position in Silesia, in which he remained immovable, while he kept a watchful eye upon his enemies. He could not, however, prevent Laudohn from taking Schweidnitz, and the Russians, Colberg. From the latter formidable foe, however, he was unexpectedly freed early in 1762, by the death of the Empress Elizabeth and the accession of Peter III. The new sovereign was so great an admirer of Frederic, that he not only immediately concluded a peace with him, but formed a treaty of alliance, and this sudden change was the favorable crisis of the King's affairs. A peace with Sweden soon followed; and though the speedy dethronement and death of Peter deprived the King of the aid of Russia, yet Catherine II. observed a neutrality in the remaining contest. The King then retook Schweidnitz; his brother, Prince Henry, defeated the Austrians and Imperialists at Friebourg in Saxony; and in 1763 a Prussian army made an irruption into Franconia, where it raised contributions and recruits. Peace had by this time been signed between Great Britain and France, and Austria was left alone in the war. The Empress Queen was obliged to conclude the peace of Hubertsburg, in February, 1763. This treaty was formed upon the basis of those of Breslau and Berlin, and confirmed to the King of Prussia all his former Silesian acquisitions, the two powers mutually guarantying the whole of each other's German possessions. The King of Poland (Elector of Saxony)

was at the same time restored to his wasted dominions, without any compensation. Thus, after this immense loss of human lives, and accumulation of human misery, the political balance was left precisely in its former state.*

The chief value of the Mitchell papers arises from the circumstance, that Sir Andrew Mitchell, a very sensible, straightforward, and sagacious man, was our ambassador to Prussia during the momentous events of which we have given an outline, and that he was permitted the dangerous distinction of accompanying Frederic in every campaign of the Seven Years' War. Sir Andrew, abstaining from military criticism, relates all the operations of the direful struggle in simple and perspicuous language. Highly esteemed by Frederic for qualities which he knew how to value, and in his own practice to discard, the great captain admitted the ambassador into his confidence, and freely criticised his own operations and those of his enemies, confessing faults of his own as well as of others. This gives a real worth and stability to these volumes; for, although the performances of the King of Prussia in the theatre of war may be studied with advantage by military men, yet the sagacity which conceived and the vigor which accomplished them, furnish an example which bears its lesson for all mankind. Untiring energy and exhaustless fertility of resources under the most trying, adverse, and critical circumstances, were the grand characteristics of the Prussian monarch, and the possession of these qualities justly entitles Frederic to the surname of "The Great."

* It is far from improbable that a timely recollection of this result contributed to the accommodation which has been just come to between Austria and Prussia.

A GREAT PURCHASE—The famous collection of Hebrew works known as "The Michael Collection," recently purchased by the British Museum, amounts to about five thousand volumes. They are now in progress of being classified on a system which deserves to be adopted even by the private collectors

of libraries. The several departments of Theology, Philosophy, Poetry, History, &c., are each represented by a peculiar color of binding; each department being again classed into certain subdivisions, is made recognizable by the special color of the lettering label.

From the People's Journal.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

BY PARSON FRANK.

There have been tongues that smote
The lazy air wherein the gnat did dance,
And it hath dropp'd down molten on a soul,
And branded it for ever. . .

Why should I speak?
Friends, 'tis a fearful time. As yet your eyes
Have not been open'd to know good from evil.
SIDNEY YENDYS.

MR. CARLYLE is a singular compound of not very homogeneous elements; in him one sees characteristics of the ancient cynic, the mediæval poet, the Scottish puritan, and the radical of our own times. In his phrenological development we may suppose the organs of concentrativeness and adhesiveness very large, but the constructive small; veneration as much bigger than most people's bumps as Olympus than a mole-hill; and good, firm, implastic protusions in the regions assigned by the doctors to wonder, ideality, comparison, and wit. Is he an original writer? If not, something very little less than kin thereto. To be original, as the world goes, is to be one man picked out of ten thousand. Some folks decree quite otherwise. Coming from the sermon of a popular preacher, who tickles the ear, and sometimes the midriff, too—though he, worthy gentleman, did not mean *that*—by spicing his discourse with a few out-of-the-way words, and brisk, pert epithets which he has laboriously crammed up from Emerson and Gilfillan, and even got into the knack of coining for himself—these delighted critics exclaim, What an original orator! the most so I ever heard! Others get hold of a book written by a fourth or fifth-rate plagiarist from and mimic of Carlyle—and they are enraptured by the dashing pirate; and though there is really no speculation in his eye, nor anything like it, they take it to be the glittering eye of the ancient mariner himself. To say ideal for fanciful, and mission for business, and aspirings for wishes, and objective for external, is

not to be original—else originality is uncommonly cheap now-a-days. To travel out of the beaten way, with no very substantial or definite aim, but chiefly to attract notice and hear misses of an indefinite age whisper, What a superior man! he is like nobody else!—is but a sorry title to originality. According to this metre, a coat with unusually broad skirts, or a hat with exuberant brim, or a shirt-pin of preternatural lustre, or dress boots of unparalleled polish, would confer such a title. They are anomalous and exceptional: *argal*, original. *Quod est demonstrandum, quod est absurdum*. It will be found that most of those magazine pets and pulpit pettings who are voted intensely original by admiring coteries, are imitators of Mr. Carlyle. He has taught them to use extraordinary expressions, and to handle audacious adjectives. From the great protester against cant, they have learned to cant to perfection. From the denouncer of shams, they have learned (not that *he* is accountable) little but sham sentiment, sham phraseology, sham sincerity. But unobserving people are struck by the tawdry copy, the diluted draught, the parrot-version of what was once of the man, manly; in fact the diluted draught suits them better than the fontal strong drink; to them the twaddle in Carlyle's dialect is more agreeable and intelligible than Carlyle himself; and to deny the absolute originality of the spruce, glib-tongued parrot is, with them, to deny a self-evident proposition.

If, then, Mr. Carlyle is so much in request

by the apes of popular literature, must he not be possessed of the real originality of which they affect a semblance? He is assuredly, what they are not, a man of original mind. But, as I believe Mr. R. H. Horne* maintains, he is not an originator. "His office, certainly, is not to exchange new lamps for old ones. His quality of a 'gold reviver' is the nearest to a novel acquirement. He tells us what we knew, but had forgotten or refused to remember; and his reiterations startle and astonish us like informations. . . . It is obvious that Mr. Carlyle is not an originator, but a renewer, although his medium is highly original." Looking simply at his style, you would say he was the most original writer of the time, taking liberties and playing pranks with language such as Bentham never dreamed of, and beside which the antics of some of the transatlantic *belles lettres* are feeble and floundering enough. But the thing said and the manner of saying it, are distinct; and one may be original, the other not. What our author does, and that so happily, so forcibly, is, to resuscitate truths that have been laid by, perchance laid out. He reaches down dusty verities from the upper shelf—brushes them up—and they come and are welcomed like an old friend with a new face. Without genius, he could not do this as he does. His genius fires him to revive the axiomatic authority of principles that are axioms in our nature, to proclaim the *jus divinum* of Duty's neglected royalty, to convince men of what they confess, that the soul is higher and nobler than the body; to prove to them what they already, but so inconsistently, allow, that there is something in them better than gross animalism, and beer bibbing, and flunkey morals.

What is his accredited vocation? If you mention his name and begin to talk about him to one unacquainted with his works, and only cognizant of his public celebrity, your friend will most probably say, Oh, I suppose you mean the man who writes about shams, and all that. Right, *mon cher*, that is he. That is what is and has been the "mission" of Thomas Carlyle. To him we may apply the words of Emerson: "Here comes by a great inquisitor with augur and plumb-line, and will bore an Artesian-well through all our conventions and theories, and pierce to the core of things."† No mercy has he upon a detected falsity. No quarter he for a con-

victed lie. Grim are his glances at every "sleek, thrice-curled, prim arbiter of vile proprieties," who does court-embassies with "bastard and emasculated speech;" deep his disgust at that "audible obeisance which on the silver plate of compliment exchanges rotten hearts."‡ His aspect when anatomizing a sham, may remind us of one of Scott's characters—

But in the glances of his eye,
A penetrating, keen, and sly
Expression found its home;
The flash of that satiric rage,
Which bursting on the early stage,
Branded the vices of the age,
And broke the keys of Rome.†

His voice is that of one in the wilderness crying aloud and sparing not: "Ye miserable, this universe is not an upholstery puppet-play, but a terrible God's-fact; and you, I think, had not you better begone?"‡ "Oh, my brother, be not thou a quack! Die, rather, if thou wilt take counsel: 'tis but dying once, and thou art quit of it for ever. Cursed is that trade; and bears curses thou knowest not how long ages after thou art departed, and the wages thou hadst are all consumed." "No lie you can speak and act, but it will come, after longer or shorter circulation, like a bill drawn on Nature's Reality, and be presented there for payment, with the answer, *No effects*. Pity only that it had so long a circulation: that the original forger were so seldom he who bore the final smart of it!"§ He has a message, and delivers every the sternest syllable of it, to the Scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites, of this generation—to houses built on the sand, against which he tells how the winds shall beat and the rains fall, and the floods arise—to whited sepulchres, fair enough outwardly, but within full of all uncleanness. He stands between the living and the dead, while, as Jean Paul says, "the dead walk, and the living dream;" and his prayer is—if prayer we may call it—"Thou, Eternal Providence, wilt make the day dawn!" And to the prayer, "Well, God mend all," he adds the practical energy of his own Sir David Ramsay, that is to say, *helping* Him to mend it.

His remarkable style is not without a remarkable charm. Call it as vicious as you

* Sydney Yendys, *The Roman*,

† *Marmion*, Canto iv.

‡ *Latter Day Pamphlets*.

§ Carlyle's *French Revolution*, vol. i.

* New Spirit of the Age.

† Emerson, *Method of Nature*.

please, you must own its strange pathos, its caustic humor, its sledge-hammer power." The prim prettiness of elegant models of style, true to grammar and correct in taste, what are they to it? Do Blair's images haunt us like Carlyle's? Does the dead level of unexceptionable prose attract us like his abrupt chasms and frowning jagged mountain ridges?

In prospects thus, some objects please our eyes,
Which out of Nature's common order rise,
The shapeless rock, or hanging precipice.*

Southey lays down as a general rule in composition, that inasmuch as any style is peculiar, the peculiarity is a fault, the proof of which is the easiness with which it is imitated, or caught up. "You forgive it in the original for its originality, and because originality is usually connected with power."† Sometimes, it must be owned, the vagaries of Mr. Carlyle emulate those imputed by Thos. Moore to the late John Galt—

With a rabble of words at command,
Scotch, English, and slang in promiscuous alliance,

He, at length, against Syntax has taken his stand,
And sets all the Nine Parts of Speech at defiance.‡

Mr. Gillfillan calls his style, in imitative fashion (we all imitate Carlyle when we write about him) — "fuliginous-flaming, prose-poetic, mock-heroic-earnest, Germanic-Scotch, colloquial-chaotic, satiric-serious, luminous-obscure."§ Believing as we do in idiosyncrasy, we dare not call the style affected. The mind of the man is eccentric, peculiar, exceptionable—and his style is in keeping with his nature, and therefore, to him, natural. When he once indites a curious epithet, how he gloats over it, and is never weary (whatever we may be) of repeating it—

Atque eadem cantabit versibus usdem;

until, cloyed and impatient, we begin to exclaim,

Occidit miseros crambe repetita magistros.||

Prominent in the recurring series are, for instance, Gig-Respectability, Able Editors, Gospel of M'Crowdy, Phantasm Captains,

* Pope, *Essay on Criticism*.

† *Life of Southey*, vol. v.

‡ Moore's *Satirical and Humorous Poems*.

§ *Gallery of Lit. Port.* i.

| Juvenal, *Satira* vii.

Godfrey's-cordial Constitutions, Apotheosis of Attorneyism, Heroic Intellectuals, National Palaver, Supreme Scoundrel, Phallus-Worship, Devil's regiments, Professors of the Dismal Science, Preventient Grace and Supervenient Moonshine, God Almighty's Noble and the Court-Tailor's Noble, Heavyside my solid friend, Stump-orator, Attorney-logic, Divine Nobleness, Bobus, Crabbe of the Intermittent Radiator, Pig Philosophy, Shams, Cunt, Flunkeyism, Fugle-motions, Make-believes, Fantasies, and other multitudinous chaff. But there are plenteous examples of rare beauty and profound force in the writings disfigured, as most judge, by these excrescences. We meet at intervals with

Slow placid words that hurry to a torrent;
Then the gulf stream of passion!—high command,
Entreaty, reason, adjuration;—all
The martial attributes of a grand soul.*

Some of the most impassioned and melting passages in the English language (unless you deny that he writes English at all), will be found in the earlier works of Carlyle.

His youthful productions are *Specimens of German Romance*, in four volumes, a translation of the two parts of Goethe's *Wilhelm Meister*, and an original *Life of Schiller*. All the associations connected with the uprising of his day-star were Germanic. He has done more than any contemporary to instill into British readers a philo-Teutonic spirit. The *Life of Schiller* lacks the *splendida ritia* of subsequent performances; it is smoothly and eloquently written; but, as the preface to the late edition instructs us, "the reader, by way of constant commentary, when needed, has to say to himself, It was written twenty years ago." The criticisms it contains are clear and discriminative, as where it is objected to the delineation of Francis Moor, in *The Robbers*, that so effective a miscreant could not exist, since his calculations would lead him to honesty, if merely because it was the best policy—and that Moor the father could not have grown old in such ignorance anywhere but in fiction—and in analyzing what was heroic in Fiesco, and the casuistry of Wilhelm Tell's homicidal act. It contains some fine thoughts upon skepticism, and a just comparison of Shakspeare with Milton—as well as of Schiller with Goethe and Alfieri. Carlyle's estimate of the relative genius of the two Germans has changed since then;

* Sydney Yendys.

for you would look in vain in his later works for such a passage as this, found in the *Life of Schiller*—"Germany, indeed, boasts of Goethe: and on some rare occasions, it must be owned that Goethe has shown talents of a higher order than are here manifested; but he has made no regular or powerful exertions of them: *Faust* is but a careless effusion compared with *Wallenstein*." Well might the author, in 1845, beg the reader to keep in mind, that a book with such criticism, so opposed to the Faustolatry of the *Miscellanies*, &c., was written twenty years ago—alas, five-and-twenty now!

The Reviews and Magazines soon found work for his genius. The *Edinburgh* tacked about, and adopted the colors of this Deutsch commentator, until his *Characteristics* broke up the connection. The *Foreign Quarterly* exulted in so congenial a contributor; and *Fraser* made much of him who gave it *Sartor*, and the *Diamond Necklace*, among other *spolia opima*. Of these the four volumes of his *Miscellanies* are made up, and capital reading they are. What fascinating portraits are those of Richter, Burns, Goethe, and others! He has taught thousands to love Jean Paul, who to this hour are ignorant of all Jean Paul's works. "Poverty of a far sterner sort would have been a light matter to him; for a kind mother, Nature herself, had already provided against it; and, like the mother of Achilles, rendered him invulnerable to outward things. There was a bold, deep, joyful spirit looking through those young eyes; and to such a spirit the world has nothing poor, but all is rich, and full of loveliness and wonder." What a noble biography—this of the poor Leipsic student, who, from a buoyant, cloud-rapt youth, perfected himself into a clear, benignant, and lofty-minded Man—who long saw poverty in the shape of actual want—who could not pay for his meagre bread and milk scores—who wrote books for subsistence, and could hardly find a publisher, and still more hardly purchasers of what was published—who presented Magazine editors with essays, of which some one in ten might be accepted—who, when "grim Scarcity looked in on him through the window, ever looked out again on that fiend with a quiet, half-satirical eye"—who wrote smilingly on, ream after ream, in the same room wherein his mother was scrubbing the dresser and scouring the dishes—and who kept up to the last that exemplary, unwearied diligence, and so had at all times "perennial, fire-proof joys, viz., Employments." Then again we have

in this grand Portrait Gallery, Werner, that gifted spirit, struggling earnestly amid the new, complex, tumultuous influences of his time and country;—Novalis, that deep, religious, contemplative nature, purified by harsh affliction, and familiar with the Sanctuary of Sorrow, the most ideal of all idealists;—Burns, alternately oppressed by wild desires and wild repentance, by fits of mad, false joy, and black despondency, treated by the Scots nobility as the English treated Shakspeare, as king Charles and his cavaliers did Butler, as king Philip and his grandees did Cervantes;—rough Samuel Johnson, "nowise a clothes-horse and Patent Digester, but a genuine Man," with his inert and unsightly body, his half-blind eye his poverty, disfigurement, and disease—conning the twofold problem, first, to keep himself *alive*, and, secondly, to keep himself alive by speaking the *Truth* that was in him, let the earth say what she liked;—Ebenezer Elliott, a man of "that singular class who have something to say"—with his slight bravura dash of the fair tuneful Hemans, and the fierce vociferous mouthings of Byron;—Denis Diderot, a sanguineous, vehement, volatile mortal, now swilling from full Circe-goblets, now snuffing with haggard expectancy the hungry wind—penetrating into all subjects and sciences, rummaging in all libraries and laboratories—indulging at Baron Holbach's in over-eating and obscene talk, with a spice of noble sentiment; and dying "with all due stupidity;"—Count Cagliostro, a liar of the first magnitude, starting from the lowest point of Fortune's wheel, and rising to a height universally notable, single against and triumphant over innumerable sheriff's officers of every European climate, ever prowling on his traces; but at last bewitted, arrested, fleeced, hatchelled, bewildered and bedevilled, till the very jail of King's Bench seemed a refuge from them;—Mirabeau, who went through the Revolution like a substance and a force, not like a formula of one—a member of a race "totally exempt from blockheads, but a little liable to produce blackguards;—Sir Walter Scott, "a most robust healthy man," with such a sunny current of true humor and humanity, a free joyful sympathy with so many things—"in this nineteenth century of ours, our highest literary man, who immeasurably beyond all others commanded the world's ear," yet weakly ambitious to cover the walls of a stone house in Selkirkshire with nicknacks, ancient armor and genealogical shields;—Doctor Francia, born enemy of

quacks, with a kind of diabolic-divine impatience of all untruthful persons—a somewhat lonesome, down-looking man, unhappily subject to private hypochondria;—and the perpetually renewed Goethe, a man, according to Carlyle,

Im Ganzem, Guten, Wahren resolut zu leben,—

honored beyond all others by this most earnest of enlightened souls; but whom one of Carlyle's successors in the arena of the *Edinburgh Review* has, more impartially, placed on a far lower, but more suitable status. It is not over easy to account, at first sight, for the adoration bestowed by the stern, one-sided, spiritual Scot, on the pleasure-seeking, selfish, many-sided, epicurean baron—one who sought ends so apparently different, and by methods so seemingly distinct from those pursued by his devoted follower. Were Goethe living, how would the Latter Day Pamphlets suit him? Would Mr. Carlyle still reverence so supremely one who would turn their rude earnestness into post-prandial wit? Would Goethe be a convert to the New Downing-street and its cognate philosophy? And would the man who was so torpid while German patriotism was at fever-heat, paying, instead, "an affectedly exclusive attention to the trivial vicissitudes of the stage and criticism at Weimar," be likely to side with the indignant prophet, uttering his sermon from the deeps?

Of all Carlyle's works, the strangest, but dearest and best, is *Sartor Resartus*. We may say of it what he says of the imaginary MSS. of Teufelsdröckh, that like all works of genius, "like the very sun, which, though the very highest creation or work of genius, has nevertheless black spots and troubled nebulosities amid its effulgence," so this autobiography contains a mixture of insight, inspiration, with dullness, double vision, and even utter blindness. What a thrilling passage is that from the everlasting No to the everlasting Yea—such as Sydney Yendys describes—

Then I rose, and cursed
All hope, all thought, all knowledge, all belief,
And fell down still believing. With each hour
In my spent soul some lingering faith went out;
Woes that began in fire had burnt to blackness;
The very good within me had grown grim:
The frenzy of my shipwreck'd heart had thrown
Its last crust overboard—then, then, oh God!
Then in the midnight darkness of my passion,
The veil was rent which hid the holy of holies,
And I beheld and worship'd.

How beautifully told is the death of Andreas—when the hero first learns the meaning of the inexorable word NEVER! "Oh, ye loved ones, that already sleep in the noiseless bed of rest, whom in life I could only weep for and never help; and ye who, wide scattered, still toil lonely in the monster-bearing desert, dyeing the flinty ground with your blood—yet a little while, and we shall all meet THERE, and our mother's bosom will screen us all; and Oppression's harness and Sorrow's fire-whip, and all the gehenna bailiffs that patrol and inhabit ever-vexed Time, cannot thenceforth harm us any more!" The book is full of thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears—strugglings in the dim Time-element—wanderings of a nameless unrest—fever paroxysms of doubt—foreshadowings, or fore-splendors rather, of truth, "sweeter than dayspring to the shipwrecked in the Nova Zembla! ah! like the mother's voice to her little child that strays bewildered, weeping, in unknown tumults!"—glimpses of immortality, and up-rollings of the curtains of to-morrow. It is a book to read while around us and within us whisper the voices of the night—while we commune with our own heart, and are still. There are better Night Thoughts here than ever Young indited.

The *History of the French Revolution* has caused some to ascribe a mephistophiletic spirit to Mr. Carlyle, on account of the pervading irony and seeming indifference to moral distinctions, as if Virtue were but a name, and Crime deserved a good word—as if Madame Roland were one with "poor sea-green" Robespierre, and Charlotte Corday indistinguishable from the creature she slew. As a critic in *Blackwood* objects, "This lofty irony, pungent as it is, grows wearisome. It leads to a most unjust and capricious estimate of the characters and actions of men. The man who has an eye, i. e., who glares upon you like a tiger—he who, in an age of revolution, is most thoroughly revolutionary, and swallows all formulas—he is made a hero, and honorable mention is decreed to him; while all who acted with an ill-starred moderation, are treated with derision." This is substituting energy, or will, for goodness. On the other hand, Mr. Carlyle's apologists (and in this respect he needs them) contend* that this irony is characteristic of highest genius, specially of the gentle Shakespeare—that a mind familiar with the circle of human existence becomes superior to mere emotion,

* See, for instance, *Fraser's Magazine*, July, 1837.

and, in its cool way of regarding matters, seems to sport with feeling:—"No, he still feels; but he endeavors to feel without prejudice, but not without affection." Mr. Gillilan says, "Is the brand mark of universal reprobation on any brow? That brow, be sure, he (Carlyle) stoops down and kisses with a pitying and pardoning affection. For Danton he has an enthusiastic admiration; for Robespierre a slight but marked *penchant*; and even for Marat a lurking tenderness." This strange charity does indeed beat that of Charles Lamb hollow. Meantime, of the *History* itself, as a whole, I cannot but express deep admiration. It is emphatically *unique*. It stirs the heart's blood, and dims the eyes with tears, and replenishes the brain with thoughts. What has criticism to say of a book that does all that?

Hero Worship again is prodigal of beauties, and riots with power, but the author's substitution of Will for Goodness is painfully prominent. It is truly remarked by Mr. Morell—a writer who will one day attain the reputation he already deserves—that Carlyle's disgust at formalism leads him to make sincerity the whole test of moral greatness, and tends to represent Paul the persecutor as elevated a hero as Paul the apostle.* Sir Bulwer Lytton doubts whether the propensity to venerate *persons* be a common faculty of the highest order of mind.† Carried to excess, hero-worship has its penalties for the worshiper. Surely Mr. Carlyle has worshiped an ideal Goethe, not the real one, or he had not written what he has written. But these lectures, after all, we could ill spare. Who better than this arch-worshiper of Heroes, shall paint the Hero and his vision—

Who shall paint him, wrapt and lonely, when the
god within him speaks,
And the passing skirts of Fate smite the blood
into his cheeks;
When the future on the ocean of his great soul
hangs like night,
And some hull of thought comes ploughing all its
mid seas into light?

We are here taught that the history of the world is the biography of great men. We are summoned to see the Hero in varied incarnations, as Divinity, as Prophet, as Poet, as Priest, as King, as Man of Letters. We survey a group of Odins, with strong old Norse hearts—and Mahomets, upon whom

has glared the conviction that wooden idols are not real, that only God is real—and Dantes, embodying musically the inner life of our modern Europe—and Shakspeares, wide, placid, far-seeing, like the sun—and Luthers and Knoxes, Cromwells and Napoleons. One would like something from Mr. Carlyle more at length, upon the last mentioned "hero." It were a goodly theme for such an iron pen.

It has been said that Mr. Carlyle accepts the faith of every age but his own. *Past and Present* is an illustration in point. Like everything from the same source, it is very interesting, graphic, and vigorous. But the Past is altogether lovely, and the Present without one redeeming virtue. He just reverses the picture drawn by Mr. Macaulay, and turns Progress into Retrograde, and assures us that we are in a deplorable condition, and that if we could but return to the days of yore, the days of feudalism, and monkery, and parchment literature, how delightful it would be, and how much it would tend to save our souls alive! He reminds us of the pathetic lament of worthy Master Knickerbocker, the veracious historian of New York, over modern vulgarity and degeneracy: "Ah, blissful and never-to-be-forgotten age! when every thing was better than it has ever been since, or ever will be again—when Buttermilk Channel was quite dry at low water—when the shad in the Hudson were all salmon," &c., &c.* There are capital things, however, in this volume; the sketches, for instance, of abbots Hugo and Samson, of St. Edmondsbury convent; the sarcasms pelted against Midas-eared Mammonism, self-torturing Methodism, galvanic Puseyism. The last would have fancied it had converted Mr. Carlyle, but for this cruel blow—for it agreed with him to an iota in the delectable principle of looking backwards. Who can forget, too, his glorious apostrophe of that great hat, seven feet high, which was perambulating London streets when he was writing this book? Or his excursus upon the philosophy of happiness, the character of the English nation, the nature of conservatism, the dignity and blessedness of labor, the sorrows of "heavy-wet and gin? Here also are propounded the same wholesome doctrines touching education and emigration, which form the staple of his little volume entitled *Chartism*. These are the only practical portions of the work, as far as remedial suggestions are concerned;

* See Morell's *Speculative Philosophy*, vol. ii.

† *The Student*.

* *Knickerbocker's New York*, book iii. chap. iv.

for he is ever more diffuse and definite in exposing abuses than in constructing methods of tangible reform. In fact, Mr. Carlyle is a little apt to frighten us all from our daily work, by swearing that we are all wrong, and going post to destruction; and when we, in our bewilderment, implore him to show us a more excellent way, he bids us go back and mind our own business. The number of his readers whom he has perplexed into a "fix" of this kind, who can tell!

Which very definite scolding and very indefinite "remedial suggestions," also characterize his latest production, the "*Latter Day Pamphlets*." He is first-rate at fault-finding, and his peremptory style has a strong dash of the Sir Oracle—

Quod modo proposui non est sententia; verum
Credite me vobis folium recitare Sibyllæ.

Weighty truths, and profitable for these times, are not wanting in these pamphlets. His purpose is,

With honest zeal,
To rouse the watchmen of the public weal,
To Virtue's work provoke the tardy Hall,
And goad the prelate slumbering in his Stall.*

Nor can we sufficiently admire the power and felicity which animate many of his pages, and the razy humor of his illustrations. For example, the *Ou' Clo'* history of the nation which once voted for Barabbas:—"A certain people once, upon a time, clamorously voted by overwhelming majority, 'Not he; Barabbas, not he! *Him*, and what he is, and what he deserves, we know well enough: a reviler of the Chief Priests and sacred Chancery wigs; a seditious Heretic, physical-force Chartist, and enemy of his country and mankind: To the gallows and the cross with him! Barabbas is our man; Barabbas, we are for Barabbas!' They got Barabbas:—have you well considered what a fund of purblind obduracy, of opaque flunkeyism, grown truculent and transcendent; what an eye for the phylacteries and want of eye for the eternal nobleness, sordid loyalty to the prosperous Semblances, and high treason against the Supreme Fact, such a vote betokens in these natures? For it was the consummation of a long series of such; they and their fathers had long kept voting so.....Well, they got Barabbas; and they got, of course, such

guidance as Barabbas and the like of him could give them; and, of course, they stumbled ever downwards and downwards, in their truculent stiffnecked way; and—and, at this hour, after eighteen centuries of bad fortune, they prophetically sing "*Ou' Clo'*" in all the cities of the world. Might the world, at this late hour, but take note of them, and understand their song a little!"

Very clever, again, are the hits at our Gosham controversies, parliamentary bagpipes, Houndsditch sausage-making millionaires, public statues, and protectionist peers. The fragment on Pig Philosophy is glorious. On the whole there is little appearance of diminished talent in this last publication, though the writer is going about, Diogenes-like, with that dark lantern of his, searching diligently till he find an honest man and a hero. He tells us, as he always has done, that a beneficent and all-wise despot or autocrat would govern us better than any other man or body of men. And who denies that? The difficulty is to meet with this Model Man, who, like to-morrow, is always coming—never come. Mr. Carlyle calls him loudly enough, but from some unexplained cause he fails to obey the summons. "I can call spirits from the vasty deep," once said an imposing personage: to whom the answer was, "Ay so can I, or any other man: but will they come when you do call for them?" Mr. Carlyle snubs Lord John Russell often enough, but the New Downing street is a chiaroscuro place as yet. He must be a very clever, very good-natured, and perfectly omniscient tyrant, or despot, or Hero, to whom Englishmen at this time of day will consent to become hereditary bondsmen.

And now, methinks, I hear Mr. Carlyle bestowing a word on *me*, and saying—My unknown and utterly unregarded friend, whom hearsay and traditious report to have vented some balderdash about myself, but whom I, for my part, never have read, never shall read—*O si sic omnes!*—knowing that thy chaff is chaff, nothing more; but that to me Time is Life, and waste of it in chaffcutting, Sin; cease to be thyself an ape of literature; alas, why bother British readers with thy unwisdom, thy unveracities, thy fatalest, foolishhest Incontinence of Pen? To Limbo with thy Goose-manship! I will none of it, I. Nature ordered not thee to write, nor to befool thyself and others. Retire, and speedily, with thy foolish cackle!

Exhausted reader, is not Mr. Carlyle nearly right?

* Pope's *Epilogue to the Satires*.

PURSUIT OF KNOWLEDGE UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Athenæum*, a paper that loses no occasion to oppose Mr. Panizzi's elaborate plan of cataloguing the immense library of the British Museum, thus illustrates the clumsiness of the catalogues that now exist:—

"I had occasion to consult the 'Memoirs of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania.' My own set being incomplete, I went to the 'National Library' to see two volumes not on my shelves. Having had a long acquaintance with catalogues made out *à la Panizzi*, I felt that I was about to adventure on a tedious and time-consuming search; but after having tried in vain to borrow or buy the work in England, troubled the Secretary of Legation to the United States, and exhausted my publisher's efforts to procure it for me in America—for the volumes are out of print—I had no other resource,—so to work I fell. Several hours spent in a fruitless attempt almost inclined me to doubt if the volumes were to be found at all. It then occurred to me that I had better first make myself certain that the Memoirs were in the Library. I wrote to America, and in five weeks received for answer an assurance that they had been sent. Thus fortified, I went down again:—and by this time the Reading-room had undergone a change, and more than a hundred and fifty volumes were added to the former catalogues. I began my search systematically. I wrote out the words—'Memoirs of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania,' and tried to look at them with the eyes of Mr. Panizzi. There were clearly four headings under which the missing volumes might possibly be found:—'Memoirs,' 'History,' 'Society,' and 'Pennsylvania.' I felt a suspicion, however, that any one of these was too simple for the sphynx-like genius of our librarian. So I began with 'Periodical Publications' in the old catalogue. I there found several works of the same class,—as, for example, 'Hazard's Historical Register of Pennsylvania'—but not the 'Memoirs.' I tried in succession the *King's* and the *Grenville* Libraries and the additional catalogues;—in vain. Annoyed, but not discouraged, I began again—trying Pennsylvania through the string of cata-

logues:—to no purpose. This is said in a line,—but it took a long time to do. Commencing afresh, I tried 'Historical,'—then, 'Society,'—then, 'Transactions,'—then, 'William Penn,'—then, 'Philadelphia,'—then, 'Penn Society.' It was useless. I had a list of the contents of the two volumes: they contained letters to Algernon Sidney, the Duke of Marlborough, and others. I tried, therefore, some of these names:—no. I looked wistfully at the ten or twelve volumes of the Panizzi Catalogue-proper. But a list of works confined to the first letters of the alphabet promised to afford no clue to a set of volumes, the only possible initials of which were M. H. S. and P. Had it been possible to purchase the work anywhere, or at any price, I should have searched no further:—but it was not,—and I began to form the desperate resolution of reading the whole two hundred folio volumes of catalogues. By way of gauging the nature of such an undertaking, I took down the first volume of Mr. Panizzi's appeal to posterity; and began to turn over its leaves in some disgust,—when my eye lighted on the word 'Academiæ.' I thought for a moment. Academy!—No, certainly not. Yet one should not conclude too hastily. I thought: professed bibliopoles are eccentric. Let us see. United States—Pennsylvania:—not there. Still I turned over the leaves. Ah! Philadelphia! This city, it is true, has no more to do with the 'Memoirs' than London has to do with Macaulay's 'History':—it is now and then mentioned in them. Still, not to throw away a chance, I pored down columns of works on the schools, cemeteries, prisons, coals, debts, railways, and other interesting matters connected with Philadelphia, until I came on a few words which gladdened and surprised me equally:—these were the 'Memoirs,' under the double heading of 'Academy, Philadelphia.' This is in the 'perfect catalogue' preparing for our great-grandchildren! From this brief narrative, your readers will see that, with all the aids of Mr. Panizzi's genius, the only sure way to find a book in the British Museum is to begin at A in the catalogue and read on till it is found."

From Chamber's Edinburgh Journal.

CONFESSIONS OF AN ATTORNEY.

BIGAMY OR NO BIGAMY?

THE firm of Flint and Sharp enjoyed, whether deservedly or not, when I was connected with it, as it still does, a high reputation for keen practice and shrewd business-management. This kind of professional fame is usually far more profitable than the drum-and-trumpet variety of the same article; or at least *we* found it so; and often, from blush of morn to far later than dewy eve—which natural phenomena, by the way, were only emblematically observed by me during thirty busy years in the extinguishment of the street lamps at dawn, and their reillumination at dusk—did I and my partner incessantly pursue our golden avocations; deferring what are usually esteemed the pleasures of life—its banquets, music, flowers, and lettered ease—till the toil, and heat, and hurry of the day were past, and a calm, luminous evening, unclouded by care or anxiety, had arrived. This conduct may or may not have been wise; but at all events it daily increased the connections and transactions of the firm, and ultimately anchored us both very comfortably in the three per cents; and this too, I am bold to say, not without our having effected some good in our generation. This boast of mine the following passage in the life of a distinguished client—known, I am quite sure, by reputation to most of the readers of this Journal, whom our character for practical sagacity and professional shrewdness brought us—will, I think, be admitted to in some degree substantiate.

Our connection was a mercantile rather than an aristocratic one, and my surprise was therefore considerable when, on looking through the office-blinds to ascertain what vehicle it was that had driven so rapidly up to the door, I observed a handsomely-appointed carriage with a coronet emblazoned on the panels, out of which a tall footman was handing a lady attired in deep but elegant mourning, and closely veiled. I instantly withdrew to my private room, and desired

that the lady should be immediately admitted. Greatly was my surprise increased when the graceful and still youthful visitor withdrew her veil, and disclosed the features of the Countess of Seyton, upon whose mild, luminous beauty, as rendered by the engraving from Sir Thomas Lawrence's picture, I had so frequently gazed with admiration. That rare and touching beauty was clouded now; and an intense expression of anxiety, fear—almost terror—gleamed from out the troubled depths of her fine dark eyes.

"The Countess of Seyton!" I half-involuntarily exclaimed, as with my very best bow I handed her ladyship a chair.

"Yes; and you are a partner of this celebrated firm, are you not?"

I bowed again still more profoundly to this compliment, and modestly admitted that I was the Sharp of the firm her ladyship was pleased to entitle "celebrated."

"Then, Mr. Sharp, I have to consult you professionally upon a matter of the utmost—the most vital importance to me and mine." Her ladyship then, with some confusion of manner, as if she did not know whether what she was doing was in accordance with strict etiquette or not, placed a Bank of England note, by way of retainer, before me. I put it back, explaining what the usage really was, and the countess replaced it in her purse.

"We shall be proud to render your ladyship any assistance in our power," I said; "but I understood the Messrs. Jackson enjoyed the confidence of the house of Seyton?"

"Precisely. They are, so to speak, the hereditary solicitors of the family, more than of any individual member of it; and therefore, though highly respectable persons, unfit to advise me in this particular matter. Besides," she added, with increasing tremor and hesitation, "to deal with, and if possible foil, the individual by whom I am persecuted, requires an agent of keener sagacity than either of

those gentlemen can boast of; sharper, more resolute men; more—you understand what I mean?"

"Perfectly, madam; and allow me to suggest that it is probable our interview may be a somewhat prolonged one: your ladyship's carriage, which may attract attention, should be at once dismissed. The office of the family solicitors is, you are aware, not far off; and as we could not explain to them the reason which induces your ladyship to honor us with your confidence, it will be as well to avoid any chance of inquiry."

Lady Seyton acquiesced in my suggestion: the carriage was ordered home, and Mr. Flint entering just at the time, we both listened with earnestness and anxiety to her communication. It is needless to repeat verbatim the somewhat prolix, exclamative narration of the countess: the essential facts were as follows:—

The Countess of Seyton, previous to her first marriage, was Miss Clara Hayley, second daughter of the Reverend John Hayley, the rector of a parish in Devonshire. She married, when only nineteen years of age, a Captain Gosford. Her husband was ten years older than herself, and, as she discovered after marriage, was cursed with a morose and churlish temper and disposition. Previous to her acquaintance with Gosford, she had been intimate with, almost betrothed to, Mr. Arthur Kingston, a young gentleman connected with the peerage, and at that time heir-apparent to the great expectancies and actual poverty of his father, Sir Arthur Kingston. The haughty baronet, the instant he was made aware of the nature of his son's intimacy with the rector's daughter, packed the young man off to the continent on his travels. The Reverend John Hayley and his beautiful Clara were as proud as the baronet, and extremely indignant that it should be thought either of them wished to entrap or delude Arthur Kingston into an unequal or ineligible marriage. This feeling of pride and resentment aided the success of Mr Gosford's suit, and Clara Hayley, like many other rash, high-notioned young ladies, doomed herself to misery, in order to show the world, and Mr. Arthur Kingston and his proud father especially, that she had a spirit. The union was a most unhappy one. One child only, which died in its infancy, was born to them; and after being united more than two years, a separation, vehemently insisted on by the wife's father, took place, and the unhappily-wedded daughter returned to her parent's roof. Mr. Gosford—he had some time before

sold out of the army—traveled about the country in search of amusement, and latterly of health (for his unhappy cankerous temper at last affected and broke down his never very robust physical constitution), accompanied for the twelvemonth preceding his death by a young man belonging to the medical profession, of the name of Chilton. Mr. and Mrs. Gosford had been separated a few days less than three years, when the husband died, at the village of Swords, in Ireland, and not far distant from Dublin. The intelligence was first conveyed to the widow by a paragraph in the "Freeman's Journal," a Dublin newspaper; and by the following post a letter arrived from Mr. Chilton, enclosing a ring which the deceased had requested should be sent to his wife, and a note, dictated just previous to his death-hour, in which he expressed regret for the past, and admitted that he alone had been to blame for the unhappy separation.

A copy of his will, made nearly a twelvemonth previously, was also forwarded, by which he bequeathed his property, amounting to about three hundred pounds per annum, to a distant relative residing in New Holland. By a memorandum of a subsequent date, Mr. Chilton was to have all the money and personals he might die in *actual* possession of, after defraying the necessary funeral expenses. This will, Mr. Chilton stated, the deceased gentleman had expressed a wish in his last moments to alter, but death had been too sudden for him to be able to give effect to that good, but too long delayed intention. It cannot be supposed that the long-before practically widowed wife grieved much at the final breaking of the chain which bound her to so ungenial a mate; but as Lady Seyton was entirely silent upon the subject, our supposition can only rest upon the fact that Arthur Kingston—who had some time previously, in consequence of the death of the Earl of Seyton and his only son, an always weakly child, preceded a few months by that of his own father, the baronet, succeeded to the earldom and estates—hastened home on seeing the announcement of Gosford's death in the Dublin paper, from the continent, where he had continued to reside since his compelled departure six years before; and soon afterwards found his way into Devonshire, and so successfully pressed the renewed offer of his hand, that the wedding took place slightly within six months after the decease of Mr. Gosford. Life passed brilliantly and happily with the earl and countess—to whom three children (a boy and two girls) were born—till about five months previous to the present time,

when the earl, from being caught, when out riding, in a drenching shower of rain, was attacked by fever, and after an acute illness of only two or three days' duration, expired. The present earl was at the time just turned of five years of age.

This blow, we comprehended from the sudden tears which filled the beautiful eyes of the countess as she spoke of the earl's decease, was a severe one. Still, the grief of widowhood must have been greatly assuaged by love for her children, and not inconsiderably, after a while, we may be sure, by the brilliant position in which she was left—as, in addition to being splendidly jointured, she was appointed by her husband's will sole guardian of the young lord her son.

A terrible reverse awaited her. She was sitting with her father the rector, and her still unmarried sister, Jane Hayley, in the drawing-room of Seyton House, when a note was brought to her, signed Edward Chilton, the writer of which demanded an immediate and private interview, on, he alleged, the most important business. Lady Seyton remembered the name, and immediately acceded to the man's request. He announced, in a brusque, insolent tone and manner, that Mr. Gosford had not died at the time his death was announced to her, having then only fallen into a state of syncope, from which he had unexpectedly recovered, and had lived six months longer. "The truth is," added Chilton, "that chancing the other day to be looking over a 'peerage,' I noticed for the first time the date of your marriage with the late Earl of Seyton, and I have now to inform you that it took place precisely eight days previous to Mr. Gosford's death; that it was consequently no marriage at all; and that your son is no more Earl of Seyton than I am."

This dreadful announcement, as one might expect, completely overcame the countess. She fainted, but not till she had heard and comprehended Chilton's hurried injunctions to secrecy and silence. He rang the bell for assistance, and then left the house. The mental agony of Lady Seyton, on recovering consciousness, was terrible, and she with great difficulty succeeded in concealing its cause from her anxious and wondering relatives. Another interview with Chilton appeared to confirm the truth of his story beyond doubt or question. He produced a formally drawn up document, signed by one Pierce Cunningham, gravedigger of Swords, which set forth that Charles Gosford was buried on the 26th of June, 1832, and that

the inscription on his tombstone set forth that he had died June 23d of that year. Also a written averment of Patrick Mullins of Dublin, that he had lettered the stone at the head of the grave of Charles Gosford in Swords burying-ground in 1832, and that its date was, as stated by Pierce Cunningham, June 23, 1832.

"Have you copies of those documents?" asked Mr. Flint.

"Yes: I have brought them with me," the countess replied, and handed them to Mr. Flint. "In my terror and extremity," continued her ladyship, "and unguided by counsel—for till now I have not dared to speak upon the subject to any person—I have given this Chilton, at various times, large sums of money: but he is insatiable; and only yesterday—I cannot repeat his audacious proposal: you will find it in this note."

"Marriage!" exclaimed Mr. Flint, with a burst. He had read the note over my shoulder. "The scoundrel!"

My worthy partner was rather excited. The truth was, he had a Clara of his own at home—a dead sister's child, very pretty, just about marriageable, and a good deal resembling, as he told me afterwards, our new and interesting client.

"I would die a thousand deaths rather," resumed Lady Seyton, in a low, tremulous voice, as she let fall her veil. "Can there," she added in a still fainter voice, "be anything done—anything?"

"That depends entirely," interrupted Mr. Flint, "upon whether this fine story is or is not a fabrication, got up for the purpose of extorting money. It seems to me, I must say, amazingly like one."

"Do you really think so?" exclaimed the lady, with joyful vehemence. The notion that Chilton was perhaps imposing on her credulity and fears seemed not to have struck her before.

"What do you think, Sharp?" said my partner.

I hesitated to give an opinion, as I did not share in the hope entertained by Flint. Detection was so certain, that I doubted if so cunning a person as Chilton appeared to be would have ventured on a fraud so severely punishable. "Suppose," I said, avoiding an answer, "as this note appoints an interview at three o'clock to-day at Seyton House, we meet him there instead of your ladyship? A little talk with the fellow might be serviceable."

Lady Seyton eagerly agreed to this pro-

posals; and it was arranged that we should be at Seyton House half an hour before the appointed time, in readiness for the gentleman. Lady Seyton left in a hackney-coach, somewhat relieved, I thought, by having confided the oppressive secret to us, and with a nascent hope slightly flushing her pale, dejected countenance.

The firm of Flint and Sharp had then a long conference together, during which the lady's statement and Mr. Chilton's documents were, the reader may be sure, very minutely conned over, analysed, and commented upon. Finally, it was resolved that if the approaching interview, the manner of which we agreed upon, did not prove satisfactory, Mr. Flint should immediately proceed to Ireland, and personally ascertain the truth or falsehood of the facts alleged by Chilton.

"Mr. Chilton is announced," said Lady Seyton, hurriedly entering the library in Grosvenor Square, where Mr. Flint and myself were seated. "I need not be present, I think you said?" she added in great tremor.

"Certainly not, madam," I replied. "We shall do better alone."

She retired instantly. Flint rose and stationed himself close by the door. Presently a sounding, confident step was heard along the passage, the library door swung back on its noiseless hinges, and in stalked a man of apparently about thirty-five years of age, tall, genteel, and soldier-looking. He started back on seeing me, recognising, I perceived, my vocation at a glance.

"How is this?" he exclaimed. "I expected"—

"The Countess of Seyton. True; but her ladyship has deputed me to confer with you on the business mentioned in your note."

"I shall have nothing to say to you," he replied abruptly, and turned to leave the room. Mr. Flint had shut, and was standing with his back to the door.

"You can't go," he said in his coolest manner. "The police are within call."

"The police! What the devil do you mean?" cried Chilton angrily; but, spite of his assurance, visibly trembling beneath Flint's searching, half-sneering look.

"Nothing very remarkable," replied that gentleman, "or unusual in our profession. Come, sit down; we are lawyers; you are a man of business, we know. I dare say we shall soon understand each other."

Mr. Chilton sat down, and moodily awaited what was next to come.

"You are aware," said Mr. Flint, "that

you have rendered yourself liable to transportation?"

"What!" exclaimed Chilton, flashing crimson, and starting to his feet. "What!"

"To transportation," continued my imperturbable partner, "for seven, ten, fourteen years, or for life, at the discretion of the judge; but considering the frequency of the crime of late, I should say there is a strong probability that *you* will be a *lifer*!"

"What devil's gibberish is this?" exclaimed Chilton, frightened, but still fierce. "I can prove everything I have said. Mr. Gosford, I tell you!"

"Well well," interrupted Mr. Flint; "put it in that light how you please; turn it which way you will; it's like the key in Blue Beard, which I dare say you have read of; rub it out on one side, and up it comes on the other. Say, by way of argument, that you have *not* obtained money by unfounded threats—a crime which the law holds tantamount to highway robbery. You have in that case obtained money for compromising a felony—that of polygamy. An awful position, my good sir, choose which you will."

Utterly chopfallen was the lately triumphant man; but he speedily rallied.

"I care not," he at length said. "Punish me you may; but the pride of this sham countess and the sham earl will be brought low. And I tell you once for all," he added, rising at the same time, and speaking in ringing, wrathful tone, "that I defy you, and will either be handsomely remunerated for silence, or I will at once inform the Honorable James Kingston that he is the true Earl of Seyton."

"And I tell *you*," retorted Flint, "that if you attempt to leave this room, I will give you into custody at once, and transport you, whatever may be the consequence to others. Come, come, let us have no more nonsense or bluster. We have strong reasons for believing that the story by which you have been extorting money is a fabrication. If it be so, rely upon it we shall detect and punish you. Your only safe course is to make a clean breast of it whilst there is yet time. Out with it, man, at once, and you shall go scot-free; nay, have a few score pounds more—say a hundred. Be wise in time, I counsel you."

Chilton hesitated; his white lips quivered. There *was* something to reveal.

"I cannot," he muttered, after a considerable pause. "There is nothing to disclose."

"You will not! Then your fate be on your own head. I have done with you."

It was now my turn. "Come, come,"

I said, "it is useless urging this man further. How much do you expect? The insolent proposal contained in your note is, you well know, out of the question. How much money do you expect for keeping this wretched affair secret? State your terms at once."

"A thousand per annum," was the reply, and the first year down."

"Modest, upon my word! But I suppose we must comply." I wrote out an agreement. "Will you sign this?"

He ran it over. "Yes; Lady Seyton, as she calls herself, will take care it never sees the light."

I withdrew, and in two or three minutes returned with a cheque. "Her ladyship has no present cash at the banker's," I said, "and is obliged to post-date this cheque twelve days."

The rascal grumbled a good deal; but as there was no help for it, he took the security, signed the agreement, and walked off.

"A sweet nut that for the devil to crack," observed Mr. Flint, looking savagely after him. "I am in hopes we shall trounce him yet, bravely as he carries it. The cheque of course is not payable to order or bearer?"

"Certainly not; and before twelve days are past, you will have returned from Ireland. The agreement may be, I thought, of use with Cunningham or Mullins. If they have been conspiring together, they will scarcely admire the light in which you can place the arrangement, as affording proof that he means to keep the lion's share of the reward to himself."

"Exactly. At all events we shall get at the truth, whatever it be."

The same evening Mr. Flint started for Dublin *via* Holyhead.

I received in due course a letter from him, dated the day after his arrival there. It was anything but a satisfactory one. The date on the grave-stone had been truly represented, and Mullins who erected it was a highly respectable man. Flint had also seen the grave-digger, but could make nothing out of him. There was no regular register of deaths kept in Swords, except that belonging to Cunningham; and the minister who buried Gosford, and who lived at that time in Dublin, had been dead some time. This was disheartening and melancholy enough; and, as if to give our unfortunate client the *coup-de-grace*, Mr. Jackson, junior, marched into the office just after I had read it, to say that, having been referred by Lady Seyton to us for explanations with respect to a statement

made by a Mr. Edward Chilton to the Honorable James Kingston, for whom they, the Messrs. Jackson, were now acting, by which it appeared that the said Honorable James Kingston was in fact the true Earl of Seyton; he, Mr. Jackson, junior, would be happy to hear what I had to say upon the subject! It needed but this. Chilton had, as I feared he would, after finding we had been consulted, sold his secret, doubtless advantageously, to the heir-at-law. There was still, however, a chance that something favorable might turn up, and as I had no notion of throwing that chance away, I carelessly replied that we had reason to believe Chilton's story was a malicious fabrication, and that we should of course throw on them the onus of judicial proof that Gosford was still alive when the late earl's marriage was solemnized. Finally, however, to please Mr. Jackson, who professed to be very anxious, for the lady's sake, to avoid unnecessary eclat, and to arrange the affair as quietly as possible, I agreed to meet him at Lady Seyton's in four days from that time, and hear the evidence upon which he relied. This could not at all events render our position worse; and it was meanwhile agreed that the matter should be kept as far as possible profoundly secret.

Three days passed without any further tidings from Mr. Flint, and I vehemently feared that his journey had proved a fruitless one, when, on the evening previous to the day appointed for the conference at Seyton House, a hackney coach drove rapidly up to the office door, and out popped Mr. Flint, followed by two strangers, whom he very watchfully escorted into the house. "Mr. Patrick Mullins, and Mr. Pierce Cunningham," said Flint, as he shook hands with me, in a way which, in conjunction with the merry sparkle of his eyes, and the boisterous tone of his voice, assured me all was right. "Mr. Pierce Cunningham will sleep here to-night," he added; "so Collins had better engage a bed out."

Cunningham, an ill-looking lout of a fellow, muttered that he chose "to sleep at a tavern."

"Not if I know it, my fine fellow," rejoined Mr. Flint. "You mean well, I dare say; but I cannot lose sight of you for all that. You either sleep here or at a station-house."

The man stared with surprise and alarm; but, knowing refusal or resistance to be hopeless, sullenly assented to the arrangement, and withdrew to the room appointed

for him, vigilantly guarded. For Mr. Mullins, we engaged a bed at a neighboring tavern.

Mr. Flint's mission had been skilfully and successfully accomplished. He was convinced, by the sullen confusion of manner manifested by Cunningham, that some villainous agency had been at work, and he again waited on Mullins, the stone-cutter. "Who gave you the order for the grave-stone?" he asked. Mr. Mullins referred to his book, and answered that he received it by letter. "Had he got that letter?" "Very likely," he replied, "as he seldom destroyed business papers of any kind." "A search was instituted, and finally this letter," said Mr. Flint, "worth an earl's coronet, torn and dirty as it is, turned up." This invaluable document, which bore the London post-date of June 23, 1832, ran as follows:—

"ANGLESEA HOTEL, HAYMARKET, }
LONDON, June 23, 1832. }

"SIR:—Please to erect a plain tombstone at the head of Charles Gosford, Esquire's, grave, who died a few months since at Swords, aged thirty-two years. This is all that need be inscribed upon it. You are referred to Mr. Guinness, of Sackville street, Dublin, for payment.

Y our obedient servant,

EDWARD CHILTON."

"You see," continued Flint, "the fellow had inadvertently left out the date of Gosford's death, merely stating it occurred a few months previously; and Mullins concluded that, in entering the order in his day-book, he must have somehow or other confounded the date of the letter with that of Gosford's decease. Armed with this precious discovery, I again sought Cunningham, and, by dint of promises and threats, at last got the truth out of the rascal. It was this:—Chilton, who returned to this country from the Cape, where he had resided for three years previously, about two months ago, having some business to settle in Dublin, went over there, and one day visited Swords, read the inscription on Charles Gosford's grave-stone, and immediately sought out the grave-digger, and asked him if he had any record of that gentleman's burial. Cunningham said he had, and produced his book, by which it appeared that it took place December 24, 1831. "That cannot be," remarked Chilton, and he referred to the head-stone. Cunningham said he had noticed the mistake a few days after it was erected; but, thinking it of no consequence, and never having, that he knew of, seen Mr.

Mullins since, he had said, and indeed thought, nothing about it. To conclude the story—Chilton ultimately, by payment of ten pounds down, and liberal promises for the future, prevailed upon the gravedigger to lend himself to the infamous device the sight of the grave-stone had suggested to his fertile, unscrupulous brain."

This was, indeed, a glorious success, and the firm of Flint and Sharp drank the Countess of Seyton's health that evening with great enthusiasm, and gleefully "thought of the morrow."

We found the drawing-room of Seyton House occupied by the Honorable James Kingston, his solicitors, the Messrs. Jackson, Lady Seyton, and her father and sister, to whom she had at length disclosed the source of her disquietude. The children were leaving the apartment as we entered it, and the grief-dimmed eyes of the countess rested sadly upon her bright-eyed boy, as he slowly withdrew with his sisters. That look changed to one of wild surprise as it encountered Mr. Flint's shining, good-humored countenance. I was more composed and reserved than my partner, though feeling as vividly as he did the satisfaction of being able not only to dispel Lady Seyton's anguish, but to extinguish the exultation, and trample on the hopes, of the Honorable James Kingston, a stiff, grave, middle-aged piece of hypocritical propriety, who was surveying from out the corners of his affectedly unobservant eyes the furniture and decorations of the splendid apartment, and hugging himself with the thought that all was his! Business was immediately proceeded with. Chilton was called in. He repeated his former story, *verbatim*, and with much fluency and confidence. He then placed in the hands of Jackson, senior, the vouchers signed by Cunningham and Mullins. The transient light faded from Lady Seyton's countenance as she turned despairingly, almost accusingly, towards us.

"What answer have you to make to this gentleman's statement, thus corroborated?" demanded Jackson, senior.

"Quite a remarkable one," replied Mr. Flint, as he rang the bell. "Desire the gentlemen in the library to step up," he added to the footman who answered the summons. In about three minutes in marched Cunningham and Mullins, followed by two police officers. An irrepressible exclamation of terror escaped Chilton, which was immediately echoed by Mr. Flint's direction to the police, as he pointed towards the trembling catiff: "That is your man: secure him."

A storm of exclamations, questions, remonstrances, instantly broke forth, and it was several minutes before attention could be obtained for the statements of our two Irish witnesses and the reading of the happily-found letter. The effect of the evidence adduced was decisive, electrical. Lady Seyton, as its full significance flashed upon her, screamed with convulsive joy, and I thought must have fainted from excess of emotion. The Reverend John Hayley returned audible thanks to God in a voice quivering with rapture, and Miss Hayley ran out of the apartment, and presently returned with the children, who were immediately half smothered with their mother's ecstatic kisses. All was for a few minutes bewilderment, joy, rapture! Flint persisted to his dying day that Lady

Seyton threw her arms round his neck, and kissed his bald old forehead. This, however, I cannot personally vouch for, as my attention was engaged at the moment by the adverse claimant, the Honorable James Kingston, who exhibited one of the most irresistibly comic, wo-begone, lackadaisical aspects it is possible to conceive. He made a hurried and most undignified exit, and was immediately followed by the discomfited "family" solicitors. Chilton was conveyed to a station-house, and the next day was fully committed for trial. He was convicted at the next sessions, and sentenced to seven years' transportation; and the "celebrated" firm of Flint and Sharp derived considerable lustre, and more profit, from this successful stroke of professional dexterity.

From the Examiner.

THE MONUMENT TO SIR ROBERT PEEL.

A LETTER FROM WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

Now the fever hath somewhat subsided which came over the people from the grave of Sir Robert Peel, there is room for a few observations on his decease and on its consequences. All public writers, I believe, have expatiated on his character, comparing him with others who, within our times, have occupied the same position. My own opinion has invariably been that he was the wisest of all our statesmen; and certainly, though he found reason to change his sentiments and his measures, he changed them honestly, well weighed, always from conviction, and always for the better. He has been compared, and seemingly in no spirit of hostility or derision, with a Castlereagh, a Perceval, an Addington, a Canning. Only one of these is worthy of notice, namely Canning, whose brilliancy made his shallowness less visible, and whose graces of style and elocution threw a veil over his unsoundness and lubricity. Sir Robert Peel was no satirist or epigrammatist: he was only a statesman in public life, only a virtuous and friendly man in private. *Par negotiis, nec supra.* Walpole alone possessed his talents for business. But neither Peel nor his family was enriched from the spoils of his country; Walpole spent in building and pictures more than double the value of his hereditary estate, and left the quadruple to his descendants.

Dissimilar from Walpole, and from commoner and coarser men who occupied the same office, Peel forbade that a name which he had made illustrious should be degraded and stigmatized by any title of nobility. For he knew that all those titles had origin and nomenclature from military services, and belong to military men, like their epaulets and spurs and chargers. They sound well enough against the sword and helmet, but strangely in law-courts and cathedrals: but, reformer as he was, he could not reform all this; he could only keep clear of it in his own person.

I now come to the main object of my letter.

Subscriptions are advertised for the purpose of raising monuments to Sir Robert Peel: and a motion has been made in Parliament for one in Westminster Abbey at the public expense. Whatever may be the precedents, surely the house of God should contain no object but such as may remind us of His presence and our duty to Him. Long ago I proposed that *ranges* of statues and busts should commemorate the great worthies of our country. All the lower part of our National Gallery might be laid open for this purpose. Even the best monuments in Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's are deformities to the edifice. Let us not continue this disgrace. Deficient as we are in architects, we have many good statuary, and we might

well employ them on the statues of illustrious commanders, and the busts of illustrious statesmen and writers. Meanwhile our cities, and especially the commercial, would, I am convinced, act more wisely, and more satisfactorily to the relict of the deceased, if, instead of statues, they erected schools and almshouses, with an inscription to his memory.

We glory in about sixty whose busts and statues may occupy what are now the "deep solitudes and awful cells" in our National Gallery. Our literary men of eminence are happily more numerous than the political or the warlike, or both together. There is only one class of them which might be advantageously excluded, namely, the theological; and my reasons are these. First, their great talents were chiefly employed on controversy; secondly, and consequently, their images would excite dogmatical discord. Every sect of the Anglican Church, and every class of dissenters, complaining of undue preferences. Painting and sculpture lived in the midst of corruption, lived throughout it, and seemed indeed to draw vitality from it, as flowers the most delicate from noxious air; but they collapsed at the searching breath of free inquiry, and could not abide persecution. The torch of Philosophy never kindled the suffocating fagot, under whose smoke Theology was mistaken for Religion. Theology had, until now, been speculative and quiescent: she abandoned to Philosophy these humbler qualities: instead of allaying and dissipating, as Philosophy had always done, she excited and she directed animosities. Oriental in her parentage, and keeping up her wide connections in that country, she acquired there all the artifices most necessary to the furtherance of her designs: among the rest was ventriloquism, which she quite perfected, making her words seem to sound from above and from below and from every side around. Ultimately, when men had fallen on their faces at this miracle, she assumed the supreme power. Kings were her lackeys, and nations the dust under her palfrey's hoof. By her sentence Truth was gagged, scourged, branded, cast down on the earth in manacles; and Fortitude, who had stood at Truth's side, was fastened with nails and pulleys to the stake. I would not revive by any images, in the abode of the graceful and the gentle Arts, these sorrowful reminiscences. The vicissitudes of the world appear to be bringing round again the spectral Past. Let us place great men between it and ourselves; they all are tutelar:

not the warrior and the statesman only; not only the philosopher; but also the historian who follows them step by step, and the poet who secures us from peril and dejection by his counter-charm. Philosophers in most places are unwelcome: but there is no better reason why Shaftesbury and Hobbes should be excluded from our gallery, than why Epicurus should have been from Cicero's or Zeno from Lucullus's. Of our sovereigns, I think Alfred, Cromwell, and William III. alone are eligible; and they, because they opposed successfully the subverters of the laws. Three viceroys of Ireland will deservedly be placed in the same receptacle; Sir John Perrot, Lord Chesterfield, and (in due time) the last Lord-Deputy. One Speaker, one only, of the Parliament; he without whom no Parliament would be now existing; he who declared to Henry IV. that until all public grievances were removed, no subsidy should be granted. The name of this Speaker may be found in Rapin; English historians talk about facts, forgetting men.

Admirals and generals are numerous and conspicuous. Drake, Blake, Rodney, Jervis, Nelson, Collingwood; the subduer of Algiers beaten down for the French to occupy; and the defender of Acre, the first who defeated, discomfited, routed, broke, and threw into shameful flight, Bonaparte. Our generals are Marlborough, Peterborough, Wellington, and that successor to his fame in India, who established the empire that was falling from us, who achieved in a few days two arduous victories, who never failed in any enterprise, who accomplished the most difficult with the smallest expenditure of blood, who corrected the disorders of the military, who gave the soldier an example of temperance, the civilian of simplicity and frugality, and whose sole (but exceedingly great) reward was the approbation of our greatest man.

With these come the statesmen of the Commonwealth, the students of Bacon, the readers of Philip Sidney, the companions of Algernon, the precursors of Locke and Newton. Opposite to them are Chaucer, Spenser, Shakspeare, Milton; lower in dignity, Dryden, Pope, Gray, Goldsmith, Cowper, Scott, Burns, Shelley, Southey, Byron, Wordsworth; the author of *Hohenhinden* and the *Battle of the Baltic*; and the glorious woman who equaled these two animated works in her *Ivan* and *Casabianca*. Historians have but recently risen up among us: and long be it before, by command of Parliament, the chisel grates on the brow of a Napier, a Grote, and Macaulay!

From Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A POLICE-OFFICER.

THE REVENGE.

LEVASSEUR and his confederates sailed for the penal settlements in the ill-fated convict-ship, the *Amphytrion*, the total wreck of which on the coast of France, and consequent drowning of the crew and prisoners, excited so painful a sensation in England. A feeling of regret for the untimely fate of Le Breton, whom I regarded rather as a weak dupe than a purposed rascal, passed over my mind as I read the announcement in the newspapers; but newer events had almost jostled the incidents connected with his name from my remembrance, when a terrible adventure vividly recalled them, and taught me how fierce and untameable are the instincts of hate and revenge in a certain class of minds.

A robbery of plate had been committed in Portman Square, with an ingenuity and boldness which left no doubt that it had been effected by clever and practised hands. The detective officers first employed having failed to discover the offenders, the threads of the imperfect and broken clue were placed in my hands, to see if my somewhat renowned dexterity, or luck, as many of my brother officers preferred calling it, would enable me to piece them out to a satisfactory conclusion. By the description obtained of a man who had been seen lurking about the house a few days previous to the burglary, it had been concluded by my predecessors in the investigation that one Martin, a fellow with half a dozen *aliases*, and a well-known traveler on the road to the hulks, was concerned in the affair; and by their advice a reward of fifty pounds had been offered for his apprehension and conviction. I prosecuted the inquiry with my usual energy and watchfulness, without alighting upon any new fact or intimation of importance. I could not discover that a single article of the missing property had been either pawned or offered for sale, and little doubt remained that the crucible had fatally diminished the chances of detec-

tion. The only hope was, that an increased reward might induce one of the gang to betray his confederates; and as the property was of large value, this was done, and one hundred guineas was promised for the required information. I had been to the Printer's to order the placards announcing the increased recompense; and after indulging in a long gossip with the foreman of the establishment, whom I knew well, was passing at about a quarter-past ten o'clock through Ryder's Court, Newport Market, where a tall man met and passed me swiftly, holding a handkerchief to his face. There was nothing remarkable in that, as the weather was bitterly cold and sleety; and I walked unheeding on. I was just in the act of passing out of the court towards Leicester Square, when swift steps sounded suddenly behind me. I instinctively turned; and as I did so, received a blow on the left shoulder—intended, I doubt not, for the nape of my neck—from the tall individual who had passed me a minute previously. As he still held the handkerchief to his face, I did not catch even a momentary glance at his features, and he ran off with surprising speed. The blow, sudden, jarring, and inflicted with a sharp instrument—by a strong knife or a dagger—caused a sensation of faintness; and before I recovered from it all chance of successful pursuit was at an end. The wound, which was not at all serious, I had dressed at a chemist's shop in the Haymarket; and as proclaiming the attack would do nothing towards detecting the perpetrator of it, I said little about it to any one, and managed to conceal it entirely from my wife, to whom it would have suggested a thousand painful apprehensions whenever I happened to be unexpectedly detained from home. The brief glimpse I had of the balked assassin afforded no reasonable indication of his identity. To be sure he ran at an amazing and unusual pace, but this was a qualification possessed

by so many of the light-legged as well as light-fingered gentry of my professional acquaintance, that it could not justify even a random suspicion; and I determined to forget the unpleasant incident as soon as possible.

The third evening after this occurrence, I was again passing along Leicester Square at a somewhat late hour, but this time with all my eyes about me. Snow, which the wind blew sharply in one's face, was falling fast, and the cold was intense. Except myself, and a tallish, snow-wreathed figure—a woman apparently—not a living being was to be seen. This figure, which was standing still at the further side of the square, appeared to be awaiting me, and as I drew near it, threw back the hood of a cloak, and to my great surprise disclosed the features of a Madame Jaubert. This lady, some years before, had carried on, not very far from the spot where she now stood, a respectable millinery business. She was a widow with one child, a daughter of about seven years of age. Marie-Louise, as she was named, was one unfortunate day sent to Coventry Street on an errand with some money in her hand, and never returned. The inquiries set on foot proved utterly without effect: not the slightest intelligence of the fate of the child was obtained—and the grief and distraction of the bereaved mother resulted in temporary insanity. She was confined in a lunatic asylum for seven or eight months, and when pronounced convalescent, found herself homeless, and almost penniless, in the world. This sad story I had heard from one of the keepers of the asylum during her sojourn there. It was a subject she herself never, I was aware, touched upon; and she had no reason to suspect that I was in the slightest degree informed of this melancholy passage in her life. She, why, I know not, changed her name from that of Duquesne to the one she now bore—Jaubert; and for the last two or three years had supported a precarious existence by plausible begging-letters addressed to persons of credulous benevolence; for which offence she had frequently visited the police courts at the instance of the secretary of the Mendicity Society, and it was there I had consequently made her acquaintance.

"Madame Jaubert!" I exclaimed, with unfeigned surprise, "why, what on earth can you be waiting here for on such a night as this?"

"To see you!" was her curt reply.

"To see me! Depend upon it, then, you are knocking at the wrong door for not the

first time in your life. The very little faith I ever had in professional widows, with twelve small children, all down in the measles, has long since vanished, and"—

"Nay," she interrupted—she spoke English, by the way, like a native—"I'm not such a fool as to be trying the whimpering dodge upon you. It is a matter of business. You want to find Jem Martin?"

"Ay, truly; but what can *you* know of him? Surely you are not *yet* fallen so low as to be the associate or accomplice of burglars?"

"Neither yet, nor likely to be so," replied the woman; "still, I could tell you where to place your hand on James Martin, if I were but sure of the reward."

"There can be no doubt about that," I answered.

"Then follow me, and before ten minutes are past you will have secured your man."

I did so—cautiously, suspiciously; for my adventure three evenings before had rendered me unusually circumspect and watchful. She led the way to the most crowded quarter of St. Giles's, and when she had reached the entrance of a dark, blind alley, called Hine's Court, turned into it, and beckoned me to follow.

"Nay, nay, Madame Jaubert," I exclaimed, "that won't do. You mean fairly, I dare say; but I don't enter that respectable alley alone at this time of night."

She stopped, silent and much embarrassed. Presently she said, with a sneer, "You are afraid, I suppose?"

"Yes, I am."

"What is to be done, then?" she added, after a few moments' consideration. "He is alone, I assure you."

"That is possible; still, I do not enter that *cul-de-sac* to-night unaccompanied save by you."

"You suspect me of some evil design, Mr. Waters?" said the woman, with an accent of reproach. "I thought you might, and yet nothing can be further from the truth. My sole object is to obtain the reward, and escape from this life of misery and degradation to my own country, and if possible begin the world respectably again. Why should you doubt me?"

"How came you acquainted with this robber's haunts?"

"The explanation is easy, but this is not the proper time for it. Stay; can't you get assistance?"

"Easily—in less than ten minutes; and if you are here when I return, and your infor-

mation proves correct, I will ask pardon for my suspicions."

"Be it so," she said, joyfully; "and be quick, for this weather is terrible."

Ten minutes had not passed when I returned with half a dozen officers, and found Madame Jaubert still at her post. We followed her up the court, caught Martin, sure enough, asleep upon a wretched pallet of straw in one of the alley hovels, and walked him off, terribly scared and surprised, to the nearest station-house, where he passed the remainder of the night.

The next day Martin proved an *alibi* of the distinctest, most undeniable kind. He had been an inmate of Clerkenwell prison for the last three months, with the exception of just six days previous to our capture of him; and he was, of course, at once discharged. The reward was payable only upon conviction of the offender, and the disappointment of poor Madame Jaubert was extreme. She wept bitterly at the thought of being compelled to continue her present disreputable mode of life, when a thousand francs—a sum she believed Martin's capture would have assured her—besides sufficient for her traveling expenses and decent outfit, would, she said, purchase a partnership in a small but respectable millinery shop in Paris. "Well," I remarked to her, "there is no reason for despair. You have not only proved your sincerity and good faith, but that you possess a knowledge—how acquired you best know—of the haunts and hiding-places of burglars. The reward, as you may have seen by the new placards, has been doubled; and I have a strong opinion, from something that has reached me this morning, that if you could light upon one Armstrong, *alias* Rowden, it would be as certainly yours as if already in your pocket."

"Armstrong—Rowden!" repeated the woman with anxious simplicity; "I never heard either of these names. What sort of person is he?"

I described him minutely; but Madame Jaubert appeared to entertain little or no hope of discovering his whereabouts; and ultimately went away in a very disconsolate mood, after, however, arranging to meet me the next evening.

I met her as agreed. She could obtain, she said, no intelligence of any reliable worth, and she pressed me for further particulars. Was Armstrong a drinking, a gaming, or a play-going man? I told her all I knew of his habits, and a gleam of hope glanced across her face as one or two indications were men-

tioned. I was to see her again on the morrow. It came; she was as far off as ever; and I advised her to waste no further time in the pursuit, but to at once endeavor to regain a position of respectability, by the exercise of industry in the trade or business in which she was well skilled. Madame Jaubert laughed scornfully; and a gleam, it seemed to me, of her never entirely subdued insanity shot out from her deep-set, flashing eyes. It was finally settled that I should meet her once more at the same place at about eight o'clock the next evening.

I arrived somewhat late at the appointed rendezvous, and found Madame Jaubert in a state of manifest excitement and impatience. She had, she was pretty sure, discovered Armstrong, and knew that he was at that moment in a house in Greek street, Soho.

"Greek street, Soho! Is he alone?"

"Yes; with the exception of a woman who is minding the premises, and of whom he is an acquaintance under another name. You will be able to secure him without the least risk or difficulty, but not an instant must be lost."

Madame Jaubert perceived my half-hesitation. "Surely," she exclaimed, "you are not afraid of one man! It's useless affecting to suspect *me*, after what has occurred."

"True," I replied. "Lead on."

The house at which we stopped in Greek street appeared to be an empty one, from the printed bills in the windows announcing it to be let or sold. Madame Jaubert knocked in a peculiar manner at the door, which was presently opened by a woman. "Is Mr. Brown still within?" Madame Jaubert asked in a low voice.

"Yes: what do you want with him?"

"I have brought a gentleman who will most likely be a purchaser of some of the goods he has to dispose of."

"Walk in, then, if you please," was the answer. We did so; and found ourselves, as the door closed, in pitch darkness. "This way," said the woman; "you shall have a light in half a minute."

"Let me guide you," said Madame Jaubert, as I groped onwards by the wall, and at the same time seizing my right hand. Instantly as she did so, I heard a rustle just behind me—two quick and violent blows descended on the back of my head, there was a flash before my eyes, a suppressed shout of exultation rang in my ears, and I fell insensible to the ground.

It was some time, on partially recovering my senses, before I could realize either what

had occurred or the situation in which I found myself. Gradually, however, the incidents attending the artfully-prepared treachery of Madame Jaubert grew into distinctness, and I pretty well comprehended my present position. I was lying at the bottom of a cart, blindfold, gagged, handcuffed, and covered over by what, from their smell, seemed to be empty corn sacks. The vehicle was moving at a pretty rapid rate, and judging from the roar and tumult without, through one of the busiest thoroughfares of London. It was Saturday evening; and I thought, from the character of the noises, and the tone of a clock just chiming ten, that we were in Tottenham court road. I endeavored to rise, but found, as I might have expected, that it was impossible to do so; my captors having secured me to the floor of the cart by strong cords. There was nothing for it, therefore, but patience and resignation: words easily pronounced, but difficult, under such circumstances, to realize in practice. My thoughts, doubtless, in consequence of the blows I had received, soon became hurried and incoherent. A tumultuous throng of images swept confusedly past, of which the most constant and frequent were the faces of my wife and youngest child, whom I had kissed in his sleep just previous to leaving home. Madame Jaubert and James Martin were also there, and ever and anon the menacing countenance of Levasseur stooped over me with a hideous expression; and I felt as if clutched in the fiery grasp of a demon. I have no doubt that the voice which sounded in my ear at the moment I was felled to the ground must have suggested the idea of the Swiss—faintly and imperfectly as I caught it. The tumult of brain only gradually subsided as the discordant uproar of the streets—which no doubt added to the excitement I was suffering under, by suggesting the exasperating nearness of abundant help which could not be appealed to—died gradually away into a silence only broken by the rumble of the cart-wheels, and the subdued talk of the driver and his companions, of whom there appeared to be two or three. At length the cart stopped, I heard a door unlocked and thrown open, and a few moments afterwards I was dragged from under the corn-sacks, carried up three flights of stairs, and dropped brutally upon the floor till a light could be procured. Directly one was brought, I was raised to my feet, placed upright against a wooden partition, and staples having been driven into the panelling, securely fastened in that position,

with cords passed through them, and round my armpits. This effected, an authoritative voice, the now distinct recognition of which thrilled me with dismay, ordered that I should be unblinded. It was done; and when my eyes became somewhat accustomed to the suddenly-dazzling light and glare, I saw Levasseur and the clerk Dubarle standing directly in front of me, their faces kindled into flame by fiendish triumph and delight. The report that they had been drowned was then a mistake, and they had incurred the peril of returning to this country for the purpose of avenging themselves upon me; and how could it be doubted that an opportunity, achieved at such fearful risk, would be effectually, remorselessly used? A pang of mortal terror shot through me, and then I strove to awaken in my heart a stern endurance, and resolute contempt of death, with, I may now confess, very indifferent success. The woman Jaubert was, I also saw, present; and a man, whom I afterwards ascertained to be Martin, was standing near the doorway, with his back towards me. These two, at a brief intimation from Levasseur, went down stairs, and then the fierce exultation of the two escaped convicts—of Levasseur especially—broke forth with wolfish rage and ferocity. "Ha—ha—ha!" shouted the Swiss, at the same time striking me over the face with his open hand, "you find, then, that others can plot as well as you can—dog, traitor, scoundrel that you are! 'Au revoir—allons!' was it, eh? Well, here we are, and I wish you joy of the meeting. Ha—ha! How dismal the rascal looks, Dubarle!" (Again the coward struck me.) "He is hardly grateful to me, it seems, for having kept my word. I always do, my fine fellow," he added with a savage chuckle; "and never neglect to pay my debts of honor. Yours especially," he continued, drawing a pistol from his pocket, "shall be prompt payment, and with interest too, scélérat!" He held the muzzle of the pistol to within a yard of my forehead, and placed his finger on the trigger. I instinctively closed my eyes, and tasted in that fearful moment the full bitterness of death: but my hour was not yet come. Instead of the flash and report which I expected would herald me into eternity, a taunting laugh from Levasseur, at the terror he excited, rang through the room.

"Come—come," said Dubarle, over whose face a gleam of commiseration, almost of repentance, had once or twice passed; "you will alarm that fellow down stairs with your noise. We must, you know, wait till he is

gone, and he appears to be in no hurry. In the meantime, let us have a game of piquet for the first shot at the traitor's carcass."

"Excellent—capital!" shouted Levasseur, with savage glee. "A game of piquet; the stake your life, Waters! A glorious game! and mind you see fair-play. In the meantime, here's your health, and better luck next time, if you should chance to live to see it." He swallowed a draught of wine which Dubarle, after helping himself, had poured out for him; and then approaching me, with the silver cup he had drained in his hand, said, "Look at the crest! Do you recognize it—fool, idiot that you are?"

I did so, readily enough: it was a portion of the plunder carried off from Portman Square.

"Come," again interposed Dubarle, "let us have our game."

The play began, and—— But I will dwell no longer upon this terrible passage in my police experience. Frequently even now the incidents of that night revisit me in dreams, and I awake with a start and cry of terror. In addition to the mental torture I endured, I was suffering under an agonizing thirst, caused by the fever of my blood, and the pressure of the absorbing gag, which still remained in my mouth. It was wonderful I did not lose my senses. At last the game was over; the Swiss won, and sprang to his feet with the roar of a wild beast.

At this moment Madame Jaubert entered the apartment, somewhat hastily. "This man below," she said, "is getting insolent. He has taken it into his tipsy head that you mean to kill your prisoner, and he wont, he says, be involved in a murder, which would be sure to be found out. I told him he was talking absurdly; but he is still not satisfied, so you had better go down and speak to him yourself."

I afterwards found, it may be as well to mention here, that Madame Jaubert and Martin had been induced to assist in entrapping me, in order that I might be out of the way when a friend of Levasseur's, who had been committed to Newgate on a serious charge, came to be tried, I being the chief witness against him; and they were both assured that I had nothing more serious to apprehend than a few days' detention. In addition to a considerable money-present, Levasseur had, moreover, promised Madame Jaubert to pay her expenses to Paris, and assist in placing her in business there.

Levasseur muttered a savage imprecation on hearing the woman's message, and then

said, "Come with me, Dubarle; if we cannot convince the fellow, we can at least silence him! Marie Duquesne, you will remain here."

As soon as they were gone, the woman eyed me with a compassionate expression, and, approaching close to me, said, in a low voice, "Do not be alarmed at their tricks and menaces. After Thursday, you will be sure to be released."

I shook my head, and as distinctly as I could made a gesture with my fettered arms towards the table on which the wine was standing. She understood me. "If," said she, "you will promise not to call out, I will relieve you of the gag."

I eagerly nodded compliance. The gag was removed, and she held a cup of wine to my fevered lips. It was a draught from the waters of paradise, and hope, energy, life, were renewed within me as I drank.

"You are deceived," I said, in a guarded voice, the instant my burning thirst was satisfied. "They intend to murder me, and you will be involved as an accomplice."

"Nonsense," she replied. "They have been frightening you, that's all."

"I again repeat you are deceived. Release me from these fetters and cords, give me but a chance of at least selling my life as dearly as I can, and the money you told me you stood in need of shall be yours."

"Hark!" she exclaimed. "They are coming!"

"Bring down a couple of bottles of wine," said Levasseur, from the bottom of the stairs. Madame Jaubert obeyed the order, and in a few minutes returned.

I renewed my supplications to be released, and was, of course, extremely liberal of promises.

"It is vain talking," said the woman. "I do not believe they will harm you; but even if it were as you say, it is too late now to retrace my steps. You cannot escape. That fool below is already three-parts intoxicated: they are both armed, and would hesitate at nothing if they but suspected treachery."

It was vain to urge her. She grew sullen and menacing, and was insisting that the gag should be placed in my mouth, when a thought struck me.

"Levasseur called you Marie Duquesne, just now; but surely your name is Jaubert—is it not?"

"Do not trouble yourself about my name," she replied: "that is my affair, not yours."

"Because if you are the Marie Duquesne who once kept a shop in Cranbourne Alley,

and lost a child called Marie-Louise, I could tell you something."

A wild light broke from her dark eyes, and a suppressed scream from her lips. "I am that Marie Duquesne!" she said, in a voice tremulous with emotion.

"Then I have to inform you that the child so long supposed to be lost I discovered nearly three weeks ago."

The woman fairly leaped towards me, clasped me fiercely by the arms, and peering in my face with eyes on fire with insane excitement, hissed out—"You lie—you lie, you dog! You are striving to deceive me! She is in heaven: the angels told me so, long since."

I do not know, by the way, whether the falsehood I was endeavoring to palm off upon the woman was strictly justifiable or not; but I am fain to believe that there are few moralists that would not, under the circumstances, have acted pretty much as I did.

"If your child was lost when going on an errand to Coventry street, and her name is Marie-Louise Duquesne, I tell you she is found. How should I otherwise have become acquainted with these particulars?"

"True—true," she uttered: "How else should he know? Where is she?" added the woman, in tones of agonized intreaty, as she sank down and clasped my knees. "Tell me—tell me, as you hope for life or mercy, where I may find my child?"

"Release me, give a chance of escape, and to-morrow your child shall be in your arms. Refuse, and the secret dies with me."

She sprang quickly to her feet, unclasped the handcuffs, snatched a knife from the table, and cut the cords which bound me with eager haste. "Another draught of wine," she said, still in the same hurried, almost insane manner. "You have work to do! Now, whilst I secure the door, do you rub and chafe your stiffened joints." The door was soon fastened, and she assisted in restoring the circulation to my partially-benumbed limbs. This was at last accomplished, and Marie Duquesne drew me towards a window, which she softly opened. "It is useless," she whispered, "to attempt a struggle with the men below. You must descend by this," and she placed her hand upon a lead water-pipe, which reached from the roof to within a few feet of the ground.

"And you," I said; "how are you to escape?"

"I will tell you. Do you hasten on towards Hampstead, from which we are distant

in a notherly direction about a mile. There is a house at about half the distance. Procure help, and return as quickly as possible. The door-fastenings will resist some time, even should your flight be discovered. You will not fail me?"

"Be assured I will not." The descent was a difficult and somewhat perilous one, but it was safely accomplished, and I set off at the top of my speed towards Hampstead.

I had gone perhaps a quarter of a mile, when the distant sound of a horse's feet, coming at a slow trot towards me, caught my ear. I paused, to make sure I was not deceived, and as I did so, a wild scream from the direction I had left, followed by another and another, broke upon the stillness of the night. The scoundrels had no doubt discovered my escape, and were about to wreak their vengeance upon the unfortunate creature in their power. The trot of the horse which I had heard was, simultaneously with the breaking out of those wild outcries, increased to a rapid gallop. "Hallo!" exclaimed the horseman as he came swiftly up. "Do you know where these screams come from?" It was the horse patrol who thus providentially came up! I briefly stated that the life of a woman was at the mercy of two escaped convicts. "Then, for God's sake, jump up behind me!" exclaimed the patrol. "We shall be there in a couple of minutes."

I did so: the horse—a powerful animal, and not entirely unused to carry double—started off, as if it comprehended the necessity for speed, and in a very brief space of time we were at the door of the house from which I had so lately escaped. Marie Duquesne, with her body half out of the window, was still wildly screaming as we rushed into the room below. There was no one there, and we swiftly ascended the stairs, at the top of which we could hear Levasseur and Dubarle thundering at the door, which they had unexpectedly found fastened, and hurling a storm of imprecations at the woman within, the noise of which enabled us to approach them pretty nearly before we were heard or perceived.

Martin saw us first, and his sudden exclamation alarmed the others. Dubarle and Martin made a desperate rush to pass us, by which I was momentarily thrown on one side against the wall; and very fortunately, as the bullet levelled at me from a pistol Levasseur held in his hand would probably have finished me. Martin escaped, which I was not very sorry for; but the patrol pinned Dubarle safely, and I gripped Levasseur with a strength and ferocity against which

he was as powerless as an infant. Our victory was complete; and two hours afterwards, the recaptured convicts were safely lodged in a station-house.

I caused Madame Duquesne to be as gently undeceived the next morning as possible with respect to her child; but the reaction and disappointment proved too much for her wavering intellect. She relapsed into positive insanity, and was placed in Bedlam, where she remained two years. At the end of that period she was pronounced convalescent. A sufficient sum of money was raised by myself and others, not only to send her to Paris, but to enable her to set up as a milliner in a small but respectable way. As lately as last May, when I saw her there, she was in health both of mind and body, and doing comfortably.

With the concurrence of the police authorities, very little was said publicly respecting my entrapment. It might perhaps have excited a monomania amongst liberated convicts—colored and exaggerated as every incident would have been for the amusement of the public—to attempt similar exploits. I

was also anxious to conceal the peril I had encountered from my wife; and it was not till I had left the police force that she was informed of it. Levasseur and Dubarle were convicted of returning from transportation before the term for which they had been sentenced had expired, and were this time sent across the seas for life. The reporters of the morning papers, or rather the reporter for the "Times," "Herald," "Chronicle," "Post," and "Advertiser," gave precisely the same account, even to the misspelling of Lavasseur's name, dismissing the brief trial in the following paragraph, under the head of "Old Bailey Sessions:—Alphonse Dubarle (24), and Sebastian Levasson (49), were identified as unlawfully-returned convicts, and sentenced to transportation for life. The prisoners, it was understood, were connected with the late plate robbery in Portman Square; but as a conviction could not have increased their punishment, the indictment was not pressed."

Levasseur, I had forgotten to state, admitted that it was he who wounded me in Ryder's Court, Leicester Square.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR ON HAYNAU.

IN A LETTER TO THE EXAMINER.

SIR: Accounts have reached every part of England announcing the reception of Haynau. Whatever is new is generally more acceptable in this country than in any other; and murderers have lately been the principal objects of solicitude and compassion. Personal wrongs, urgent necessity, and neglected education, the fault of parents or of government, have impelled the greater part of these wretches to the commission of their crime. Yet the feeling is false and morbid which induces those of a better nature to visit them in their prisons, and to comfort them under the sentence of the laws. What excuse then is there for patronizing the deliberate murderer of brave soldiers, not met in the field of battle, not taken with arms about them, who, if they had fought against

Haynau, fought against the invader of their country, fought for the laws of the land, fought for their wives and children? What excuse is there for scourging in the public market-place the most delicate of girls and mothers? Ages have passed over our heads since such atrocities were committed in Europe; and only one man has been found capable of committing them.

Most deservedly has this wretch been designated in all languages as the *Hangman Haynau*. Is it credible that he has the audacity and impudence to venture into this country; to walk openly in our streets? If Marat and Robespierre and Couthon had been displaced and exiled, is ours the land in which they would have claimed the rites of hospitality? Yet they were only the en-

gines of the laws which, many as were the innocent struck down by them, many the noble, many the aged, many the young, spared torture, spared degradation.

I think it probable that the gentleman in the *Times*, who defends on every occasion the exercise of arbitrary power, may receive a reprimand from Petersburg. For, the *disgrace* of Haynau (this is the term in Courts, where turpitude has no such meaning) came, like all other continental movements, from that quarter. Of existing rulers, certainly the Emperor of Russia is the most able; and whenever he permits a cruelty under his subject crowns, he insures to himself popularity by compassing in due time the humiliation of the subordinate actor. He was resolved that the youth he protected at Vienna should lose forever his hold on the Hungarians, while he took himself off a little and stood aloof, breathing a tepid air of clemency.

There is much to be admired in the character of this potentate, but there is greatly more to be feared. He is guided by one sole star, and never turns his eyes away from it.

Variable as the winds are the counsels of every nation round, while his are conducted by calm, sagacious men, along the same line of policy from age to age. Whatever he meditates he effects. He knows that the hour of action is not to be accelerated by putting on the hands of his watch. Omnipotent not only at Athens, but through Athens at Munich; omnipotent at Vienna, at Berlin, at Stockholm, at Copenhagen, he excites, or suppresses, or modulates, or varies, the discordant cries of France in every Department. The eastern empire rises up again, with greater vigor and surer hopes than Constantine in Byzantium could impart to it, and is now overshadowing and overawing the dislocated and chaotic West. Nicholas wills the abolition of republics; France swears to maintain them; and instantly throws down her own that she may the more readily subvert the Roman. In the hand of Napoleon his half-dozen royalets were never more pliable manikins than the nephew is in the hand of Nicholas. It will use him for a time, as for a time it used Haynau. In England, it seems,

this discarded butcher, stripped by Austria of his apron and cleaver, is not to be touched, but is, on the contrary, to be respected. And why? Because he has come upon our shores!

Unquestionably the hangman will find defenders here in England: but the defenders of such a wretch, whether in print or Parliament, are even worse than himself. Criminals who have been put into the pillory for much smaller offences, and indeed for one only, have undergone thereby the sentence of the law; yet public indignation pelts them, and the press acquiesces. Mr. Baron Rothschild calls the unfortunate man his friend. Jews are most peculiarly citizens of the world: Baron Rothschild among the rest: but Baron Rothschild, the friend of Haynau, has a better right to be a citizen of the world than a citizen of London: and a better to be a citizen of London than its representative. Never let us hear again of the *indignities* the scourger and hangman has undergone, nor of extenuating comparisons between his crimes and the crimes of others.

The distinguished writer in the *Times* is indignant that a person of Haynau's age should be scouted and insulted. There are crimes of which age and infirmity itself are an aggravation. Age ought to be exempt from the violence of the passions: age ought to be lenient, considerate, compassionate: age should remember its past impetuosities, and rejoice in their extinction: age must often have seen around its own domestic hearth the irrepressible ebullition of generous emotions, and sometimes of ungenerous. The nearer to the grave we are, the more should we be on a level with the humanities, and the more observant of those fellow-men whom we are leaving on this side of it. There is folly in calling it an act of cowardice to drive away an assassin, whatever be his age or his condition. Gray hairs are venerable only on the virtuous. We have seen gray-whiskered wolves; but we never have seen a body of the most innocent villagers backward to pursue them in consideration of this merit.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

ALISON, THE HISTORIAN.*

It is ever the fate of genius to be in advance of its age—too often to be rewarded only by its neglect or its censures. Galileo in the dungeon of the Inquisition was no unapt type of high intellect persecuted by the dull-sighted many. When Divine wisdom often failed to obtain a hearing on earth, genius in the creature cannot look to fare better. "Go up, bald head!" has not seldom been the cry of the would-be wise of the Gentiles, as it was of the children of Israel. Disasters have come upon nations, ruin to empires, not because there was no voice to warn, but no wish to listen—not from the absence of wisdom, but from its neglect. Who listened to Demosthenes, when he strove to save Athens from her blindness? Did not six generations neglect the warnings of the great Sobieski, ere Poland fell? Who listened to Burke, when with prophetic eye he scanned the future of the French Revolution, and in the brilliance of the meteor beheld the gathering of the storm? Yet Burke lived to hear his élogé begun, and posterity has completed it. Nations live faster, as well as longer, now than in ancient times; the increased vigor of the species hurries on society from stage to stage; and in the rapidity with which disaster follows error, and retribution crime, we not only behold the means by which Providence now preserves the nations by purifying them, but by which wisdom and virtue are rewarded, folly and passion punished, in the lifetime of a single generation. An erring people now no longer escapes misery by handing it over to posterity; the impostor or deluder rarely reaches his grave unmasked; the Present seldom bequeathes a golden idol which the Future finds to be brass. This is a comforting assurance to the honest and

wise, a benefit to the species, a terror to evil-doers, a warning to fools. The day of dupes, the reign of folly, is shortened; and if men still go astray (as assuredly they ever will) it will not be from the mists of ignorance, but from the allurements of passion. Time, now-a-days, speedily winnows error from truth, and falsifies theories and predictions in the lifetime of their authors.

There is no more difficult task for genius than to detect in their secret springs the issues of future events. This can only be attempted after scanning keenly and widely the pages of history, and generalizing from an extensive view of the workings of human passion; and the attempt is never successful, save when seconded by transcendent natural abilities. The mere fact of the reprinting of Mr. Alison's political essays proves that he possesses this prescient faculty in a very high degree; and when we examine them in detail, the coincidence of events with his predictions is marvellous. The fact that all these essays were written for the monthly press, most of them of course hastily, still further heightens our admiration for the accuracy of his views and the ability with which they are developed. We have nothing similar in our language: they stand forth alone in the world of letters. We have recently had reprints of critical and historical essays of first-rate excellence; but in the department of politics, not one. Among the published selections of articles from the *Edinburgh Review*, no series of political essays has found a place. Praised to the skies on their first appearance, not unfrequently changing the politics of Government, they have nevertheless been left behind by the march of the world. Time has weighed them in his balance, and found them wanting.

*1. "History of Europe, from the Commencement of the French Revolution in 1789, to the Restorations of the Bourbons in 1815." By Archibald Alison, LL.D. Fourteen vols. 8vo. With Portraits. Edinburgh and London: 1849-50.

2. "Essays, Political and Miscellaneous." By Archibald Alison, LL.D. 3 vols. 8vo. Edinburgh and London: 1850.

"Open one of the political essays of the Blue and Yellow, which were read and admired by all the world thirty or forty years ago, and what do you find? Loud declamations against the continuance of the war, and emphatic assertions of the inability of England to contend at land with the conqueror of Continental Europe; continual re-

proaches of incapacity against the Ministry who were preparing the liberation of Spain and the battle of Waterloo; ceaseless assertions that the misery of Ireland was entirely owing to misgovernment—that nothing but Catholic emancipation, and the curtailment of the Protestant Church were required to make that Island the most happy, loyal, and contented realm, and its Celtic inhabitants the most industrious and well-conditioned in Europe; loud denunciations that the power of the Crown had “increased, was increasing, and ought to be diminished;” lamentations on the evidently approaching extinction of the liberties of England under the combined action of a gigantic war expenditure and a corrupt selfish oligarchy; strong recommendations of the speedy abolition of slavery in our West India Colonies, as the only mode of enabling our planters to compete with the efforts of slave sugar-states. Time has enabled the world to estimate these doctrines at their true value; and amidst great efforts at bolstering them up, subsequent times have quietly consigned them to the tomb of all the Capulets.*

Besides their prescient sagacity, what is well worthy of remark in Mr. Alison's political essays, is their eminently practical nature. Not a plan which he proposes, not a remedy which he suggests, but bears the stamp of efficacy and simplicity. Well versed in the affairs of men and in the functions of civil administration, no crude theory or speculative plan escapes him; and he makes his views as intelligible to others as they are manifest to himself. One would think he had been Premier for as long a period as he has been Sheriff—although, in these days, we fear this is but a doubtful compliment. Of his intimate acquaintance with the science of government and the actual state of the nation, these volumes furnish redundant proof. Not to mention his splendid essays on Parliamentary Reform and the British Constitution—as to the sagacity of which the last eighteen years have been one long sad commentary—we would say to a skeptic, look at his article on Crime and Transportation. Does he not lay bare the fearful progress of crime amongst us as with the scalpel of the anatomist, and probe the devouring gangrene with the skill of a Cooper? When and how has Government, with all its gigantic aid from commissions and committees, ever attempted to legislate for this monster malady? The attempt has never been seriously made. Arrest it by secular education!—as well arrest the Thames with sand. The spectacle of crime multiplying ten times faster than the population, and every seventh person in these

islands a pauper, hanging a dead weight on the arm of Industry, should rouse one and all to the portentous aspect of the future. He who can read that essay, and still shut his eyes to the crime accumulating in the heart of the State, and sapping the foundations of its prosperity, would not be convinced though one rose from the dead; he who can imagine a simpler or more effectual series of alleviations than is there set forth, had better divulge it. Or look at his essay on Direct Taxation. Could the present errors of the income-tax be more convincingly exposed, or the true principles of the system more clearly explained? What a depth of sagacity, what a practical knowledge of politics and human nature, in his reasons for extending the property-tax to a lower class than it now affects!—not merely for justice' sake, as at present all property under £200 a-year is virtually exempted; not for the sake of any great addition to the revenue, but *in order to interest the majority of the nation in opposing its undue extension.* Without such a safeguard, he says, and says most truly, this tax will become an insidious engine of confiscation. The Ten-pounders, paying nothing to it, will selfishly urge on its progressive increase, till the whole landed aristocracy will be despoiled to gratify the urban constituencies. He shows how this tax ought to be lowered one-half upon *income*, and suggests a feasible plan for the delicate operation of rating professional men. He shows how heavily the present tax bears upon landlords and the agricultural classes—among other reasons, because they cannot possibly conceal their revenue; while commercial men and capitalists can do so readily, and actually do so to an enormous extent. His words are especially worthy of attention at the present moment, when the removal of the Income Tax is about to be discussed in Parliament, and when our whole system of taxation imperatively calls for reconsideration, and a readjustment of its burdens. Finally, look at almost the last article in his third volume, “Free Trade, Finance, and Reform,” dated April and May, 1850. Could there be an abler elucidation of the present state of the country, or a more crushing exposure of the numberless errors and flimsy fallacies of the Whig Ministry? We would gladly transcribe, for the enlightenment and discomfiture of that owlsh party, his graphic picture of the prostration of Britain under Liberal misgovernment. But the passage is too long to be extracted, and will not bear curtailment. “Future ages,” he says, in concluding it,

* “Alison's Essays,”—Art., *Macaulay*, vol. iii., p. 681.

"will ask what were the devastating wars, the stunning calamities, the loss of provinces, the severance of colonies, which inflicted such deep and irremediable wounds on the British nation, during these memorable periods; and they will be answered, it was thirty years of unbroken peace at home, a series of brilliant colonial conquests abroad, and ONE SYSTEM." We likewise pass over, with regret, his counter-picture of what we might have been under other government, in order to make room for a warning that should interest even the dullest ear.

"To the modern rulers of the British nation, to the constituents of the majority of the House of Commons, to buy cheap and to sell dear is the great object of ambition. They have gained the first—let them see whether they will secure the last. Let them see whether, amidst the ruin of the agricultural interest, and the declining circumstances of all trades which are exposed to the effects of foreign competition, they, the sellers of commodities, will make their fortunes. If they do, it will be a new era in society; for it will be one in which the trading class amass riches in consequence of the ruin of their customers.

"There is no monitor, however, to nations as to individuals, like suffering. Let Free Trade, therefore, have a fair trial. Let the shopkeepers see what benefit they are likely practically to gain by the ruin of their customers. They have the government in their hands, for they have the appointment of a majority in the House of Commons. The agricultural interest, the colonies, the shipping interest, the small manufacturer, are, to all practical purposes, disfranchised. Let the trading classes, then, feel the effects of their own measure. These will be such that they cannot continue. Ere long a change of policy, and probably of rulers, will be forced upon Government by the universal cry of suffering. But let them recollect that it is their measures which are now upon trial; that theirs will be the responsibility if they fail; and that, if the empire be dismembered and the national independence lost, theirs will be the present loss, and theirs the eternal infamy."

The whole essay is a proof that we have "fallen upon evil days,"—a melancholy confirmation of the saying of the old senator, when he sent his youthful heir one day to the council board—"My son, I would have you learn with how little wisdom a great nation may be governed!"

But, circumscribed as we are in our limits, it is less Mr. Alison's politics that we mean to review, than the general character of his writings, and his peculiarities of mind and opinion. We find these fully developed in the recent issue of his History and Essays;

so that we need not enter upon any examination of his brilliant "Military Life of Marlborough," and various works on social and political economy, further than to state that they all bear the same impress of profound reflection and vivid and vigorous thought. His Essays are a splendid supplement to his history, and the two combined exhibit his intellect in all its breadth and beauty. Though the latter work, constructed for immortality, will ever surpass its successor in general favor, because treating of a subject of permanent and universal interest, it is difficult to say to which the palm is due for intrinsic excellence. Our own taste inclines us at present to prefer the Essays—perhaps because they possess the charm of novelty, which frequent perusal has taken from his greatest work. But in this we rather indicate a predilection than offer an opinion. If magnitude of conception and talent in the execution awaken our admiration in the History, the variety of natural gifts and extent of acquired knowledge will no less surprise us in the Essays. Surpassing those of Jeffrey—who, not widely learned, seldom original, moreover never gives one the feeling that he is in earnest, or deeply impressed with his subject; unlike those of Sidney Smith, whose vigorous and sparkling wit was chiefly expended on topics of ephemeral interest; possessing all the profound philosophy of Mackintosh, with ten times his pictorial powers and consequent popularity; rivaling Macaulay himself in ancient and modern lore, but inferior to him in condensation of ideas and arrangement of details, Alison surpasses him in the variety and grandeur of the subjects he discusses, and in the elevation of mind and grasp of intellect with which he treats them. In some respects these two great writers are remarkable contrasts. Macaulay, supreme in miniature-painting, exquisite in the selection and use of his colors and in the management of details, is unrivaled in the Historical Essay, or in delineating a memorable event or a particular era. Alison, excelling in breadth and grandeur of style, negligent of details, yet guided by exquisite art, is supreme on the extended canvas of History. Alison is a Michael Angelo, without his gloom; Macaulay combines the beauty of Raphael with the minuteness of the Dutch school. The erudition of both is amazing; but Alison's is the more varied. The style of the latter is free, flowing, vigorous; of the former, elegant exceedingly, but marked with care. Both are poetic in temperament—both at times rise to the highest

flights of eloquence; but in earnestness and power the palm rests with Alison. Macaulay addresses himself to the every-day world; Alison to the higher qualities of our nature. The former uses gossip frequently and systematically, to give piquancy to his narrative; Alison rarely, and only to depict character. No historian represents, in an equal degree with Macaulay, the average ideas, feelings, and political wants of the English people; he hits, without falling below or flying beyond, the popular mark; and his admirable sense and tact, and clear, business-like, yet brilliant style, confer on his works unbounded popularity. He is the representative of the Present; Alison is the advocate of the Future.

It is a difficult task, in those days, for a man to work out for himself fame as a first class author. The great works of former genius overshadow all mediocre attempts at immortality; and the public is ever chary of placing a new statue in their temple of High Art. Amusing works rise into notice like soap-bells, and glow for their day in the rainbow hues of popular favor: but elevated works, which aim as nothing less than an eternity of fame, encounter a very different reception. Whenever such an *aut Cæsar aut nullus* appears, he is received with the cold eye of distrust. Reputations already made are endangered, old opinions threatened with subversion. Critics fear to err; and it is safer to censure than to eulogize—to point out blemishes, than give verdict on the whole performance. In such cases, the public never dissent from the critics *at first*; and, *laudatores præteriti*, are always ready to back their censures and unfavorable comparisons. Mr. Alison, when the first volumes of his History appeared, was a man unknown to public fame. Though a staunch Conservative, his name was not identified with that of his party. No party organs praised his work while yet in embryo—no flourish of trumpets hailed its debut. It did not spare the errors of his own party, and it was felt as a mortal stroke by his opponents. He wrote, too, against the spirit of the times. It was during the fervor of Reform that the early volumes of his Conservative History appeared; and both then and since, his opinions have run counter to those of the majority of the nation. Independent in spirit and conscious of his powers, he did not surrender one iota of his convictions for the sake of catching the popular gales; and he has lived to reap the recompense. He worked for enduring fame, and he has obtained his reward even in the present generation.

In all his writings Mr. Alison emphatically condemns the time-serving principle of expediency, ever too popular with mankind; and in his History he loses no opportunity of exhibiting the cheering truth, that national virtue ever triumphs in the end. His application of religion as a test to the conduct alike of nations and individuals, has been called the very salt of his great work; and it forms a sure, unwavering guide amid the mazes of conflicting opinions. His impartiality is unquestioned; and he not only gives the truth, but the whole truth. Everything has at least two sides, and Alison gives both. He knows well that the same man may be made a villain or a demigod, the same age be painted black or white, and with equal truth, by a one-sided sketcher, and that the only way to keep the reader right is to show him both views. He is of too elevated a nature to take any interest in the gossipry of scandal, and has no love for pulling down the great characters that stalk through his pages, by needlessly recounting their peccadilloes. Frailties he knows are everywhere—no man is a hero to his valet-de-chambre; and he never makes his pages piquant with scandal when he can render them elevating by noble examples. In his delineation of character, he metes out eulogy and censure with discriminating hand. There is a natural tendency for a grand impression to absorb all minor ones, and it is an error into which men of warm feelings, like Mr. Alison, are very apt to fall; but the care with which he avoids this is not less remarkable than honorable to him. Such calm discrimination, indeed, is indispensable in the delineation of real life, where peculiarities of the most opposite description are not unfrequently found united in the same person. Human nature is a bundle of contradictions, which the comprehensive powers of pen can alone depict. The utmost skill of the brush or the chisel fail in the attempt. They can only seize an hour of a lifetime, one phase of the strangely-changing soul; and whoever represents living men thus, represents them defectively. In his dealing with such mixed characters, Mr. Alison follows the method indicated by Shakespeare:—"As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoiced at it; as he was valiant, I honor him; but as he was ambitious, I slew him. There are tears for his love, joy for his fortune, honor for his valor, and death for his ambition."

"We shall not," says Mr. Alison, in reviewing Macaulay's History of England, "in treating of the merits of this very remarkable production,

adopt the not uncommon practice of reviewers on such occasions—we shall not pretend to be better informed on the details of the subject than our author, nor set up the reading of a few weeks or months against the study of half a lifetime. We shall not imitate certain critics who look at the bottom of the pages for the authorities of the author, and, having got the clue to the requisite information, proceed to examine, with the utmost minuteness, every particular of his narrative, and make, in consequence, a vast display of knowledge, wholly derived from the reading which he has suggested. We shall not be so deluded as to suppose we have made a great discovery in biography, because we have ascertained that some Lady Caroline of the last generation was born on the 1st October 1674, instead of the 8th February 1675, as the historian with shameful negligence has affirmed; nor shall we take credit to ourselves for a journey down to Hampshire to consult the parish register on the subject. As little shall we in future excuse Macaulay of inaccuracy in describing battles, because, on referring, without mentioning it, to the military authorities he has quoted, and the page he has referred to, we have discovered that at some battle, as Malplaquet, Lottum's men stood on the right of the Prince of Orange, when he says they stood on the left; or that Marlborough dined on a certain day at one o'clock, when, in point of fact, he did not sit down, as is proved by incontestable authority, till half-past two. We shall leave such minute and Lilliputian criticisms to the minute and Lilliputian minds by whom alone they are ever made. Mr. Macaulay can afford to smile at all reviewers who affect to possess more than his own gigantic stores of information.*

This is well said, and doubtless owes not a little of its pungency to the waspish attacks with which his own writings have been assailed. All errors should be noted by reviewers, both small and great, even for the benefit of the author himself—and such criticism Mr. Alison and all worthy authors will hail with satisfaction; but to infer general inaccuracy from casual error, is to exemplify in sober life the old fable of the fault-finding fly on the cupola of St. Paul's.† It would

* "Essays" vol. iii. pp. 644-5.

† Mr. Alison, in one of his beautiful essays on Art, when remarking that the tendency of genius is to beget genius in others, quotes illustratively the instance of the youthful Correggio, who, on beholding the works of the "Caracci," exclaimed, "I, too, am a painter!" The works of *Raphael* we think it should have been, for Correggio lived *before* the Caracci. The value of the illustration, of course, is no ways affected by this slip; but what a theme for vituperation it may yet furnish to some of his critics! The puny attacks of some of these gentlemen remind one of the gnats trying to sting an elephant; and their frequency can only be accounted for by the maxim of the great Dr. Johnson, that "whoever attacks established reputations, is certain to find read-

have been more than human, if so extensive a work as Mr. Alison's History had been immaculate—if no slip of the memory or pen had occurred during its composition; but every successive edition has been weeding them out; and this present edition may challenge the closest scrutiny to detect even a trivial error. It is after the closest scrutiny and painstaking comparison with earlier editions, that we thus speak in its favor. New authorities, such as the *Memoirs of Chateaubriand*, Lamartine's *Girondins*, the concluding volumes of Thiers' History, &c., have been consulted;—fresh maps have been added to the magnificent atlas which illustrates the work, and a gallery of beautiful and authentic portraits adorns its pages;—many of the battle-scenes have been retouched,* and additional light thrown on that most puzzling of great engagements, the battle of Waterloo. The index continues in its former state of perfection; and a noble chapter of Concluding Reflections has been added, which closes the History with profound and original observations on the grand features of national politics and the general progress of mankind.

Many illustrious men have neglected their genius in youth—many more do not become aware of possessing it till that fleeting seed-time of future glory is past forever. "Amid my vast and lofty aspirations," says Lamartine, "the penalty of a wasted youth overtook me. Adieu, then, to the dreams of genius—to the aspirations of intellectual enjoyment!" Many a gifted heart has sighed the same sad sigh; many a noble nature has walked to his grave in sackcloth, for one brief dallying in the bowers of Circe—for one short sleep in the Castle of Indolence. But no such echo of regret can check the aspirations of our author. Brought up at the feet of Gamaliel in all that relates to lofty religious feeling and the admiration of art, and in not a little concerning the grand questions of national politics, his youth was well tended; and almost ere he emerged from that golden dreamy period, he had embarked on the undertaking which was to be the mission of his life, his passport to immor-

ers." A recent writer on "Alison's Fallacies about the Fall of Rome," winds up a flimsy and vainglorious article by remarking, that *perhaps he had been wasting space in disproving Mr. Alison's classical knowledge!* If the above slip had caught his eye, he would doubtless have demonstrated, with equal "logic," that our author knows no more about art than a bagman!

* The account of the battle of Bautzen might still be improved.

tal fame. Among the dazzling and dazzled crowd whom, from all parts of Europe, the fall of Napoleon in 1814 had attracted to the French metropolis, was a young Englishman, who, hurrying from his paternal roof, arrived in time to witness the magnificent pageants which rendered memorable the residence of the Allied Sovereigns and armies in Paris. Napoleon had fallen; the last act of the revolutionary drama seemed to have closed; and on the Place Louis XV. assembled Europe, and repentant France joined in the obsequies of its earliest victims and holiest martyrs. It was in the midst of those heart-stirring scenes, that the first inspiration of writing a history of the momentous period then seemingly closed, entered the throbbing breast of that English youth—and that youth was Alison. Ten years of travel, meditation, and research followed, during which the eye and the ear alike gathered materials for his great undertaking, and the mind was expanding its gifted powers preparatory to moulding these materials in a form worthy of the great events to be narrated, and of the high conception which the youth longed to realize. Other fifteen years of composition were required ere the History was brought to a close, and the noble genius of its author awakened the admiration of Europe.

Strange as it may sound in unreflecting ears, we attribute much of the success of Mr. Alison's History to his imaginative powers. In a voluminous work, where a thousand trivial occurrences must be recounted, and many dry subjects discussed, it is imagination alone that can carry the reader through the mass of details—that can float Truth down the flood of Time. It is the peculiar faculty of imagination to clothe whatever it touches with beauty, yet without derogating from reality. The sunbeam adorns the spray of the waterfall with rainbow hues, without altering its nature; the author may paint his subject in lively colors, without injuring the justness of the outline. "We cannot too often repeat," says Madame de Stael, "that imagination, far from being an enemy to truth, brings it out more than any other faculty of the mind," &c., &c. It is the highest quality of art; and it is of as much use to the historian as to the writer of romance: nay more, for with the latter, dry matter can be rejected—with the former, it must be retained and made interesting. This is the great difficulty in large histories—the narrative must be made interesting, yet kept real. Without this, the utmost powers of

intellect and research will be displayed in vain—wisdom that nobody reads is lost.

But more than this is requisite to the successful writing of history: Art must mould the materials which research has collected and imagination adorned. The principles of proportion must be steadily kept in view; otherwise sameness will weary, progress be unmarked, and the reader be perplexed to discern what is trivial from what is important. If equal light be thrown upon all parts of a picture, the effect is ruined. It is this fault which mars the great historians of France. The justly celebrated writers of the graphic school of History, which arose in that country after the Revolution, have, almost without exception, fallen into this mistake. In the effort to avoid the tame apathetic narrative of former historians, they have glided unconsciously into the opposite error; in the desire to be interesting and picturesque, they have finished all parts with the same minuteness, and have thus destroyed the perspective. Look at Michelet, and even the great Sismondi. Their narrative is admirably clear and graphic, but there is a want of subordination and exaltation of events: all are treated in the same minute, careful style. Or else, in the author's desire to be truthful and truthful-like, he quotes largely from old chronicles or modern state papers, and smothers the interest of his narrative by a mass of foreign matter. Of the thirty volumes of Michelet's *Histoire des Français*, about one-half are taken up with quotations of this kind,—an error which not only clogs the narrative, but breaks the unity of the performance. Look at Thiers. In describing the circumstances of the Tennis-court Oath—the locking of the Assembly doors against the deputies—the conduct of the captain on guard—the deputies' intentions of forcing from him the pass-word, and the very proper advice of Bailly to let the good-natured fellow alone—all are given so minutely as to make them appear of as much historical importance as the taking of the oath itself. In history, the general thread of the narrative should be (as it always is in Hume and in the old Classic historians) clear but unambitious—it must be kept in the shade; events of secondary importance must rise into half light; while a flood of radiance should be thrown upon the grand crises of the history. It is on such parts that the author should lavish his highest powers, and on such only. He must know not only where to be prodigal of his genius, but where to refrain.

On our first perusal of the History, we were astonished at the effect it produced on us; it had all the charm of romance, as well as the durable interest of history. The soul of the poet was felt in its scenes of grandeur or misfortune; the hand of the painter sketched the thrilling adjuncts of the battle-field; the spirit of the soldier breathed in the narrative of charging armies and heroic exploits; the eloquence of the orator spoke to us in his perorations; the eye of the general pointed out the manœuvres that lost or won a kingdom. All this, and a great deal more, we felt, in common with others, before we got half through the work; but it was not till repeated perusals had made us familiar with it, and given us the power of analyzing so extensive a work, that we came fully to appreciate the merit of the author, by discerning the grand plan upon which he worked. It is founded on a systematic application of those principles of relief and proportion which we have already declared indispensable in all high art; and when once discovered, it can be traced throughout every portion of the History. The ten years which he spent in preparation were not spent in vain: before he put pen to paper, the plan was complete in all its details—the chart of his History was already laid down minutely—the clue of Ariadne was prepared, which was to lead him unembarrassed through the “mighty maze” of the Revolutionary contest. The heroic mood cannot always be sustained; the ardor of the battle-field, or the breathless struggle of parties, will pall if long continued: the mind requires as much relief in a long history as the eye seeks and finds in the varying hues of nature. “Whenever I am particularly dull,” said Sir Walter Scott, “be assured it is not without an object; and on all occasions Mr. Alison takes excellent advantage of this principle of our nature. Chapters on the great questions which rose into notice during that period, give variety to the work; as each new nation enters the arena, a condensed view is given of its past history and present resources; and even the driest topics lose somewhat of their dryness from the position they occupy,—generally filling up some pause in the contest, some lull of history, bordering on and relieving some dreadful strife of nations. Linked to his well-connected narrative, are the brilliant episodes upon the rise of our Indian Empire, the American war, and the South American revolutions; completing the history of that first-born and mightiest of revolutions, which, cradled in France, enthroned in Europe,

spread its arms to the uttermost parts of the earth.

If we examine our author's critical Essays, we shall see with what care he has sought out the true principles of the art of history in the works of others; if we turn to his History, we will see how successfully he has embodied them in his own. Art is as discernible in his great work as in the masterpieces of painting and the drama. On the approach of a decisive battle, for instance, we first see the hostile armies scattered, perhaps, in cantonments, and the plans of their chiefs; we then see them draw rapidly together, and sweep towards one another like lowering thunder-clouds. The unimportant preliminary combats of the manœuvring hosts are dismissed in a sentence; and the narrative glides on unbroken and swift—

“The torrent's smoothness ere it dash below.”

While the rival hosts slumber around their watchfires, on the night before the battle, a paragraph indicates their respective advantages, force, and valor, and the weighty issues hanging on the soldier's arm. Then comes the battle—a vivid, startling picture, that makes the heart beat faster; then the pursuit, the efforts of the pursuer and pursued—the surrender or the armistice. The reader feels the approach of a Borodino or a Leipsic with unfailing prescience; and from that instant the interest never flags—the author never draws bridle till the battle is won and its fruits reaped.

Mr. Alison has permanently placed history on a level with the fine arts, and, under the mask of nature, has reared the most artistic monument that this or any other country has ever produced. In the nature of his subject, he has a great advantage over the immortal work of Gibbon. The Decline and Fall of Rome, most interesting to classical readers, most instructive to the philosophic of all ages, is too far removed from us by time, difference of civilization, antagonism of religion, to awaken our deepest sympathies,—especially in an age when generosity and imagination, the higher parts of our intellectual and moral being, are kicking the beam in the popular balance of utilitarianism, and when the momentous interest of present questions, present convulsions, is driving the memory of all others from our thoughts. But the interests at issue in the narrative of Alison come home to every heart; they are peculiarly those of present times—our fathers or ourselves took part in the contest he de-

scribes. Democracy, skepticism, machinery—these are prominent characteristics of the present age; and he shows us the era in which they all began. His work forms a magnificent portal to the Present; it contains a key to the strange characters which the passions of men are now writing upon the earth—those hieroglyphics of which the writers themselves know not the meaning, but which seem to speak to us of sorrow rather than of joy. In another respect, too, Mr. Alison's subject was a happy one, for it gave to his History the rare but unrivaled charm of unity of interest. The period of not quite thirty years which it embraces, beheld the development and extinction of one idea, the French Revolution; and in the changing fortunes of the war all the balanced interest of a poem is experienced. It is a prose epic of the mighty struggle between Religion and Infidelity—an epic, in which the nations of Europe are first seen groveling in selfishness; next, crushed in suffering; rising at length purified, and striking to the ground their fell oppressor. In which France, exulting in successful violence, fearing neither God nor man in their strength and passion, feels amid her triumphs the iron entering her soul, and, prostrate at last, owes her life to the clemency of her former victims.

There is a mistake which persons casually referring to his History for information are apt to fall into. Wishing for full details of some minor occurrence, they are greatly disappointed to find it recounted *en passant* in half-a-dozen lines; and, with fretful impatience, they fancy that the work is less perfect than it ought to be. What would they have? Evidently not a history, but an encyclopædia of history, or a *Biographie Universelle*, with every event of life fully detailed under separate heads, and which they would be the first to toss away in disgust; or, at the best, a work like the laborious annals of Guicciardini, which, though abounding in excellent passages, is quite unreadable by any but a bookworm.* A little reflection would quickly convince them of this, and would reveal to them a beauty where at first they saw only a defect. The author's forethought has extended even to the mechanical parts of the work; and if we would see with what care and art it has been com-

posed, a single glance will suffice. All extraneous matter, however interesting—especially decrees, treaties, statistics—is thrown into the foot notes or appendix; even the dates are often eliminated from the text; and the narrative flows on unbroken—its brilliant reflections and splendid achievements glittering on its surface “like stars on the sea.” You find a sentence, perhaps, running thus: “Early in June the fleet, consisting of ten sail of the line and twenty transports, sailed from Portsmouth, and after a stormy and tedious voyage, at length cast anchor off Vigo, and next day the disembarkation commenced.” There is no precise date given; but in the margin you find, opposite the beginning of the sentence, “June 2,” and at its close, “June 10–11.” Why not incorporate these dates? you say. Even in the single sentence supposed, such incorporation would be no improvement; without giving one reader in a hundred any information he cared about, it would encumber the sentence, and distract attention from the simple facts of the narrative. But in the case of a condensation of events, where a single paragraph gives a dozen minor actions or treaties of a campaign, the thing would be intolerable: one would see little else than the names of the twelve months, and at least as many stumbling-blocks of figures. This trivial matter tends to illustrate the many and far greater difficulties which, unperceived by the general reader, beset the path of the historian.

In order to exhibit the charming and graphic narrative which has rendered the History deservedly so popular, we extract a passage hitherto unnoticed by reviewers—the death of Duroc, the early and attached friend of Napoleon. It happened on the day of the battle of Bautzen. The Allied forces, worsted, but in unbroken array, were retreating with great skill and steadiness, leaving nothing behind. Evening was setting in. Irritated at seeing his prey escaping, Napoleon hastened to the advanced posts, and soon fifty thousand men pressed closely on the retiring foe, and the cavalry of the Guard was let loose in pursuit. It was all in vain. “What!” cried Napoleon, “after such a butchery, no results—no prisoners? Those fellows there will not leave us a nail; they rise from their ashes. When will this be over?”

“The balls at this moment were flying thick around him, and one of the Emperor's escort fell dead at his feet. ‘Duroc,’ said he, turning to the Grand Marshal, who was by his side, ‘fortune is

* An offer of pardon is said to have been made to an Italian galley-slave, on the condition of his reading through this work; but the prisoner rejected the offer, considering his work in the galleys the lighter slavery of the two.

resolved to have one of us to-day.' Some of his suite observed with a shudder, in an under-tone, that it was the anniversary of the battle of Essling and the death of Lannes. The melancholy anticipation was not long of being realized. The enemy retired to a fresh position behind the ravine of Makersdorf; and Napoleon, who was anxious to push on before night to Gorkitz, himself hurried to the front, to urge on the troops who were to dislodge them from the ground which they had occupied to bar the approach to it. His suite followed him, four abreast, at a rapid trot through a hollow way, in such a cloud of dust that hardly one of the riders could see his right-hand man. Suddenly a cannon-ball glanced from a tree near the Emperor, and struck a file behind, consisting of Mortier, Caulaincourt, Kirgener, and Duroc. In the confusion and dust, it was not at first perceived who was hurt; but a page soon arrived and whispered in the Emperor's ear, that Kirgener was killed, and Duroc desperately wounded. Larrey and Ivan instantly came up, but all their efforts were unavailing: Duroc's entrails were torn out, and the dying man was carried into a cottage near Makersdorf. Napoleon, profoundly affected, dismounted, and gazed long on the battery from whence the fatal shot had issued. He then entered the cottage, and ascertained, with tears in his eyes, that there was no hope. 'Duroc,' said he, pressing the hand of the dying hero, 'there is another world where we shall meet again.' Memorable words, wrung by anguish even from the child of Infidelity and the Revolution. Finally, when it was announced, some hours afterwards, that all was over, he put into the hands of Berthier, without articulating a word, a paper, ordering the construction of a monument on the spot where he fell, with this inscription:—Here the General Duroc, Duke of Friuli, Grand Marshal of the Palace to the Emperor Napoleon, gloriously fell, struck by a cannon-ball, and died in the arms of the Emperor, his friend.*

"Napoleon pitched his tent in the neighborhood of the cottage where Duroc lay, and seemed for the time altogether overwhelmed by his emotions. The square of the Old Guard, respecting his feelings, arranged themselves at a distance; and even his most confidential attendants did not for some time venture to approach his person. Alone he sat, wrapped in his gray greatcoat, with his forehead resting on his hands, and his elbows on his knees, a prey to the most agonizing reflections. In vain Caulaincourt and Maret at length requested his attention to the most pressing orders. 'To-morrow—everything!' was the only reply of the Emperor, as he again resumed his attitude of meditation. A mournful silence reigned around; the groups of officers at a little distance hardly articulated above their breath; gloom and depression appeared on every countenance; while the subdued hum of the soldiers preparing their repast, and the sullen murmur of the artillery-wagons, as they rolled in the distance, alone told that a mighty host was assembled in the neighborhood. Slowly the moon rose over this melancholy scene; the heavens became illuminated by the flames of the adjoining villages, which had

fallen a prey to the license of the soldiers; while the noble bands of the Imperial Guard played alternately triumphant and elegiac strains, in the vain hope of distracting the grief of their chief. Could the genius of painting portray the scene—could the soul of poetry be inspired by the feelings which all around experienced, a more striking image could not be presented of the mingled woes and animation of war—of the greatness and weakness of man—of his highest glories, and of his nothingness against the arms of his Creator."*

We do not add a word of comment—the scene is for ever engraven on the reader's heart. No wonder that such a narrative has called forth the enthusiastic admiration of all Europe.

Style, in authors of original genius, is always worthy of attention: for with them at least, whatever it may be among the pigmies of literature, it is a development of their mental character—it reveals some phases of the author's intellectual temperament. Style, in fact, with them, is THOUGHT; it is their greatest characteristic; it is more peculiarly theirs than their opinions, and more permanently so; these may change with access of information, but style changes rarely, never without an extensive change in the moral being of the author. Thus we see Mr. Alison's style as completely formed in his Essays written in 1819† as in his latest compositions. His knowledge, in the interval, must have increased incomparably, his intellect grown wider and profounder; but the style remains unchanged: it is a reflex of his mental temperament. Let us consider its character.

A logical style—a style addressing itself to the pure reason, and eliminating every superfluous word—is admirable in the exact sciences; because there, all passion being excluded, the mind acts easily to the height of its natural powers. The highest eloquence cannot express equality better than the mute sign of algebra; the figures of poetry are wasted in proving the axiom that the whole is greater than its part. But when prejudices are to be overcome—when feeling and imagination must be appealed to—when a certain emotion is to be excited in the breast of the reader, or a picture painted on his mind's eye, the case is widely different. Then the thought must be clothed with beauty or terror, to arrest the mind, and the vigor of earnestness must send it home to the

* "History of Europe during the French Revolution," vol. xi. 393-395.

† See the Essays on Robert Bruce, the Tyrol, and National Monuments, in vol. ii.

heart: feature after feature, color after color, must be added, till the scene rise before the imagination. Terseness, admirable quality as it is, in such circumstances often defeats itself. It is seldom that the heart starts at once from indifference into deep feeling in a moment: in the mimic world of literature or the stage, never. Emotion must run long in one channel before it acquires the velocity of passion. Like the streamlet issuing from its quiet cradle in the mountain lake, its early movements are languid and slow; it is when slope after slope has been descended, when wave after wave has risen and dashed against its leaders, that the flood sweeps onward in irresistible might. Similarly, in the moral world, it is a stunning succession of griefs that makes the strong head reel and the weak heart break; it is drop after drop of burning gall that works up man to madness; it is when wave after wave dashes over our soul, that we cry loudest to Him who alone can save us. Hence, all writings that most powerfully affect the heart are based on this principle of iteration, of working upon an emotion till it seizes the whole soul—on the knowledge that bare truth can never pierce human indifference; that it must be arrayed in the hues of imagination ere the heart takes note of its presence; that, in fine, in the words of Napoleon, "It is imagination that rules the world." All impassioned authors write thus instinctively. Ardent and vivid in their conceptions, they seize the most striking view of their subject, and make the lightnings of genius to play around it, till, bright and burning, it stamps itself durably upon the reader's soul. Such is the style of Alison, especially in his essays, where the freer nature of the subject allows fuller scope to the natural ardor of his mind. THE IDEAS OF TRUTH IN THE LANGUAGE OF IMAGINATION, that is the grand feature of his style. The structure of his sentences is very pleasing and readable—free and flowing, exquisitely natural, vigorous. Composition evidently costs him no effort; and his manuscript—rapid, gliding, angular, scarcely exhibiting a single erasure or interlineation—corroborates the supposition.

Taking as our text the Essays as now published, and the present edition of his History, there is but one blemish with which we can honestly charge his composition, and that is, an occasional deficiency of arrangement in details. The train of thought does not always progress so steadily as it ought; some links in the chain of ideas might be transposed with advantage. The arrangement of his

paragraphs, of his leading thoughts, is always excellent; it is the development and illustration of these in his sentences that is sometimes defective. His meaning in such places is never in the least degree obscure—never feeble in expression: it is not that his inferences or illustrations are in their wrong place—they come most naturally; but they are not always in their *best* place. This is, perhaps, being hypercritical, in criticising an author so voluminous as Mr. Alison; and it is so unquestionably in regard to the Essays, composed in "hot haste," and in which the animated and unstudied style of the author, the sole source of the blemish, forms no small part of their charm. In them we see him writing as naturally, as free from care, as if the eye of a critic were never to light upon his pages—as if he were condensing his own thoughts for his own behoof. He must have an extraordinary consciousness of power, justified, indeed, by the reality. In the most varied and most difficult subjects, his style ever tells us of a man who has no fear of going wrong, who trusts implicitly to the dictates of his head and heart, and who, assured of the truth of his ideas, takes no care in trimming and polishing them; he trusts their form to the impulse of the moment. We would gladly have seen less of this blemish in his History; yet what else could one expect? It was a work of extraordinary compass; its opinions—nay, many even of its facts—were sure to be canvassed in every corner of the country. It took him five-and-twenty years to compose it as it stands. Was it to be expected—nay, was it to be desired—that its completion should be delayed for some half-dozen years longer, when the casualties of life might terminate any day the career of its gifted author, and leave the mission of his life unfinished? They only who have had a similar task in hand can conceive with what deep-felt emotion he must have laid down his pen at last, and thanked his God who had given him health and strength to complete it! What aspirations, what depressions must have traversed his spirit in those long years of composition! How often must his perseverance have been nigh giving way under the heart-sickness of hope deferred! Verily, they who enter upon the labor of a lifetime, with all its chances of interruption and failure, need an enthusiastic and enduring heart.

Judging from some passages, Mr. Alison is aware of this, the only blemish of his History, as any of his critics can be; and the present edition is superior in this matter to

its predecessors. But the defect will never be entirely remedied by its author. "Perhaps no man living," says an unsparing political antagonist, "could have done greater justice to the subject, although writers hereafter, profiting by his toil, may improve upon his work." Never was there a work so extensive, in which the blemishes could be so easily removed without affecting its spirit or features. All the varied elements, all the many-colored stones for the edifice, are there, in their proper proportions and in their proper places: a little clipping and polishing is alone wanting to make it, not only a *monumentum are perennius*, but a lasting model of perfection. But perfection of power and of finish were never possessed by one person. A Homer or a Michael Angelo never exhibits the delicate finish of a Virgil or a Raphael. It is not that the union is absolutely incompatible, but morally it is so. There is an obstacle opposed to it in the temperament of original genius. An artist of great originality generally seeks after Power, in some degree at the expense of Beauty. Moreover, he is averse to retouching or recasting his works. His mind takes delight in successive creations, but chafes under the task of amendment. However much to be lamented, the fact is unquestionable. "It would be a fine thing," says M. Ponsard, "if a poet were to arise who would correct Shakspeare by Racine, and compliment Racine by Shakspeare." But can eclecticism in art, in aspiring after the fusion of heterogeneous elements, do more than effect an imperfect soldering between qualities which exclude or neutralize one another? To borrow part of one system and part of another—to wed, for example, the ornate grace of Racine to the energetic nudity of Dante—to temper the turbulent and fantastic buffooneries of Aristophanes by the melancholy gayety of Moliere—is such an attempt desirable, or such a union possible? Certainly the attempt will never be made by second-rate genius. Originality implies unity. All the grand epochs of intellectual creation, all the great monuments of art, attest this. A man may excel in many diverse pursuits, but his *mode* of excelling is the same in all. He can be supremely great only when following the master-impulse of his nature. There never was a *perfect* artist; and, to the end of time, men must learn to avoid the faults of genius, while they strive to imitate its excellencies.

As a specimen of what Mr. Alison *can* do, we would point to his splendid dissertation on Parliamentary Reform, written at the time the famous Bill was under discussion, where

we see his clear, flowing, manly style, resting on a no less perfect development of thought, the ideas succeeding each other in the best order—at once a monument of political wisdom, and a model for the highest efforts of essay-writing. But if we would learn to what perfection arrangement of details can be brought, turn to the pages of Macaulay. That great writer excels in the lucid *progression* of ideas, and in the concision and symmetry of his sentences. Each of these is rounded and put into its place with a care and finish truly marvelous; which in his *Essays* is exceedingly beautiful, but becomes almost painful in his larger work. Such a style is of incalculable importance in the prominent parts of his narrative; but we cannot help thinking its *constant* use a blemish in an artistic composition; for it tends to destroy that *relief* which is so grateful to a reader's mind, and that *subordination of events* which is so helpful to his intellect.

Physiologists have discovered, that when food is given in a highly concentrated form, much of it is lost, and that bulk as well as nutriment is required ere food is easily and economically assimilated by the stomach. In like manner, when great terseness and condensation of ideas is practised by authors, a great portion of their wisdom and beauty is lost, for nine out of ten readers will not pause over the sentences long enough to extract their full import. Thus, also, an artificial style—a style in which ornament and fancy overlay simplicity—is much more fatiguing to a reader than a natural one; for, in the former, ideas are presented to the mind in a guise to which it is unaccustomed. Elaboration itself may become irksome. We know no author, living or dead, who can equal Lamartine in the minuteness, delicacy, or gorgeousness of his finishing; yet we defy any man to read twenty pages of his beautiful *Voyage en Orient* without a sense of weariness. We must estimate works not only by the quantity and value of their contents, but by the shape in which they are presented to us; and the more nearly this fulfills the natural aim of the work, the nearer it comes to perfection. A dictionary of dates is meant for reference, but the primary object of a history is to be read; and over and above all research, and impartiality, and philosophic acumen, we require that such works be composed in a style most acceptable to the reader's mind. Accordingly we hold that Alison's style of composition is admirably adapted, is the most suitable of all, for large works. If a page of his contains *fewer* ideas than a

page of Macaulay's, it certainly contains larger ones; this is both a greater sign of genius and gives more of grandeur and simplicity to his works. And we conceive that it is Macaulay's lucid arrangement of details which gives him his only advantage over his grander rival.* In expressing this opinion, we take no account of their political principles. It would be idle for us to enter on such a discussion: for all we could say here, the partisans of each would continue as bigoted as ever. Indeed, argument in politics is at all times a feeble engine of conviction; experience and self-interest are the only sure winners of proselytes.

Mr. Alison is evidently a man of great ardor of feeling, and he pours forth his ideas rather with the impetuosity of oratory than in the measured tone of didactic composition. He is the most rhetorical writer of the present day; and his eloquence is of the highest kind—figurative, splendid, and convincing. Indeed so often does this style recur, that we are tempted to name it as his chief peculiarity. His whole Essays are tinged with it; and in many parts—for instance, the five or six opening pages of his "Carlist Struggle in Spain"—the language is pure oratory. As a specimen of this description of writing, and of his powers as a public speaker, we extract the peroration of a speech delivered by him at a dinner in Glasgow, in 1839, given to the first colonists who left the Clyde for New Zealand. After some remarks on the astonishing progress of mankind from the ferocity and ignorance of barbarism to the benefits and enterprises of civilization, he thus concludes:—

"Those marvellous changes do indeed enlarge the circle of our ideas, for they carry us back to primeval days, and the first separation of the

* We conclude our remarks on this subject by quoting the opinion given on a somewhat similar case by Mr. Leitch Ritchie,—himself a writer of great elegance, and of whom it may justly be said "*nihil teltigt quod non ornarit*." It occurs in a review by him of Leigh Hunt's Autobiography:—"Sir Walter Scott's being 'the least quotable for sententiousness, or wit, or any other memorable brevity, in the whole circle of illustrious writers,' is not a defect in his literary character, as Mr. Hunt seems to consider it. Scott was an artist—that is the whole secret. His efforts were directed, not to minute points of the picture, but to the general effect. He was more a writer of epics than of epigrams. The very rapidity with which he wrote shows his possession of the subject, while it necessarily involves a want of attention to the finish and nicety of details." There is more of the epigrammatic and antithetic in Alison than in Scott; yet Mr. Ritchie's remarks on the great novelist's style aptly corroborate our opinion in regard to the historian's.

different races of mankind upon earth. For what said the Most High in that auspicious moment, when the eagle first sported in the returning sunbeam—when the dove brought back the olive branch to a guilty and expiring world, and the 'robe of beams was woven in the sky which first spoke peace to man?'—'God shall increase Japhet, and he shall dwell in the tents of Shem, and Canaan shall be his servant.' God has multiplied Japhet, and well and nobly has he performed his destiny. After conquering in the Roman legions the ancient world—after humanizing the barbarism of antiquity by the power of the Roman sway and the influence of the Roman law, the '*audax Iapeti genus*' has transmitted to modern times the glorious inheritance of European freedom. After having conquered in the British Navy the empire of the seas, it has extended to the utmost verge of the earth the influence of humanized manners, and bequeathed to future ages the far more glorious inheritance of British colonization.

"But mark the difference in the action of the descendants of Japhet—the European race—upon the fortunes of mankind, from the influence of that Religion to which the Roman Empire was the mighty pioneer. The Roman legions conquered only by the sword; fire and bloodshed attended their steps. It was said by our own ancestors, on the hills of Caledonia, that they gave peace only by establishing a solitude—'*ubi solitudinem faciunt, pacem appellant*.' The British colonists now set out with the olive branch, not the sword, in their hand; with the cross, not the eagle, on their banners. They bring not war and devastation, but peace and civilization around their steps; and the track of their chariot-wheels is followed, not by the sighs of a captive, but by the blessings of a renovated world.

"'He shall dwell,' says the prophecy, 'in the tents of Shem.' Till these times that prophecy has not been accomplished: the descendants of Shem—the Asiatic race, still hold the fairest portion of the earth; and the march of civilization, like the path of the sun, has hitherto been from east to west. From the plains of Shinar to the Isles of Greece—from the Isles of Greece to the hills of Rome—from the hills of Rome to the shores of Britain—from the shores of Britain to the wilds of America, the progress of civilization has been steadily in one direction, and it has never reverted to the land of its birth. Is, then, this progress destined to be perpetual? Is the tide of civilization to roll only to the foot of the Rocky Mountains, and is the sun of knowledge to set at last in the waves of the Pacific? No, the mighty day of four thousand years is drawing to its close; the sun of humanity has performed its destined course; but long ere its setting rays are extinguished in the west, its ascending beams have glittered on the isles of the eastern seas. We stand on the verge of the great revolution of time—the descendants of Japhet are about to dwell in the tents of Shem—civilization is returning to the land of its birth, and another day and another race are beginning to dawn upon the human species. Already the British arms in India have given herald of its approach, and spread into

the heart of Asia the terrors of the English name and the justness of the English rule. And now we see the race of Japhet setting forth to people the isles of the East, and the seeds of another Europe and a second England sown in the regions of the sun. But mark, gentlemen, the words of the prophecy: 'He shall dwell in the tents of Shem, and Canaan shall be his servant.' It is not said Canaan shall be his *slave*. To the Anglo-Saxon race is given the sceptre of the globe; but there is not given the lash of the slave-driver, or the rack of the executioner. The East will not be stained by the same atrocities as the West; the frightful gangrene of an enslaved race is not to mar the destinies of the family of Japhet in the Oriental world. Humanizing, not destroying, as they advance; uniting with, not enslaving, the inhabitants with whom they dwell, the British race may be improved in vigor and capacity in the Eastern hemisphere, and the emigrants whom we see around us may become the progenitors of a race destined to exceed the glories of European civilization, as much as they have outstripped the wonders of ancient enterprise. Views such as these arise unbidden at such a moment as the present, and they promise to realize the beautiful anticipations formed forty years ago by the Bard of Hope—the Poet-Laureate of New Zealand—who appears, in this instance, to have been almost inspired by the spirit of prophecy:—

" 'Come, bright Improvement! in the car of Time,
And rule the spacious world from clime to clime;
Thy handmaid, Art, shall every wild explore,
Trace every wave, and culture every shore.
On Zealand's hills, where tigers steal along,
And the dread Indian chants a dismal song;
Where human fiends on midnight errands walk,
And bathe in brains the murderous tomahawk;
There shall the flocks on thymy pastures stray,
And shepherds dance at summer's opening day;
Each wandering genius of the lonely glen
Shall start to view the glittering haunts of men,
And silence mark on woodland heights around
The village curfew as it tolls profound.'"

There is a striking resemblance in many places between the style of Alison and that of Dr. Croly. Particularly when comparing the essays of these gifted writers which adorn the pages of the periodical press (thus composed under similar circumstances), we find in both the same rhetorical rhythm, the same earnestness and fervor, the same telling use of antithesis; and in both we see a peculiar elevation of mind and grandeur of ideas, ever guided by the light of Divine Revelation. Nay, even in things military a common sympathy unites them. The brilliant author of "Salathiel" glows with animation while depicting the iron progress and matchless skill of the Roman Legionaries; and never does he appear to greater advantage than when

his narrative rings with the clash of spear and morion, with the shock of charging squadrons and the roar of red artillery. It is ever so with chivalric and enthusiastic minds. Alison and Croly, Scott, Aytoun, and Macaulay,—men trained to peace from their youth upwards, and warm and gentle in heart as philanthropy could desire,—have never been surpassed in martial composition, and exhibit the fire of the soldier as remarkably as even the distinguished military annalist of the Peninsular War.* There is a dread majesty in war which fascinates their spirits. It stands before them, clothed, indeed, in terrors, but still the grandest embodiment of Power and Genius that ever stalked over earth—the arena on which heroism and self-devotion are forced into their noblest forms. Moreover, they were born or grew up within its purple shadow, and it has left its tint on the many-colored tablets of their hearts.

But images in greater frequency and beauty start up before the mind of Dr. Croly. He is not only a poet in heart, but a poet developed; he not only feels the principles of beauty within him, but he has found the endless counterparts of them in the external world of nature and of man; and no sooner does his soul see beauty than his eye beholds a physical form that can illustrate the viewless emotion. We find no great variety of imagery in Mr. Alison. He seems to have made a vocabulary of similes and illustrations when he first began the literary career; and the objects which then presented themselves to his mind as types of his ideas, have now become so blended with those ideas, that no sooner does the one rise to his mind than it calls up by association the other also. He is never *recherché* in his imagery; often striking, his similes are always plain; he picks them up instinctively as he hurries along, and uses them not for their beauty, but for perspicacity and force. His use of figurative language (a little excessive, by-the-by, in the first editions of his *History*) frequently reminds one of Homer. As in the epic bard of Greece, the figures are always apt and unlabored, with little variety—the same figures recurring whenever similar ideas are expressed. Figurative expressions abound, curt similes are frequent, and he often quotes remarkable sayings of remarkable men with the happiest effect; but he never shows any tendency to allegorical writing, or to that species of anecdotal illustration, which—

* "Essays," vol. ii. pp. 672-674.

* Lieutenant-Colonel Napier, whose exquisite battle-scenes must be familiar to our readers.

sometimes quaint and apt, sometimes degenerating into lifeless conceits—is often beautiful, but never vigorous. He is too earnest for it. It does admirably in light literature, but is rather out of place in elevated works, where dignity and earnestness are expected by the reader. A man who has time to hunt for conceits or *recherché* analogies, cannot be much impressed with his subject; and whenever an author is in *sang froid*, so is his reader.

The best excuse for any blemishes in Mr. Alison's writings is, perhaps, the true one: he has little time to polish his details. He has a legacy of original thought to bequeath; he feels within him a fountain of fresh thoughts ever gushing impatiently to flow forth into the light of day, and it is to set free these fountains that he writes. We do not say that he is impelled by an irresistible desire to benefit his fellow-men, for we believe that there is more of grandiloquence than of truth in such phrases. By a beautiful law of Providence, the means most conducive to the happiness of our race are precisely those which best confer happiness on the individual: each one most effectually promotes the well-being of the species when he discharges his duty to himself, when he acts in accordance with the lofty tendencies of his nature. It is to satisfy the immortal essence within, that all great men write and act in the world. All high genius is impelled outwards; it demands to take form, to go forth into the world, irrespective of consequences, irrespective of whether it be smiled or frowned on, whether it be hailed as a prophet or derided as a dreamer. To take form and go forth is ever its imperious desire: the inner voice is only hushed by the exit of the crier. Let no Utilitarian, proud of a false system, let no Materialist, glorying in his deadening creed, preach to the Poet that he is deluded, and that he would do better to spin calico and win gold, than weave, amid solitude and neglect, the rainbow fancies that flit in mingled storm and sunshine through his soul. Genius cares not for the offerings of Earth or the meed of Mammon: the siren voice of the world cannot reach him amid the music of the spheres; the paltry Present shrinks away before a deathless Eternity. There is a heavenly idol shrined in his heart; and at the sight of its beauty, at the call of its spirit voice, all other fascination is forgotten. It is as real and far less perishable, as enthralling and far more noble an entity for him, than the golden calf that wins the worship of the worldling. It is no fiction, that

ery of the spirit to be born into the world. Sit down by yonder couch, where early Genius is dying, and behold the melancholy that clouds that young brow. Whence comes it? He is leaving no dear ones behind; his existence has been made happy rather by the mind and soul that gave him, than by the sweet links of human life or the world's smile. Yet a shadow is resting on the warm springs of life, and it is another hand than Death's is chilling them; the fountains of youth are troubled, but not at the coming Spectre of the Grave. He tells you that he sees within a world of bright forms that no eye but his has ever beheld; that he deemed it the mission of his life to paint that lovely spirit-land in fadeless colors; but that now he is passing vainly away, that the sights and sounds of that fair world are vanishing even from him, and that, when his eye is quenched, they will fall back into the void, and pass irrecoverably away, like a forgotten dream.

Grand and original in his conceptions, knowing that it is in the possession of these that he differs from other men, and that it is such basis alone that makes fame buoyant above the floods of time, Alison is negligent of details. His whole strength is centred on his ideas. It is to give them that he writes. Enthusiastic in spirit, confident in his powers, he plunges into his subject as a war-horse leaps into the mêlée; and a flood of ideas, and energy unfailing, bears him unfaltering through. Yet what a marvelous beauty in those sentences! Expletives may be heaped, repetitions oft recurring; yet the effect of the whole is in the highest degree charming. Vivid in idea, dramatic in delineation, poetic in temperament, he rivets and enchants the mind of his reader, and hurries him along as if through the pages of romance. Once warmed in his subject, his eloquence is irresistible; the tide of oratory bears the reader ceaselessly onwards. Earnestness is the great power for moving the hearts of men; it is earnestness that makes thought contagious; it is this which constitutes the magnetic power of public speaking. When Kemble, on being asked what he thought of the elder Kean, answered, "Sir, he is terribly in earnest," he not only correctly discerned the source of that fiery actor's influence over his audience, but proclaimed the key to success in all the arts that aim at moving the heart of man. Alison is always in earnest. The reader feels in a moment that not a word of that admiration, of that censure, of that warning, of that counsel, but

comes from the writer's heart. His sentences are not constructed with the careful elegance so enchanting in some gifted writers, where every thought is polished ere it is placed in its setting,—still less with that dead beauty, where poverty of thought strives to conceal itself under perfection of form. But there is a *life* in his writings, such as no others can rival; the result of a gifted, original mind, conscious of its powers, and pouring forth its thoughts fresh as they flow from their fountains of beauty, ardent and glowing as the lava from its source of fire. In his warnings to kings, rulers, people, you seem to listen to the voice of a prophet; in the enthusiasm of his eulogy, in the fervid eloquence of his perorations, you hear his heart speaking.

Although no stranger to the sciences of matter, intimately conversant with the life of nature and the heart of man, Mr. Alison never enters on the domain of pure science. His mind possesses the clear-seeing powers of logic, as is manifest in his delicate unraveling of the web of history, and tracing to their source the complex causes which originate the revolutions of nations. But his cast of thought is heroic, not material; it is less logical than poetic; or rather, the logical process in his mind is lost to view under the superimposed beauty of imagination. This union of opposite qualities, rare in second rate men, seems to be almost universal in minds of the highest order. Napoleon, that most wonderful of men, was a proficient in the exact sciences, yet every thought sprang from his lips in the fervid colors of poetry. His was the soul of Asia linked to the intellect of Europe; his language burned with the intensity of his thoughts; and his bulletins, his speeches, his conversations resembled less the language and ideas of real life than the fervid declamation and glowing images of the drama. Genius, says Dr. Johnson, is great natural parts accidentally turned to some particular pursuit, and can be directed at will to any others. The general voice of history, and the closer testimony of biography, confirm the remark. Michael Angelo was poet, painter, sculptor, architect, and in all sublime; painting and architecture, poetry and philosophy, met in Leonardo da Vinci; mathematics, wit, and imagination were equally developed in Pascal; Cæsar would have been great in anything; Napoleon was unrivaled in the cabinet, as in the field; Wellington, pre-eminently the first soldier of our times, has declared that his natural turn was for civil affairs—and any one acquainted

with his career, from the governorship of Mysore downwards, will own that he did not miscalculate his administrative powers. A perusal of the writings of Alison, and still more, we doubt not, a personal knowledge of their author, would leave one in hesitation as to what is his peculiar talent. If any one department of thought hold a more prominent place in his writings than others, this is rather an indication of its superiority in general interest and importance, than of any restrictive predilection in the author himself. War, politics, and the fine arts—the last especially, a world in itself—he seems equally at home in them all; and he discusses with equal gusto and ability the “breaking of the line,” the principles of the drama, or the basis of a constitution. There can be little doubt that, had his career permitted of it, he would have left a high name in the annals of war. His military bent, as well as his military talent, is conspicuous in almost every chapter of his History. Admirable in his criticisms on strategy, he is not unknowing in the minuter science of tactics. Heroic in heart, chivalrous in spirit, he has in him the lofty daring of the Paladins of Charlemagne; of undaunted moral courage (still rarer gift), he would have stood like Wellington at Torres Vedras, alone amid a sea of difficulties, unshaken beneath a load of responsibility. His fine person, tall and herculean, is made for command; and he possesses those advantages of nature, and gallantry of bearing, which never fail to sway the minds and win the hearts of the soldiery.

Like all men who have durably left a name in the annals of serious literature, Mr. Alison has immense powers of application. The mere reading he has gone through, exclusive of study and note-taking, appears to an ordinary person incredible. Two thousand volumes, and two-thirds of these in a foreign language, were the basis upon which he reared his great History; and the information on other subjects which he exhibits in his miscellaneous writings is not less extraordinary. Politics and history, novels and poetry, the drama and the arts, alike engage his attention. Every master-piece of antiquity has been scanned by him—every remarkable continental work undergoes his scrutiny. The literature of the day, the newspaper presses of France and England, of America and the Colonies, are ready to illustrate or corroborate his statements; and in his hands trade-circulars, blue-books, and parliamentary returns become eloquent from the truths they unfold. With the eye and

the ease of genius, he instantaneously detects the results to which they point, and singles out at once from a mass of rubbish what will be of use to him afterwards. Regarding the varied monuments of his talents and industry at one time, we might fancy that his whole leisure from his professional duties was devoted to the classics of Greece and Rome, to the master-pieces of English, French, and Italian literature, or to the exclusive study of the fine arts; then again we see him, his great work uppermost in his mind, solely bent on history and the politics of nations; once more he seems to be wholly engrossed with the monthly and quarterly journals, and the daily emanations of the British and Continental press. Despite his official and literary engagements, he ever keeps abreast of the times, and is master of every subject as it rises into notice—almost, indeed, before it assumes a definite form. It is this immense general knowledge, joined to his candor and independence, which gives such great weight to his writings. It imparts a universality to his mind, before which prejudice cannot stand; and, seconded by a capacious mind, it gives a grandeur and variety to his conceptions, unrivaled by any other writer. Yet there is nothing of the look of the hard student about him. His handsome face and person are redolent of vigorous health, and his air and manners tell rather of the world of fashion than of the seclusion of the study.

The art of criticism, which first sprang up in this country about half a century ago, may be said to have reached its highest perfection in Professor Wilson. Minute, marvelously searching and profound, and lightening the profundity of his reflections by a vein of the most genial humor—rivaling Jeffrey in delicacy, transcending him immeasurably in genius, originality, and power—that extraordinary man unites the loveliness of a poet's heart and fancy to the subtle analysis of the moral philosopher. His criticism, which restricts itself to art as depicted in literature, is of the widest range, from a single word or phrase up to the general character of a whole work. Often, with the brevity and brilliance which none but a poet may aspire to, he presents the essence or spirit of a work in a few sentences of exquisite beauty; condensing the grand ideas, the airy thoughts of the author, into statue-like forms, the offspring of his own poetic creation. But it is minute criticism, it is brilliant analysis, that is his peculiar province: it is in his essay on "Byron's Address to the Ocean," or on the time of Shakspeare's tragedies, that his *modus*

operandi is most characteristic: and in this no one can approach his throne. He stands without a rival, at home or abroad; he reigns supreme as King of Critics.

In the writings of Alison, we behold another range, another style. He criticises the arts of color and form as well as the creations of literature. The poet and the sculptor, the painter and the dramatist, the architect and the historian, stand side by side in his pages; and grand analogies are drawn, with exquisite discernment into character, between kindred professors of different arts. Thus, one magnificent essay is devoted to Homer, Dante, and Michael Angelo; another to Virgil, Tasso, and Raphael; in which admirable portraiture of these artists are given, and the genius characterizing each group is shown to be homogeneous. The largeness of view habitual to Alison disqualifies him for minute criticism, or at least makes it distasteful to him. With second-rate artists he never meddles—he reserves his power exclusively for intellects of the highest order; and it is to the essence alone, not to the accidents, of their works that his criticism is directed. Fancy a spectator standing at sunrise on the summit of the Brenner, or on one of the loftier heights of the Swiss or Tyrolean Alps. He overlooks the valleys and lesser heights that lie in dusk below, and fixes his gaze on the mountain-peaks that tower above their fellows, and which already the golden sun is lighting up like beacons for the world to gaze at. He is too far off to number the cascades that sparkle on their slopes, to criticise the varied hues of the woodlands, the fantastic cliffs, or the picturesque details of the dells. But he looks at their grand forms, their broad lights and shadows, their masses of coloring; and he compares one glittering peak with another, and points out the different qualities which excite or impair our admiration. It is thus that Alison uses his critical powers: in criticism, as in everything else, it is largeness of style that characterizes him.

In variety, his essays surpass any others with which we are acquainted. Politics, from the dawn of history downwards; history, in every age and country; painting, mediæval and modern; architecture, from ancient Athens to modern London; poetry, in all its masterpieces; the drama, in all its ages; and last, not least, the fascinations of the stage—the splendid but fleeting triumphs of the tragedian. All these subjects he treats with exquisite freshness of thought and simplicity of manner. The merest tyro can understand

his criticism; for it is based on no conventionalisms or subtle system, but on the feelings of the heart—on principles common to all mankind. "No man," says Augustus Schlegel, "can be a true critic or connoisseur, without universality of mind, without that flexibility which enables him to adapt himself to the peculiarities of other ages and nations, and, what ennobles human nature, to recognize and duly appreciate whatever is beautiful and grand under the external accessories which were necessary to its embodying, even though occasionally they may seem to disguise and distort it."

This universality and flexibility are possessed by Alison. He does not set out with a Procrustean code, by which to gauge the varying works of art: we behold his principles growing under our eye, building themselves up in simple grandeur. Of course, from the nature of the Essays, his art-principles cannot be found assembled and arranged in any one place; they must be sought for through a dozen different articles; but even the greatest economist of time will have no reason to regret the extended perusal. He takes the monuments of art that have pleased men in all ages, he shows us the causes of that universal admiration, and presents, as deductions, the general principles of art.

Standing already on the pedestal of fame, Alison has not yet reached the zenith of his renown. Great reputations require time to ripen. Prejudices of old opinion, the jealousy of contemporaries, the passions of the multitude, ever veil for awhile the full blaze of a great man's glory; but from all these disturbing influences opinion is freed by the lapse of time. "The grave," says Alison, speaking of the fame of the mighty dead, and unconsciously foreshadowing his own,— "the grave is the greatest of all purifiers. Literary jealousy, interested partiality, vulgar applause, exclusive favor, alike disappear before the hand of Death. We never can be sufficiently distrustful of present opinion, so largely is it directed by passion or interest. But we may rely with confidence on the judgment of successive generations on departed eminence; for it is detached from the chief causes of present aberration. So various are the prejudices, so contradictory the partialities and predilections of men, in different countries and ages of the world, that they never can concur through a course of centuries in one opinion, unless it is founded in truth and justice. The *vox populi* is often little more than the *vox diaboli*; but the voice of ages is the voice of God."

LITERARY PENSIONS.—Her Majesty has been pleased to grant a pension of 100*l.* a year to Mr. John Payne Collier, the editor of Shakspeare and author of the "History of the English Stage." The warrant is dated the 30th of last month, and expressly mentions that the pension is given "in consideration of his literary merits." Few men have done more than Mr. Collier for the illustration of our Elizabethan literature, and of the lives of the many worthies of the great period of English poetry.

We are glad, too, to see it stated that some trifling addition has been made to the paltry pittance granted by Government to the widow of Lieut. Waghorn, in recognition of the

distinguished services of her late husband. The Committee for the management of the Bombay Steam Fund have, it is said, presented her with a Government annuity of 25*l.* out of the unappropriated balance of the funds in their hands. This fund was constituted by the proceeds of a public subscription, at Bombay, in 1833, for the purpose of promoting the great object of steam communication with England, and the amount raised has been appropriated, from time to time, in accordance with that design. The station houses for the overland route across the Desert were constructed by these means. This is a most fitting appropriation of the remaining surplus.

From Sharpe's Magazine.

THE STORY OF MARIA FORSTER.

AN INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF JEAN PAUL.

THOSE who are familiar with the history of the first French Revolution, will remember that, among the distinguished and amiable persons who fell by the guillotine, was a brave German gentleman named *Forster*. He had hailed the beginning of the Revolution as the dawn of a new and glorified era of humanity, and stood by what he deemed a noble cause, till he saw the last spark of nobleness expire in the black ashes of the "Reign of Terror." It is he who compares this grand convulsion to "an explosion and new creation of the world," but likens the actors in it, as they busily buzzed about him, to a mere "handfull of flies" (*handvoll Mücken*). Falling under the suspicions of the "ruling powers," he indignantly disdained to avail himself of the means of flight that were secretly held out to him by his friends; and thus, after sacrificing country, and kindred, and fortune, and everything else that was dear to him, he had also to yield up his life as the last contribution he could offer to the holy cause of liberty:—that liberty which, at its advent, came in the guise and glory of a god, but which afterwards took the shape of a raging and destroying fiend, and swept across the land, consuming everywhere its most devoted worshippers.

After his death, his widow retired with her children, to nurse her sorrows amidst the splendid scenery of the Rhine. Here, from earliest infancy, her two daughters were familiarized with the glowing forms of mountains, with forests, and streams, and waterfalls, and all the brilliant fascinations that appertain to nature in her grandest shapes. This wondrous scenery, the memory of the father's death, and the high-minded instructions of their mother, fostered in the daughters an impassioned love of solitude, and excited in one of them an enthusiasm of disposition which in the end became fatal to her peace. With everything about her to

intoxicate the imagination, and with little of grave reality to balance it by cultivating the more sober faculties, Maria (as we believe, the elder,) came indeed to live in an utterly ideal element, which she fancifully peopled with heroic beings, selected chiefly from the immortals of the ancient world, though a few of the more exalted moderns were admitted to the like distinction. With these phantoms of the mind she held a lofty converse; reading continually the records of their noble thoughts, and drawing, along with the lessons of wisdom and of beauty which they offered her, some taint of a too extravagant veneration for the memories or persons of the writers. Not the less, however, did she devote herself with exact fidelity to all her filial and domestic duties; nor did she entirely avoid the society around her, or withdraw herself in disdain from all communication with common minds. On the contrary, she was ever ready to rejoice where there was gladness, and to sympathize with all the sorrowful; to participate, in short, in all the interests and affections in the midst of which she lived. Yet, when her daily rounds of work or of amusement had been finished, when the cares of the day were over, and night had covered all things with her dark and quiet mantle, she would turn with longing and with ecstasy to her beloved books, and sit for long hours in rapt communion with the spirits that spoke to her through their pages.

At this time the writings of Richter had become the general delight of Germany. Maria, when but a child of ten years old, had read some of them with a wondering and innocent admiration, and, with childlike enthusiasm, had written him a letter, expressing her thankfulness for the pleasure he had thus given her. As she grew up to womanhood, he became the ideal of everything in man that she had ever dreamed of or imagined. As he stood revealed to her

in the tender and sentimental portions of his works, her imagination arrayed him with the grandest attributes; in him she saw the purest and holiest of men, a noble saint, a new redeemer, who alone could bear her over the waves and passions of this fretful life, and charm to rest and peacefulness her young but agitated heart. Then came over her the desire to be near him, to live in some relation in his presence, and to hold with him a closer spiritual and personal communion. So, in her thirteenth year, she wrote to him again, and said: "Is it not too bold—dare I write to the dearest friend of man, and call him my father? Ah, I shall perhaps never see him whom I have to thank for so much, for the dearest benefits, the most elevated truths, all the good that excites my imitation, and a whole eternity that has opened before my soul. When I think on your infinite goodness, I burst into tears, and my heart is filled with blessings for you. This firm faith in you is a blessing of which no man can rob me. You will ask, perhaps, who it is that speaks thus boldly to you? But I am only a little girl; so little, that I need not mention my name. Ah, were I grown up, as I shall be, neither land nor sea should prevent me from *once* in my life seeing him who has long held the place of a father in my heart. But my own faults, and intervening relations, hold me back; and I would not trust myself to write one word to you, if I did not hope to deserve your indulgence and pardon for my wishes." She further told him that her whole life was a continual "striving after goodness," and yet expressed herself distressed at the little progress she could make, owing, as she believed, to her defect of talent, rather than to any want of inward truthfulness or sincerity. Her highest wish, for the present, was to deserve the esteem of the good Richter, and to enjoy the satisfaction of having him once to call her *daughter*.

As she grew older, Maria still continued to write, closing every letter with an ardent wish to visit her admired author. The first portion of this latter correspondence expressed only a longing for a mere spiritual union, deferring the hope of its fulfillment to that future world for which she earnestly prepared her soul. But at length her letters betrayed a desire to unite her being in some sort with the object of her veneration, to partake of the blessedness which she believed would spring from a living relationship with him, and she even signified her impatience for a more intimate connection. With-

out ever having seen the man, she had become madly in love with him; or rather in love with her own ideal—the extravagant conception which represented him in her imagination. As she became aware of this, and her eyes were opened to the strangeness of her longings, she was overwhelmed with the bitterest confusion at the wildness of her dreams. It seemed as with impious presumption she had stretched forth her hands to touch the sacred ark of genius, and now the invisible guardian of the ark would fiercely strike her dead! Hitherto her letters had been all anonymous, but the day after making a virtual acknowledgment of her passion, she wrote another letter with her name, imploring to be forgiven for the impatience of the last, and retracting the tender announcement it contained, though, by the confusion of her language, in fact repeating both. Still other letters followed in quick succession, wherein she strove in vain to conceal the conflict that was laying waste her moral nature; for while she prayed him to forget her, she still held fast the hope of being admitted to his presence.

While her letters were anonymous, of course none of them were answered. But now she waited in burning impatience for some reply. Day by day she waited; rising every morning in a flush of expectation, which was daily dissipated, like the gilded dews, or as the brilliant cloud-pictures that heralded the rising sun. In her excited mind she found no explanations for delay; she reckoned not the distance, the interruption of the post by the war-disturbed condition of the country, the literary labors of her friend, or the many possibilities that lie between the reception and the answer to a letter. One sole thought took possession of her mind—the thought that she was dispised by the most revered of men; that where she had looked for sympathy and healing she had found only unmerited contempt. All this pressed with an intolerable weight on her soul. In the bitterness of her pangs she knew no rest. Like "Mariana in the moated grange—"

"Her tears fell with the dews at even;
Her tears fell ere the dews were dried;
She could not look on the sweet heaven,
Either at morn or eventide.
She only said, 'my life is dreary,
He cometh not,' she said;
She said 'I am weary, weary,
I would that I were dead.'"

Her self-torturing spirit was persuaded that in death only was peace. Accordingly, in

the twilight of a May morning, she stole out of the house, and went with a fearful purpose to the river. The unrisen sun was sending forth his earliest messengers of light, and in the east they were strewing his path with splendors. The misty earth sent up her exhalations of mild incense, in mute worship of the brilliant power that was coming to make her glorious. The forms of the old mountains were clothed with mystic majesty, and, all around, the trees and flowers were still and solemn in their beauty. But the troubled eye saw little, and that dimly, of all that various spectacle; saw only the glimmering river, in whose cold and liquid arms she was longing to be hushed in final rest. Yet she looked round on the home where her mother was still sleeping, and which now the first sun-rays were just touching with a modest glory; and the thought of the inconsolable sorrow which she was about to bring upon that dear and widowed mother suddenly came over her, and made her waver in her purpose. And now her sister, who had all night long unobservedly been witness of Maria's agony, and had secretly followed her with fearful apprehensions, sprang with painful solicitude to her side, and saved her from her despair. Not yet was she fated to visit the dark kingdoms where the weary seek for quietness. They walked home in silence from the river's brink, and when calmer moments of reflection came, Maria resolved firmly never more to peril her mother's peace by any similar deed of rashness, or in any way to leave her while she lived.

Shortly afterwards, the long expected letter arrived from Richter. He said:—

"Your four letters from a good but over-excited heart have been received. I guessed the name, and so did a friend of mine, in the first hour. Your noble, departed father is worthy of so good a daughter. But as the earth did not reward him, may he now, when he looks down upon his daughter, be rewarded by seeing her full of a pure ardor for goodness and virtue. He would speak to her thus:—'May a good man receive my dear Maria as a daughter, and be to her a *spiritual* father. He will calm her excitement with a kindness and indulgence that cannot be imagined; he will tell her that in actual life, especially in marriage, the strength of passion in women, *even innocent violence*, has been the thorns and daggers upon which happiness has fallen and bled; that the mightiest and holiest of men, even Christ, was all gentleness, mildness, and peace. He will tell her she may soar with the wings of the *spirit*, but with the outward limbs must she only walk. She may kindle a holy fire in her heart, but must not *act* till the fire has become a pure light to guide her.' I also, who speak to you in the name of

your own father, desire such for my dear Maria, and will be that father to her. Your dream to come to me, you have, on awaking, laid aside. Leave your mother? Never! I shall more probably go to you than you come here. I and my wife both love you, and greet you kindly. Remain always good, my daughter."

To this letter Maria answered gratefully, and forwarded, at the same time, a note she had written the night before the attempted suicide, in which she had entreated Richter to look upon her as one departed, since she could not endure to live under the thought of his contempt. He, on his part, was alarmed and shocked at the recklessness to which the choice between life and death seemed so indifferent. It seemed that the affair was growing ominously serious. However, after a short time, he wrote again:—

"The abundance of what I have to say to you, of which much should go only from the lips to the ear, and my want of time, have delayed my answers to your last letters. The first that you wrote to me after my answer has shaken me more than any calamity for many years; for had it not been for an apparent accident, you would have thrown a frightful death-shadow over the whole of my future life. You should see my coffer of letters, of which, at the best I have not, for want of time, answered one-sixth part, and between me and my best friends there is often a delay of months. Your first four letters truly animated me. I saw in them only a rare exalted love, and a glowing soul, but not a single line unworthy of you or of me, and I answered them with more interest and joy than I usually express. You demanded the answers only too hastily, too punctually. Might I then not have journeyed, or been sick, or dead, or absent, or engaged in business? The fearful step that you would on that account have taken, I must, notwithstanding the strength of mind it betrays, condemn most severely; but never let there be mention of it between us. Besides, I wish you on your own account, and on mine, to show my two letters to your good mother, whose most painful sorrows I know well how to imagine. You think much too well of me as a man. No author can be as moral as his works, as no preacher is as pious as his sermons. Write to me in future very often of all that is nearest your heart, either of joy or sorrow. You will thus relieve your mind of what rests upon it. You have become, by a peculiar bond, more knit to my life than any other absent acquaintance,—only draw not false conclusions from my long silence. Very delightful to me will be our first meeting. May you be happy, my child; may these apparently only slightly and calmly written words rejoice, and not confuse or wound your heart."

After the reception of this letter, a pensive calmness seemed to settle on the troubled

brow. Maria sought to subdue her restlessness, and to sustain her soul in a state of pensive quietude. This, however, lasted but a little while. The poison of a never-to-be-satisfied and hopeless passion was circulating in the vital currents of her life, and could not be expelled. In the gloomy hour when she resolved on self-destruction, she had discovered, or suspected, that her inclination towards Richter was more than a girlish reverence; that it demanded a warmer and more welcome love than that of father or of friend; and, therefore, seeing that she could not, without dishonor, cherish this unhappy passion, she came to a resolution never to see him who was its object, and bound herself with a solemn vow not again to indulge the wish of meeting.

With this feeling she wrote to him:—

"The only honorable way that can lead me to the heart for which I so long, is the grave. You will never be seen by me on this earth, for I love you too much, therefore write to me something consoling; tell the poor Maria that you will love her when we meet beyond this world. She can think of no joy in heaven, if there, as here, she is divided from the only soul through which she lives. Never again write me a letter so full of wisdom as the first, but rather one in which there is nothing but a lock of your hair; and be assured I will not cease to write till you tell me you have sent it willingly, and with the consent of your good wife also, for I deserve it, and would give half my hopes of happiness for it. I have no greeting for you from my mother, highly as she esteems Jean Paul, as neither she nor any one knows to whom I write, nor anything of the whole history. For, as she asked me *at that time*, 'wherefore I would tear myself from her,' I promised her never to leave her, if she would ask me no questions. She cannot know how resolute I am, nor yet again how unreserved, and that it is my dearest happiness that Jean Paul has taken me for his adopted child. Ah, my father, only love me and be happy."

To an unromantic reader, the request of a "lock of hair" from a man about fifty years of age, may seem to have a shade of the ridiculous. Nevertheless, to poor Maria it was quite a precious gift. In her unhappy state of mind, this innocent memorial of a beloved head promised the tenderest consolation, and, in her esteem, would have a value utterly transcendent. She believed, apparently, that it would be one of the profoundest of satisfactions to her heart. It is true that, like a stream of oil, it might be likely to quicken rather than soothe the flames on which it was cast; yet, in her extreme yearning to quell her vast excitement, she might

even think that this would yield her some relief. The cold untroubled sense of man or woman must not too closely scan the dreams and longings of a distracted mind. Richter, for his part, did not, as yet, know how passionately she loved him; and, therefore, regarding her desire for his hair as a merely innocent and romantic whim, he good-naturedly complied with it; writing, at the same time, with a playful allusion to his scanty possession of the article.

"The lock," said he that my wife has just cut from my bald pate, is the best answer to your letter. Be not anxious, I pray you, that I should let your letters, written as they will, be misunderstood to your disadvantage. I understand your warm, idealizing heart, and its great power: how, then, shall the words of a moment make me err? What I complain of is, that the sun-heat of your mind ripens too soon, or rather scorches and dries up its sweet fruit. Your vow never to see me comes to nothing, (now comes sermonizing, which you have forbidden,) for, in the first place, one cannot vow for others; and, secondly, we vow only to do what is good, and leave the bad; and this vow we bring with us into the world in the form of conscience, and no newer oath can contradict it. Another thing, to swear to avoid a certain city, or a certain man, without reason, is to seek to control Providence; and, finally, your vow does not extend to me, and I shall see you whenever I can. No; I paint to myself the hour when you will first see my Caroline and my children, and then me, and I shall also see all your friends. You are the only invisible correspondent to whom I write so unreservedly, and send my hair. Could I do it if I had not so much esteem for you, and so much confidence that you would do much more for me than I deserve, or can ever repay? Would you only not err when from business or necessity I am silent to your letters. Do not torment yourself, for your pain is doubled in me.

P. S.—I have much cause to wish that you should tell *all* to your mother and sister, and find in their confidential love no occasion for opposition."

The result of this, perhaps, too kind and tender letter was far otherwise than Richter had expected. The words so gently admonitory seemed, in Maria's view, to justify the fond belief that he was disposed to sanction and return her passion.

"He loves me!" she whispered frantically to herself; he promises to seek me; nay, he even declares that he *suffers* on my account."

And again the hope, the burning fierce desire to see him, arose and raged within her; though, as one has said, "the veil of holy innocence lay upon her," and in less enraptured moments she was troubled with a fear that, in her communications with the be-

loved, she had passed the delicate bounds of womanly reserve; and this again distracted her. From the tone of her many letters, Richter observed, with deep anxiety, the terrific tempest in her soul, and, seeing that he could not calm it, he prudently left off writing. Then the poor bewildered girl began to see her error, and with heart-broken repentance wrote to him, promising to be again only a child, a loving child, who would look up to him as a kindly father who should guide her wandering feelings along the steadfast paths of goodness. After this Richter wrote to her again:—

"I have received your last six letters regularly, but not always actually without the seals broken.* . . . Your last three letters were welcome to me, as they again beautifully spake of the only possible relation that can exist between us—that of a father and a daughter; a relation in which your first letters enchanted me, and which has hitherto remained unchanged on my part. In this relation alone I ventured to love you so deeply, to send you the lock of my hair, to give you my confidence, and to oppose your incomprehensible scruples to our meeting. The word father is, for a father, no less than the word daughter, a sacred and holy word—dearer than all other words! Why do you imagine me troubled? I am happy with my children and my Caroline, and as truly beloved by them as they are by me. The sciences are my heaven. Why then should I be unhappy, except at these diastrous times, when all the nations of Europe bleed? Your unreserve gives me no pain; at least, unless you feel it yourself; on the contrary, it gives me only joy. You idolize me too much, instead of following my counsels. I shall, therefore, offer you no more advice, so well do I know the female heart, especially the souls of fire to which you belong. Send me, instead of letters that I have not time to answer, rather journals of your life, your family, your little experiences. May it be well with you, dear daughter, and the gentle spirit of love, without that of fire, fill your breast."

In soliciting her "little experiences," Richter apparently wished to divert the gloomy intensity of feeling under which she was suffering, into a channel in which it should have harmless play; to suggest to her, indeed, an interesting *occupation*, whereby she might record her personal history, and exhibit her excited feelings, in the shape of some real or imaginary narrative, which, by the time and labor needed for its elaboration, would possibly prevent her from dwelling too exclusively upon the remorses and distractions of the hour. As it was, Maria was perpetually per-

plexing herself with new devices of self-torture; vague notions of intolerable dread arose and haunted her in solitary reveries; her being was a wilderness wherein all fearful and distressing images roamed at large in dim confusion, and where there breathed or bloomed no longer any pleasant thought or thing, but only wild and unconquerable agencies of desolation. Anchoring with long continuance by "one gloomy thought," her soul, when it strove again to brave the perils of the depths of life, was floated wide away out of the genial latitudes of hope, and was wrecked in darkness and tempest on the sandbanks of despair. It seemed to her, at last, that the image of the best and most beloved of men, which she in her idolatry had set up and consecrated in her heart, had, in the delirium of her adoration, been insufferably profaned, and she deemed that an expiation was demanded for the sin. Thus her thoughts flew back to suicide, that drear mystical gulf of desperation, of whose shores only the desperate have knowledge. Not forgetful, however, of her former vow, she determined not to sacrifice herself while her mother was still living. But the mother died, and then she believed she was at liberty to make choice of her own destiny. There was yet another tie which bound her strongly to the earth—her solitary orphan sister, who would be left without a friend. But, as if fate had predestinated and prepared her doom, a friend of the family, who had been long absent from the neighborhood, unexpectedly returned, and to him, as she conceived, she might safely leave her sister for protection.

Filled with an unquenchable anguish, with a riotous restlessness that she could not calm, she now thought she would go to the beloved, and, in meek prostration at his feet, solicit some word of hope and comfort. Yet, pondering this great adventure, she speedily recoiled from it, deeming that the meeting she desired was an impossible one on earth, and must be left for another world, where there would exist none but spiritual relations. As she could not now have hope to merge her life in unison with his, she would defer the aspiration for fulfillment to a period when worldly ties should be dissolved. Aimless, expectationless, and refusing to be comforted, she at length resolved, in her deep wretchedness, to take a clandestine flight to those invisible kingdoms of hope and dread which lie across the bridgeless stream of death. For this dark journey she prepared herself with singular deliberation. The domestic

* Richter, for some reason, wished her to understand that her letters were inspected at the Post-office.

affairs of her friend and sister were all carefully arranged; whatever she was capable of providing for their comfort was minutely and quietly provided; and when all her duties had, as she conceived, been scrupulously performed, she wrote the following final letter to Richter:

"Do not be angry, dearest father, at receiving these lines from your unfortunate Maria. My mother has been two months dead, and she will consent that I shall now follow her. She wished me to take care of my sister—that is done. *Her* happiness is secure, and I can no longer endure to live, where *mine* has so incomprehensibly failed. Ah! in the great universe of God there will yet be a place where I can recover my peace, and be as I wish. I have suffered so much! I dare to die! Ah! you will despise me as long as I live, for you will never understand how I have languished to do something for you, or for those dear to you, and how much the thought has killed me, when I learned that I could not make you happy. But despise me not so much, as not to let your children, of whom I cannot think without tears, accept a little present from me. Let them not know from whom it came. I would willingly be wholly forgotten, and, unmarked, vanish away. No one can learn my history from myself. I have burnt all books and journals. Your hair only remains on my neck, and I take it with me. Farewell, beloved father! Ah, that it must be so with me! *Oh, that it were all a dream, and that I had never written to you!* My unfortunate spirit will hover about you. Perhaps I shall be able to give you a sign, or to bring you some higher knowledge."

On the day she wrote this letter, Maria employed herself in her customary manner. In the evening she prepared the usual meal for her friend and sister, and, as the former stated afterwards, "fulfilled with graceful attention the duties of a kind and careful hostess." She arose from table to write a letter, and about eight o'clock asked her sister to sit down at the piano, embracing her, at the same moment, with warmth and agitation. She turned away from her, and threw herself on the breast of their mutual friend, saying to him, with choking voice, "*Take care of my poor sister;*" and then abruptly left the room. When she had gone, the attention of the friend and sister was attracted by the letters she had left behind: their anxiety was instantly aroused, and they hastened out in search of her. They met a multitude of people bringing back her drowned body, which a fisherman had just taken from the stream. They bore it into the nearest house, and applied the ordinary means of resuscitation. Once the unhappy girl opened her eyes for an instant, but being resolved to die,

she resisted all the efforts made for her recovery; and, although she became for a time conscious, calm, and self-possessed, she breathed her final sigh before the morning.

The intelligence was sent to Richter, along with the letter already cited, and cast a cloud over his life which it took a long time to clear away. He rejoiced, however, that he had not followed the counsels of some who had advised him to treat the unfortunate with ridicule and severity. The amiable Eliza Lee, (from whose modest and graceful "*Life of Richter*" the letters here quoted have been taken,) conceives that Jean Paul somewhat erred, nevertheless, in his treatment of this poor girl. She thinks that had he permitted her to visit him, she would probably have been cured of her unlucky passion. The sight of a man fifty years of age, with the look of a farmer more than of a poet, might have brought the bewildered damsel to her senses. "She would have found him fulfilling the duties of a good citizen, a kind father, a faithful husband; leading a prosaic life," with birds and squirrels about his house; paying rents and taxes, and butchers' and bakers' bills, like any other respectable man of civilized society; and the sight and knowledge of these things might have subdued the fever of her imagination, and taught her the bounden need of conforming her notions of men and things to the actual standard they present in every-day reality. We know not what ultimate effect such an arrangement might have produced, but it seems to us that there was at least one very strong objection to it; for however sensible and charitable a man's wife may be, (and Richter's Caroline was eminent in these respects,) it would be hardly likely to contribute to her comfort to introduce as guest into the family a romantic maiden of seventeen, who was violently and avowedly in love with her husband! We incline to think that the proper cure must have been sought for in other directions. If it were put to a jury of married women, we fancy they would unanimously acquit Richter of the charge of blame implied in his refusal to admit Miss Forster into his family. It were difficult to say what ought to have been done in a case so painful and peculiar. There may be a question whether Richter ought to have written so many of those pretty letters. Perhaps, to have drawn her away from solitude into occupations and amusements suited to an intellectual and generous girl, to have given her a larger and more accurate knowledge of the living world, to have allowed

her more action and less sentiment, might have gradually enabled her to gain command over her feelings, and in that case would have restored her to reasonable views of her position. Yet it is idle to speculate; rarely is a danger apprehended before it has befallen us; nay, how often will it happen that even if a danger be foreseen, there is wanting either the energy or the means for avoiding it?

This, then, is the literal story of Maria Forster. A noble-minded, high-spirited, passionate, and heroic girl, whose soul was planted with the elements of all greatness, but which rose not to maturity from lack of a suitable cultivation. Nature had endowed

her with sense, imagination, large capacity of emotion, courage, and aspirations that towered after a goodness unattainable; but these, unhappily, were all distorted, disrupted, perversely developed, by an extravagant sentimentalism, natural to her character, and also signally encouraged by the circumstances and environment in which she lived. She was one to whom it would have been a blessing to be less bountifully gifted. A child of passion and of fire, whose heart, like a volcano, cast up a burning lava which consumed it, producing barrenness and desolation where the gentlest flowerage of the affections might have grown.

NEW METHOD OF ENGRAVING PLATES FOR PRINTING FERNS, SEA WEEDS, ETC.—At a meeting of the Sheffield Literary and Philosophical Society, Dr. Branson read a paper describing this process. His mode of operation is to place a frond of fern, algæ, or similar flat vegetable form, on a thick piece of glass, or polished marble; then taking and softening a piece of gutta percha, of proper size, and placing on the leaf and pressing it carefully down, it will receive a sharp and accurate impression from the plant. The gutta percha retained level, and allowed to harden by cooling, is then handed to a brass caster, who reproduces it in metal from his moulding vase. This, it will be obvious, is the most delicate and difficult part of the process, and one which, a few years ago, would not, we suspect, have been executed in Sheffield. As it is, Dr. Branson has had many brass plates thus produced from sand-casting, which only required a little surface dressing to yield at once, under the copper-plate printing press, most beautiful as well as faithful impressions of the original leaves: indeed, many of the exhibited specimens of ferns, printed in green color, and slightly embossed, as they must needs be by the printing, were such perfect fac-similes of the

natural pattern, that they might easily be taken for it. Besides these matters, the doctor exhibited a large variety of patterns of embossed leather, which had been produced by a somewhat analogous operation. As, however, this latter invention is not so much for copying designs as for creating them, and, at the same time, saving all the expense of die-cutting, the following is the course pursued:—The operator takes a piece of common hard white soap of the required size and surface, and upon that executes any design, whether of the depth and boldness of ordinary embossing or in the delicate lines of an etching; in either case the work is executed with the greatest ease. From this soap-model or engraving an impression is taken in gutta percha; from that a secondary one, which on being cast in brass, as before, may be used for printing or embossing in the ordinary way. The reader stated that his main difficulty was in getting the last gutta percha coat to separate from the mould of the same substance into which it was pressed. He had found, however, that by powdering both the surfaces with common bronze dust, before taking the impression, they did not adhere.—*Sheffield Times.*

From Fraser's Magazine.

CHARLES DICKENS AND DAVID COPPERFIELD.

PROBABLY there is no single individual who, during the last fourteen years, has occupied so large a space in the thoughts of English folk as Charles Dickens. Not that these years have been by any means deficient in events. This time of profound peace (as it is officially designated) has seen many a contest fought out head to head, horn to horn, in the good old John Bull style. More than one combatant has distinguished himself from the herd, been hailed as veritable hero by all his brethren, *minus* one, and worshipped accordingly. During these fourteen years kings have been tumbled from their thrones and set up again, unless killed by the fall; ministers have been ousted and reinstalled; demagogues have been carried on the popular shoulders, and then trampled under the popular feet; innumerable reputations have flared up and gone out; but the name and fame of Charles Dickens have been exempt from all vicissitude. One might suppose him born to falsify all the commonplaces about the fickleness of public favor, to give the lie to all the proverbs, to destroy the resemblance of all the similes. In his case this same public favor is a tide that never ebbs, a moon that never wanes; his wheel of fortune has a spoke in it, and his *popularis aura* is a trade wind. Almost on his first appearance his own countrymen unanimously voted him a prophet, and have held by the doctrine with unrivaled devotion ever since. In every other subject men find matter for doubt, discussion, and quarrel; whether protection can be restored; whether corpses conduce to the health of congregations; whether man be what the Scotch folk call him—merely “mon,” a curtailed monkey; whether Colonel Sibthorp’s beard be real; whether the Rev. R. Montgomery or Master J. Milton be the greater poet; everywhere the pugnacity natural to the human race finds room to join issue on.

And, specially confining ourselves to contemporary literature, we have heard men gravely doubt the philosophic depth of Bulwer, the perspicuity of Tennyson, the im-

partiality of Macaulay, and the orthodoxy of Carlyle: Dickens only dwells in a little Goshen of his own, away from the shadow of criticism. The very mention of his “last number” in any social gathering, is sure to be the signal for a chorus of eager admiration. Go where you will, it is the same. There is not a fireside in the kingdom where the cunning fellow has not contrived to secure a corner for himself as one of the dearest, and, by this time, one of the oldest friends of the family. In his company the country squire shakes his jolly sides, the city merchant smooths his care-wrinkled forehead; as he tells the tales to misses in their teens, mammas, grandmammas, and maiden aunts—God bless them all—their eyes glisten and flow over with the precious diamond-drops of sympathy. We have been told, that when *The Old Curiosity Shop* was drawing to a close, he received heaps of anonymous letters in female hands, imploring him “not to kill little Nell.” The wretch ungallantly persisted in his murderous design, and those gentle readers only wept and forgave him.

How are we to account for this widespread popularity? Not because the author is faultless—he is too human for that; not because his plots are of absorbing interest—neither Shakspeare’s nor Scott’s are so; but because of his kindly, all-pervading charity, which would cover a multitude of failings, because of his genial humor and exquisite comprehension of the national character and manners, because of his tenderness, because of his purity, and, above all, because of his deep reverence for the household sanctities, his enthusiastic worship of the household gods.

By means of all these blandishments he has nestled close to our hearts, and most men would as soon think of dissecting a first cousin as of criticising Charles Dickens. Moreover, he is so thoroughly English, and is now part and parcel of that mighty aggregate of national fame which we feel bound to defend on all points against every attack. Upon our

every-day language his influence has been immense—for better or worse. We began by using *Wellerisms* and *Gampisms* in fun, till they have got blended insensibly with our stock of conversational phrases; and now in our most serious moments we talk *slang* unwittingly, to the great disgust of the old school, who complain that, instead of seeking the “well of English undefiled” by Twickenham, we draw at haphazard from the muddy stream that has washed Mile End.

The truth is that the people, as soon as they *have done growing*, set up for language, as for everything else, a fixed standard of perfection, and stigmatize all deviation by the name of corruption. Whereas in reality, fixity of phraseology would argue stagnation of thought. On the other hand, the increase of the national vocabulary may be regarded as a tolerably exact measure of the development of the national intelligence. Look at America. What a vast number of strange words and phrases have been coined, as exponents of strange things and strange doings! These again, by means of steam-presses and steamships, have been familiarized to England and her colonies, and, in spite of all purists, indissolubly amalgamated with the common mother-speech. A legion of academicians could not prevent it. By virtue of a law, as certain as the laws of physical motion or chemical combination, the slang of one age becomes the serious phraseology of the next. We have nothing for it but to submit, and talk like the rest of the world. After all, much that the purists censure as barbarism is nothing but genuine Saxon, which has been current by immemorial tradition in province or metropolis, and which is now once more introduced into polite life, its respectability being vouched for by a popular author or “a good story.” Pantagrue, Sancho Panza, and Falstaff, are as guilty in their way as Sam Weller and Mrs. Gamp; and for Dickens it may be said, to his eternal honor, that if he has corrupted our tongue ever so much, his whole efforts have been directed to purify our hearts.

The time will come when “The Life of Charles Dickens” (in half-a-dozen volumes) will take its place beside the lives of Samuel Johnson and Walter Scott, when the curious public will be able to ascertain *what* and *whom* he had to dinner on any given day, (say the 1st of December, 1850,) with all manner of statistics respecting the lion’s private life. Meanwhile, we must be content with such scanty and scattered notices as he

has given of himself in the prefaces to his various books, especially those prefixed to the recent cheap editions, which, from their unaffected modesty and exquisitely polished style, are among the most charming of his productions. They show that the author, while proud of his success, has not been spoilt by it. The blaze of triumph has not dazzled him.

We are not going to quote largely from what must be familiar to all our readers. We give only one passage from the preface to the last edition of *Pickwick*, which narrates the real origin of that “world-famous” book:—

I was a young man of three-and-twenty, when the present publishers, attracted by some pieces I was at that time writing in the *Morning Chronicle* newspaper, (of which one series had lately been collected, and published in two volumes, illustrated by my esteemed friend, Mr. George Cruikshank,) waited upon me, to propose a something that should be published in shilling numbers; then only known to me, or, I believe, to anybody else, by a dim recollection of certain interminable novels in that form, which used, some five-and-twenty years ago, to be carried about the country by pedlars, and over some of which I remember to have shed innumerable tears, before I served my apprenticeship to Life.

When I opened my door in Farnival’s Inn to the managing partner who represented the firm, I recognized in him the person from whose hands I had bought, two or three years previously, and whom I had never seen before or since, my first copy of the magazine in which my first effusion—dropped stealthily one evening at twilight, with fear and trembling, into a dark letter-box, in a dark office, up a dark court in Fleet street—appeared in all the glory of print; on which occasion, by the bye—how well I recollect it—I walked down to Westminster Hall, and turned into it for half-an-hour, because my eyes were so dimmed with joy and pride that they could not bear the street, and were not fit to be seen there. I told my visitor of the coincidence, which we both hailed as a good omen, and so fell to business.

This auspicious bargain was struck in 1835. Before the close of the following year, “Boz” was one of the most famous names in England. The young author had sprung at one bound over the heads of his elder rivals. He had penetrated into the very heart of public opinion, and carried it by storm before the advanced forts of criticism had had time to open their fire upon him. And so, when they did fire, it was only to hail the conqueror with a salvo of applause. For, if possession is nine-tenths of the law, it is all in all of the battle.

But a truce to these warlike metaphors, which cannot without force be applied to one who has done more, we verily believe, for the promotion of peace and goodwill between man and man, class and class, nation and nation, than all the congresses under the sun. One good joke and one general laugh melts reserve into hilarity, and converts the stiffest company into a set of "jolly good fellows." Boz, and men like Boz, are the true humanizers, and therefore the true pacificators, of the world. They sweep away the prejudices of class and caste, and disclose the common ground of humanity which lies beneath factitious, social, and national systems. They introduce the peasantry to the peerage, the grinder at the mill to the millionaire who owns the grist. They make John, Jean, and Jonathan, shake hands over the same board—which is not a board of green cloth by any means. Sam Weller, we suppose, made old England more "merrie" than it had ever been since Falstaff drank, and roared, and punned, at the Globe Theatre. In the interval, Britannia had grown haggard and sad, and worn with the double duty of taking care of the pence and providing sops for her lion, to keep him couchant; and now, once more, the old lady laughed till the tears ran down her wrinkles. It has done her a world of good. La Belle France, too, who is somewhat chary of her applause, has condescended to pronounce Boz *un gentil enfant*; and Germania has learnt some things from him which were not dreamed of in her philosophy. For his fun is not mere fun. Had it been so, we should have tired of it long ago. Deep truths are hidden, scarcely hidden, beneath. Bacchus and his rout would soon have palled on the taste of old Hellas, but for the mystic and solemn meanings that lurked beneath the external riot. The baskets, carried aloft, to all appearance filled only with "various leaves," contained in reality the sacred symbols of eternal verities. The mask grinned grotesquely, but you felt that grave, earnest eyes were watching you from behind it. So our sly philosopher dresses himself in motley to attract grown-up children to his chair. All experience, as embodied in a host of proverbs—those axioms of life—attests the wisdom of such a course. The preacher is left alone in the desert, while a somerset thrown in the street gathers a crowd at once. And if the mountebank cares to seize the opportunity, he can make the spectators auditors. Or, again, the lips of the chalice may be smeared with honey,

though there is salutary absinthe in the draught.

And now that we are on classic ground, indulge us, gentle reader, in one more old saw (hacked though it be) for the sake of the modern instance, and instead of "Horatius Flaccus," please to read "Charles Dickens."

Omne vafer vitium ridenti Flaccus amico
Tangit et admissus circum præcordia ludit.

So wily Horace, while he strove to mend,
Probed every foible of his laughing friend,
Played lightly round and round the peccant part,
And won unfelt an entrance to his heart.

We have read *Pickwick* many times over, each time with increased pleasure. Nevertheless, in these reperusals we cannot fail to be made aware of certain defects which escape notice in the tumultuous applause of a first reception. The most notable of these defects is the change which takes place in the character of Mr. Pickwick and his friends, who, from being at first purely ridiculous, come in the end to be objects of our affectionate sympathy and admiration. The author has himself noticed this change in his recent preface:—

I do not think this change will appear forced or unnatural to my readers, if they will reflect, that in real life the peculiarities and oddities of a man, who has anything whimsical about him, generally impress us first; and that it is not until we are better acquainted with him that we usually begin to look below these superficial traits, and to know the better part of him.

The apology is, certainly, ingenious; but it is one which can only be pleaded in mitigation. The author of a book, the creator of the characters, is not supposed to be as unacquainted with them as his readers. Doubtless in this case the author grew fond of his imaginary people as he went on, and felt, moreover, that by taking a more serious tone he could excite a deeper interest in their fortunes. And he was quite right to make the change. Twenty numbers of burlesque would have been intolerable. Yet the *artistic ensemble* of the book is damaged thereby. The fault lies with the mode of publication—fractional and periodical; for thus the author has no opportunity of revising his work as a whole, of correcting mistakes, and producing uniformity of tone. This is the great disadvantage of publishing a tale by installments, though the plan may be very suc-

cessful in the £ s. d. point of view, inasmuch as many people can afford twenty shillings who will not part with a sovereign. It would be well if the writer were to abstain from publishing any portion till he had written the whole. But then these authors are always lazy, and rarely work without the devil at their elbow, waiting for—copy. Again, the club disappears entirely in the course of the story. All the better. Mr. Blotton, of Aldgate, was no fit associate for Mr. Pickwick. The Theory of Tittlebats is also unworthy of the Hon. Gent. The story of "Bill Stumps, his Mark," is obviously borrowed from "Aiken Drum's Lang Ladle" in the *Antiquary*—the plagiarism of a plagiarist. Moreover, those doleful tales, entitled "The Queer Client" and the "Madman's Manuscript," are out of keeping with the rest of the book. They remind one of the nightmares which occasionally inter punctuate the festivities of the Christmas week. After all, these are but specks on the sun.

Next came *Nicholas Nickleby*, which, on the whole, satisfied the popular expectation, though one missed the exuberant hilarity of *Pickwick*. Mrs. Nickleby and the theatrical people seem to have made the deepest impression. The Hero—and what a name for a hero!—is a mere walking gentleman. Many of the characters—Smike and old Nickleby, for instance—are distorted out of all human compass. Arthur Gride was a second edition of *Trapboys* in the *Fortunes of Nigel*. Unfortunately, too, about this time, the young author seems to have conceived a notion that it was his mission to exterminate special abuses, and he went about the task with a zeal worthy of a Paladin or Hercules himself. This time he fixed on the cheap Yorkshire schools, which in real truth are by no means the hells of brimstone-and-treacle which he represented them to be. In those remote uplands, twenty pounds a year goes a great deal farther than in the populous districts, and will keep a boy well in corduroy dittos and cold mutton. One of the most famous of the schoolmasters thereabouts was unlucky enough to have only one eye, and a monosyllabic name beginning with S; so that he was immediately dubbed Squeers, and his "establishment for young gentlemen" Dotheboys Hall. The poor man's occupation was gone, and the distress of mind consequent thereon was said to have shortened his nights and, ultimately, his days.

In the next novel, *Oliver Twist*, the monster marked out for attack was the New Poor Law. This ulterior object was so appa-

rent that the effect of the tale was in some degree marred. On the other hand, the fun of the tale directed people from its serious object; and we are not sure even that the purpose was right. At all events, the design failed; and the author, thenceforward, instead of framing his story to suit a moral, framed it to suit nature, and left the moral to shift for itself, which is a much more truthful, pleasant, and profitable method. Besides, these sweeping attacks are seldom wholly just or well-aimed. The reckless spirit of knight-errantry is prone to mistake windmills for giants.

Oliver Twist is the only novel in which one can trace any resemblance between Dickens and Ainsworth. Bill Sykes, and Fagin, and Nancy, might have been creations of the latter. The Artful Dodger, however, is a "kinchin" of Dickens's own brain.

Master Humphrey's Clock appeared in a new form, and at weekly instead of monthly intervals. Mr. Pickwick and the Wellers were recuscitated without much success. But the machinery of the clock was soon found to be as cumbrous as that of the club, and discarded accordingly. The *Old Curiosity Shop*, with Dick Swiveller to laugh at, Quilp to hate, and little Nell to love, made amends for all. Only Tom Moore has cause to complain, that, after Mr. Swiveller's misquotations, his melodies can never be taken *au sérieux* again.

Barnaby Rudge had been advertised to appear years before as a romance in three volumes, under the name of "Gabriel Varden." Perhaps it was in part composed before *Pickwick*. A Scott-ish influence is palpable throughout. The opening scene, for example, at the village inn, reminds one of *Kenilworth*; the assault on Newgate smacks strongly of the *Heart of Mid-Lothian*. The Raven, we are informed, was taken from the life,—a favorite pet of the author's having kindly sat for the portrait. We have heard that one of his friends, an indifferent punster, observed on some social occasion that Dickens was raven-mad; the only foundation for a story generally current about that time that he was *raving-mad*,—he being all the while as sane as ever—that is, as nearly allied to sanity as a "great wit" can be.

About this time Dickens made an expedition to America. There he was received as if he had been a sovereign or a soprano; feasted, fêted, banqueted, and bored to death. On his return he wrote the *American Notes*, which, though conceived generally in a kindly

spirit, disappointed the expectations of our transatlantic brothers. The rage they manifested throws some doubt on the genuineness of their hospitality. They had counted on praise for their pudding. The quiet banter to which we in England had been long ago accustomed was incomprehensible to them. There was one passage, especially, about a drove of pigs which Charles Dickens met on the road, which excited their ire amazingly. That matter-of-fact people cannot understand a joke, and persisted in fixing upon the unconscious author some *arriere pensée*. Another chapter about the slave trade was peculiarly *riling*, since it consisted chiefly of extracts from their own newspapers and indisputable facts. Let an American be the strongest possible abolitionist at home, he is always prepared to defend slavery against all attacks from without.

We will venture to say that none of the multifarious criminals who have fled for refuge to the bosom of the Republic, ever deserved a tenth part of the abuse that was lavished on Dickens. One of our friends happened to be at a theatre at Boston, and witnessed a travestie of *Macbeth*. Into the witches' cauldron were thrown all the most useless things on earth—Pennsylvanian bonds, Mexican rifles, &c., &c. Finally, as a *ne plus ultra*, was consigned to the infernal flame "Dickens's last new work," amid the applausive laughter of the happy gods.

This unmerited abuse put our author on his mettle. So he laid the scene of his next novel, *Martin Chuzzlewit*, partly in America, in order to show that sensitive young people what he *could* say of them when no friendly recollections bound him to reticence. The exasperation, of course, increased tenfold; and if we may judge from the sentiments of casual "statesmen," still continues unabated. We have heard more than one apathetic-looking stranger express a savage desire to "lick" him the next opportunity. On the former occasion they only licked his shoes. But, we suppose, Dickens would no more dream of showing himself in Broadway, than Haynau of revisiting London.

Mrs. Gamp, the virtual heroine of this tale, achieved a tremendous success. The United Kingdom pealed and repealed with laughter, though we suspect that the mothers of England looked upon a monthly nurse as too sacred a character to be jested with. Mrs. Harris was a glorious creation, or rather conception. Only the numerous and respectable persons who bear that name must feel themselves aggrieved, for their very existence is

now made a matter of doubt. By one breath of the magician the solid flesh-and-blood of all the Harries has been volatilized into a hypothetical phantom.

Talking of phantoms brings us to the Winter Tales, now five in all—the *Carol*, the *Chimes*, the *Cricket*, the *Battle of Life*, and the *Haunted Man*. One might have expected that *à propos* of this genial season, this time of immemorial saturnalia, we should have been treated to a duodecimo of pure fun, and riot, and frolic, like *Blindman's-buff*, or *Hunt-the-slipper*. The reverse, however, is the case; in spite of a few comic touches, the tone of these tales is sad and solemn. They seem to have been inspired by the night-winds wailing without, and not at all by the Yule-logs roaring within. In consequence, these tales are the least popular of all his works. Besides, the metaphysics and the ghosts do not harmonize. There is a natural antipathy between the two. They cannot be co-existent. Each class feels itself to be an anachronism in the presence of the other. We cannot conceive Aristotle or Archbishop Whately being haunted. Therefore, in this false position, the metaphysics grow hazy, and the ghosts prosy: which, indeed, ghosts are always apt to be. Darius, and Hamlet the elder, and the White Lady, were obviously, none of them, on speaking terms with the *soul of wit*.

Dickens's ghosts, however, are animated by the best motives, and come from below to enforce the angels' message—Peace and goodwill. He who lies awake of a winter's night to listen to the music of these chimes, will rise in the morning, if a sadder, yet a wiser and better man. They ring, as Tennyson would have his Christmas Bells ring,—

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light;
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow;
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor;
Ring in redress for all mankind.

* * * * *
Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right;
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out all shapes of foul disease,
 Ring out the narrowing lust of gold,
 Ring out the thousand wars of old,
 Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
 The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
 Ring out the darkness of the land,
 Ring in the Christ that is to be.

May the time come—we trust that it is even now coming—when a peal like this shall ring out from every town, every village, and every lonely upland church, frightening away, as of old, the evil spirits from men's souls! Let the night-winds howl never so loud, or the earth be muffled never so deep with snow, that chime shall be heard by all with the mind's ear, and the burden of the music shall be, Peace and Goodwill, Goodwill and Peace—the old words still.

While upon the subject of the minor works, we ought not to omit all mention of the *Pictures from Italy*, which was the result of a Continental tour, and, we have no doubt, paid the expenses of the same. Like all that has ever come from that pen, it is pleasant, plain, and readable; but still we are of opinion that such success as it had was due rather to the established reputation of the author than to the intrinsic merits of the book. Italy, "cradle of the arts," and all the rest that Corinne says it is, might be covered throughout its length and breadth with the sheets which have been written and printed about it during the present century. We have had Classical Tours, Artistical Tours, Mediaeval-antiquities-and-Machicolated-battlement Tours,—all more or less dull and valuable. There is still room for a Manners-and-customs-of-the-lower-orders Tour, such as we expected, and did not find, in Mrs. Stisted's *Highways and Byeways*. Now Dickens, we should suppose, is not profoundly versed either in old Latin or modern Italian, and he is too honest to pretend it; he has no sterling knowledge of art, and despises the spurious cant of connoisseurship, so his observation was necessarily confined to the *still life* of Italy; and his "Pictures" are mere flower and fruit pieces, pretty enough in their way, but far inferior to those larger "Pictures from England," which are executed with all the humor of Ward, the pathos of Redgrave, and the brilliance of Mulready. To them we return with a feeling of pleasure, akin to the pleasure of coming home.

Dombey and Son has been out so long that everybody must have read it, and so

lately that nobody can have forgotten it. We therefore pass over it, not without a tearful glance at little Paul's coffin, and a smile of recognition for Toots and Captain Cuttle; and proceed to the examination of our new friend, *David Copperfield*, who, after many trials, was at length happily settled for life, on the 31st of October. This, the last, is, in our opinion, the best of all the author's fictions. The plot is better contrived, and the interest more sustained, than in any other. Here there is no sickly sentiment, no prolix description, and scarcely a trace of exaggerated passion. The author's taste has become gradually more and more refined; his style has got to be more easy, graceful, and natural. The principal groups are delineated as carefully as ever; but instead of the elaborate Dutch painting to which we had been accustomed in his backgrounds and accessories, we have now a single vigorous touch here and there, which is far more artistic and far more effective. His winds do not howl, nor his seas roar through whole chapters, as formerly; he has become better acquainted with his readers, and ventures to leave more to their imagination. This is the first time that the hero has been made to tell his own story,—a plan which generally insures something like epic unity for the tale. We have several reasons for suspecting that, here and there, under the name of David Copperfield, we have been favored with passages from the personal history, adventures, and experience, of Charles Dickens. Indeed, this conclusion is in a manner forced upon us by the peculiar professions selected for the ideal character, who is first a newspaper reporter and then a famous novelist. There is, moreover, an air of reality pervading the whole book, to a degree never attained in any of his previous works, and which cannot be entirely attributed to the mere *form* of narration. We will extract one of the passages which seem most unquestionably autobiographical, and which have, therefore, a double interest for the reader (the "book," in all probability, was *Pickwick*):—

I labored hard with my book, without allowing it to interfere with the punctual discharge of my newspaper duties; and it came out and was very successful. I was not stunned by the praise which sounded in my ears, notwithstanding that I was keenly alive to it, and thought better of my own performance, I have little doubt, than anybody else did. It has always been in my observation of human nature, that a man who has any good reason to believe in himself never flourishes himself before the faces of other people in order that they may believe in him. For this reason,

I retained my modesty in very self-respect; and the more praise I got, the more I tried to deserve.

It is not my purpose, in this record, though in all other essentials it is my written memory, to pursue the history of my own fictions. They express themselves, and I leave them to themselves. When I refer to them, incidentally, it is only as a part of my progress.

Having some foundation for believing, by this time, that nature and accident had made me an author, I pursued my vocation with confidence. Without such assurance, I certainly should have left it alone, and bestowed my energy on some other endeavor. I should have tried to find out what nature and accident really had made me, and to be that, and nothing else.

I had been writing, in the newspaper and elsewhere, so prosperously, that when my new success was achieved I considered myself reasonably entitled to escape from the dreary debates. One joyful night, therefore, I noted down the music of the parliamentary bagpipes for the last time, and I have never heard it since; though I still recognize the old drone in the newspapers, without any substantial variation (except, perhaps, that there is more of it), all the live-long session.

David Copperfield the Younger was born at Blunderstone, near Yarmouth—there is really a village of that name. We do not know whether Charles Dickens was born there too; at all events, the number and minuteness of the local details indicate an intimate knowledge of, and fondness for, Yarmouth and its neighborhood—which are anything but charming at first sight, or on a slight acquaintance. We have reason, however, to believe that the sons of the land are as honest and true-hearted Englishmen as you will find anywhere. We are indebted to one of them for the information that the local details in *Copperfield* are singularly accurate, only in one place he says “the sands” where he ought, in Yarmouth phrase, to have said “the deens.” Our friend also says that he has detected many Norfolk provincialisms in Dickens; for instance, he talks of “standing anything up,” where in current English one says “setting” or “placing.” Our author probably uses such phrases wittingly, in order to recommend them for general adoption.

Dickens is always great on the subject of childhood—that sunny time, as it is conventionally called, but which, as Dickens represents it, and as we recollect it, is somewhat showery withal. Little David is quite as successful a portrait as little Paul. Who cannot confirm, from his own earliest recollections, the exquisite truth of the following passage?

There is nothing half so green that I know

anywhere, as the grass of that churchyard; nothing half so shady as its trees; nothing half so quiet as its tombstones. The sheep are feeding there, when I kneel up, early in the morning, in my little bed in a closet within my mother's room, to look out at it; and I see the red light shining on the sun-dial, and think within myself, “Is the sun-dial glad, I wonder, that it can tell the time again?”

Here is our pew in the church. What a high-backed pew! With a window near it, out of which our house can be seen, and is seen many times during the morning's service, by Peggotty, who likes to make herself as sure as she can that it's not being robbed, or is not in flames. But though Peggotty's eye wanders, she is much offended if mine does, and frowns to me, as I stand upon the seat, that I am to look at the clergyman. But I can't always look at him—I know him without that white thing on, and I am afraid of his wondering why I stare so, and perhaps stopping the service to inquire—and what am I to do? It's a dreadful thing to gape, but I must do something. I look at my mother, but she pretends not to see me. I look at a boy in the aisle, and he makes faces at me. I look at the sunlight coming in at the open door through the porch, and there I see a stray sheep—I don't mean a sinner, but mutton—half making up his mind to come into the church. I feel that if I looked at him any longer, I might be tempted to say something out loud; and what would become of me then? I look up at the monumental tablets on the wall, and try to think of Mr. Bodgers, late of this parish, and what the feelings of Mrs. Bodgers must have been, when affliction sore long time Mr. Bodgers bore, and physicians were in vain. I wonder whether they called in Mr. Chillip, and he was in vain; and if so, how he likes to be reminded of it once a week. I look from Mr. Chillip, in his Sunday neckcloth, to the pulpit, and think what a good place it would be to play in, and what a castle it would make, with another boy coming up the stairs to attack it, and having the velvet cushion with the tassels thrown down on his head. In time my eyes gradually shut up, and from seeming to hear the clergyman singing a drowsy song in the heat, I hear nothing, until I fall off the seat with a crash, and am taken out, more dead than alive, by Peggotty.

And now I see the outside of our house, with the latticed bedroom windows standing open to let in the sweet-smelling air, and the ragged old rooks'-nests still dangling in the elm trees at the bottom of the front garden. Now I am in the garden at the back, beyond the yard where the empty pigeon-house and dog-kennel are—a very preserve of butterflies, as I remember it, with a high fence, and a gate and padlock; where the fruit cluster on the trees, riper and richer than fruit has ever been since, in any other garden, and where my mother gathers some in a basket, while I stand by, bolting furtive gooseberries, and trying to look unmoved. A great wind rises, and the summer is gone in a moment. We are playing in the winter twilight, dancing about the parlor. When my mother is out of breath, and

rests herself in an elbow-chair, I watch her winding her bright curls round her fingers, and straitening her waist, and nobody knows better than I do that she likes to look so well, and is proud of being so pretty.

On the whole, these early numbers, for their freshness of tone, their naturalness, and their quiet pathos, are perhaps superior to all the rest. One is tempted to make in favor of Dickens's fictitious children the wish which in our own childhood we fondly expressed in reference to kittens and lambs, namely, that they might never grow up into cats and sheep respectively. *Dix aliter visum.*

Further on, how well the petty tyrannies and manifold meannesses of Salem House are contrasted with the mild and manly régime of Dr. Strong!—a broad hint “to parents and guardians,” who turn away from the good old grammar-schools, with their endowed masters (endowed in more senses than one), and send their children and wards to some ignorant charlatan, who by dint of shameless puffing induces a gullible public to try his newly-invented hotbed for young minds. We should like to send those school-masters abroad.

Miss Trotwood, the kind-hearted ogress of an aunt, *fortiter in modo, suaviter in re*, is excellent throughout, though her admiration for Mr. Dick passes the bounds of probability. About the husband, too, there is a mystery ending in nothing. The Micawbers, both Mr. and Mrs., are glorious, with their long speeches, reckless improvidence, everlasting troubles, and hearty appetites; they must be of Irish extraction, though the author does not say so. We never read anything more deliciously absurd, more exquisitely ludicrous, than the following:

“We all came back again,” replied Mrs. Micawber. Since then, I have consulted other branches of my family on the course which it is most expedient for Mr. Micawber to take; for I maintain that he must take some course, Master Copperfield,” said Mrs. Micawber, argumentatively. “It is clear that a family of six, not including a domestic, cannot live upon air.”

“Certainly, ma’am,” said I.

“The opinion of those other branches of my family,” pursued Mrs. Micawber, “is, that Mr. Micawber should immediately turn his attention to coals.”

“To what, ma’am?”

“To coals, said Mrs. Micawber. “To the coal trade. Mr. Micawber was induced to think, on inquiry, that there might be an opening for a man of his talent in the Medway Coal Trade. Then, as Mr. Micawber very properly said, the first step

to be taken clearly was, to come and see the Medway. Which we came and saw. I say ‘we,’ Master Copperfield, for I never will,” said Mrs. Micawber, with emotion, “I never will desert Mr. Micawber.”

I murmured my admiration and approbation.

“We came,” repeated Mrs. Micawber, “and saw the Medway. My opinion of the coal trade on that river is, that it may require talent, but that it certainly requires capital. Talent, Mr. Micawber has; capital, Mr. Micawber has not. We saw, I think, the greater part of the Medway; and that is my individual conclusion. Being so near here, Mr. Micawber was of opinion that it would be rash not to come on and see the Cathedral. Firstly, on account of its being so well worth seeing, and our never having seen it; and, secondly, on account of the great probability of something turning up in a cathedral town. We have been here,” said Mrs. Micawber, “three days. Nothing has, as yet, turned up; and it may not surprise you, my dear Master Copperfield, so much as it would a stranger, to know that we are at present waiting for a remittance from London to discharge our pecuniary obligations at the hotel. Until the arrival of that remittance,” said Mrs. Micawber, with much feeling, “I am cut off from my home (I allude to lodgings in Pentonville), from my boy and girl, and from my twins.”

One of the finest passages to be found in this, or indeed any book, is that description of the storm at Yarmouth, which flings the dead body of the seducer on the shore, to lie amid the wrecks of the home he had desolated. The power of the artist impresses such an air of reality upon it all, that we do not think of questioning the probability of such poetical justice.

We have said that in *David Copperfield* there was *scarcely* a trace of exaggerated passion. But for Rosa Dartle, we should have said there was *no* trace. Her character we must think unnatural, and her conduct melodramatic. A wound, even on a *woman's cheek*, inflicted by a child in a fit of passion, is not a sufficient cause to turn all the tenderness of that woman's nature to bitterness. It is impossible that any woman could have behaved as she did when David brought to Mrs. Steerforth the news of her only son's death:

“Rosa,” said Mrs. Steerforth, “come to me!”

She came, but with no sympathy or gentleness. Her eyes gleamed like fire as she confronted his mother, and broke into a frightful laugh.

“Now,” she said, “is your pride appeased, you madwoman? *Now* has he made atonement to you—with his life! Do you hear?—His life!”

Mrs. Steerforth, fallen back stiffly in her chair, and making no sound but a moan, cast her eyes upon her with a wide stare.

“Ay!” cried Rosa, smiting herself passionately on the breast, “look at me! Moan, and groan,

and look at me! Look here!" striking the scar, "at your dead child's handy-work!"

The moan the mother uttered, from time to time, went to my heart. Always the same. Always inarticulate and stifled. Always accompanied with an incapable motion of the head, but with no change of face. Always proceeding from a rigid mouth and closed teeth, as if the jaw were locked and the face frozen up in pain.

"Do you remember when he did this?" she proceeded. "Do you remember when, in his inheritance of your nature, and in your pampering of his pride and passion, he did this, and disfigured me for life? Look at me, marked until I die with his high displeasure; and moan and groan for what you made him!"

"Miss Dartle," I entreated her. "For Heaven's sake —"

"I will speak!" she said, turning on me with her lightning eyes. "Be silent you! Look at me, I say, proud mother of a proud, false son! Moan for your nurture of him, moan for your corruption of him, moan for mine!"

She clenched her hand, and trembled through her spare, worn figure, as if her passion were killing her by inches.

"You, resent his self-will!" she exclaimed. "You, injured by his haughty temper! You, who opposed to both, when your hair was gray, the qualities which made both when you gave him birth! You, who from his cradle reared him to be what he was, and stunted what he should have been! Are you rewarded, now, for your years of trouble?"

"O Miss Dartle, shame! O cruel!"

"I tell you," she returned, "I will speak to her. No power on earth should stop me, while I was standing here! Have I been silent all these years, and shall I not speak now! I loved him better than you ever loved him!" turning on her fiercely. "I could have loved him, and asked no return. If I had been his wife, I could have been the slave of his caprices for a word of love a-year. I should have been. Who knows it better than I? You were exacting, proud, punctilious, selfish. My love would have been devoted—would have trod your paltry whimpering under foot!"

With flashing eyes, she stamped upon the ground as if she actually did it.

And so she continues for a page more, with still increasing violence. Similarly, that scene where she seeks out the poor unfortunate Emily, to trample upon and triumph over her, shocks us by its unfeminine violence. Even were such a scene ever so natural, ever so probable, it would be wearisome from its length. Whatever conveys to the reader's mind unmingled pain and horror, should be dispatched as quickly and as lightly as possible, not dwelt upon. Rosa Dartle is not a being cast in the same mould of humanity as those around her; and she destroys the harmony of the picture. Such a character is as incongruous and out of place as one

of the tragedy queens from a minor theatre would be parading the Strand in full costume in common daylight. Fortunately Miss Dartle is not one of the most prominent characters, and only parades a back street, not the main thoroughfare of the story. Mrs. Dombey, in the former tale, was a blemish of the same kind, only more conspicuous. We hope the genus is becoming extinct, and that the next fictitious world of our author's creation will contain only the familiar animals, and be free from the visitations of any similar Mastodon. Such creatures are common in the Radelffian formations. If resuscitated in our era, they can be nothing but galvanized fossils, salient anachronisms, frightful to all men.

This last paragraph of ours, which began in English, has slid somehow into Carlylese; which brings us to the *Latter-Day Pamphlets* in general, and No. II. in particular—that on Model Prisons—which has an immediate connection with our present subject, inasmuch as our author has consigned his two villains-in-chief, Heep and Littimer, to one of these establishments, with the double purpose of punishing the former and satirizing the latter. Fourteen years ago he exposed (by means of the resolute Pickwick) our system, if system it could be called, of Imprisonment for Debt; now he assails our system, systematized to the last degree, of Imprisonment for Crime. Then, we left our debtors to rot unheeded, as if they had been the most hopeless of criminals; now, we cherish the malefactors, as if they had been the bene-factors of society. Then, we persecuted Misfortune, now we pamper Vice. We have rushed from extreme to extreme, missing in our haste that most precious of all things, the golden mean. Our humanity has sickened, died, and been corrupted into Humanitarianism. We admit that the error is not wilful, nay, that it may arise from the kindest and noblest motives; but for all that, the actual damage inflicted on society may be, we believe is, great. Our kind and noble-hearted pilots, being not over-skilled in navigation, in their fear that their ship might strike upon Scylla, have put her head round and run her into Charybdis; which notable whirlpool swallows up a vast amount of the crew's bread and other stores, without much chance of our being able to find them after any assignable number of days.

Let us hear Carlyle's description of a model prison, as given in number II., the pamphlet before alluded to:—

Several months ago, some friends took me with

them to see one of the London prisons; a prison of the exemplary or model kind. An immense circuit of buildings, cut out, girt with a high ring-wall, from the lanes and streets of the quarter, which is a dim and crowded one. Gateway as to a fortified place; then a spacious court, like the square of a city; broad staircases, passages to interior courts; fronts of stately architecture all round. It lodges some thousand or twelve hundred prisoners, besides the officers of the establishment. Surely one of the most perfect buildings, within the compass of London. We looked at the apartments, sleeping-cells, dining-rooms, working-rooms, general courts or special and private: excellent all, the *ne plus ultra* of human care and ingenuity; in my life I never saw so clean a building; probably no duke in England lives in a mansion of such perfect and thorough cleanness.

The bread, the cocoa, soup, meat, all the various sorts of food, in their respective cooking-places, we tasted; found them of excellence superlative. The prisoners sat at work, light work, picking oakum, and the like, in airy apartments with glass-roofs, of agreeable temperature and perfect ventilation; silent, or at least conversing only by secret signs; others were out, taking their hour of promenade in clean flagged courts: methodic composure, cleanliness, peace, substantial wholesome comfort reigned everywhere supreme. The women in other apartments, some notable murderesses among them, all in the like state of methodic composure and substantial wholesome comfort, sat sewing: in long ranged of washhouses, drying-houses, and whatever pertains to the getting up of clean linen, were certain others, with all conceivable mechanical furtherances, not too arduously working. The notable murderesses were, though with great precautions of privacy, pointed out to us; and we were requested not to look openly at them, or seem to notice them at all, as it was found to "cherish their vanity," when visitors looked at them. Schools too were there; intelligent teachers of both sexes, studiously instructing the still ignorant of these thieves.

Now let us hear Dickens, who follows as junior on the same side. (We ought to premise, for the benefit of those who have not yet read *Copperfield*, if such there be, that Mr. Creakle was the tyrannous schoolmaster who nearly bullied little David's incipient manliness out of him, and is a Middlesex magistrate, and leading Humanitarian. Not that the Humanitarians are all Creakles, by any means.)

As we were going through some of the magnificent passages, I inquired of Mr. Creakle and his friends what were supposed to be the main advantages of this all-governing and universally over-riding system? I found them to be the perfect isolation of prisoners—so that no one man in confinement there knew anything about another;

and the reduction of prisoners to a wholesome state of mind, leading to sincere contrition and repentance.

Now, it struck me, when we began to visit individuals in their cells, and to traverse the passages in which those cells were, and to have the manner of the going to chapel, and so forth, explained to us, that there was a strong probability of the prisoners knowing a good deal about each other, and of their carrying on a pretty complete system of intercourse. This, at the time I write, has been proved, I believe, to be the case; but as it would have been a flat blasphemy against the system to have hinted such a doubt then, I looked out for the penitence as diligently as I could.

And here, again, I had great misgivings. I found as prevalent a fashion in the form of the penitence, as I had left outside in the forms of the coats and waistcoats in the windows of the tailors' shops. I found a vast amount of profession, varying very little in character; varying very little (which I thought exceedingly suspicious) even in words. I found a great many foxes, disparaging whole vineyards of inaccessible grapes; but I found very few foxes whom I would have trusted within reach of a bunch. Above all, I found that the most professing men were the greatest objects of interest; and that their conceit, their vanity, their want of excitement, and their love of deception (which many of them possessed to an almost incredible extent, as their histories showed), all prompted to these professions, and were all gratified by them.

However, I heard so repeatedly, in the course of our goings to and fro, of a certain Number Twenty-Seven, who was the favorite, and who really appeared to be a Model Prisoner, that I resolved to suspend my judgment until I should see Twenty-Seven. Twenty-Eight, I understood, was also a bright particular star; but it was his misfortune to have his glory a little dimmed by the extraordinary lustre of Twenty-Seven. I heard so much of Twenty-Seven, of his pious admonitions to everybody around him, and of the beautiful letters he constantly wrote to his mother (whom he seemed to consider in a very bad way), that I became quite impatient to see him.

I had to restrain my impatience for some time, on account of Twenty-Seven being reserved for a concluding effect. But at last we came to the door of his cell; and Mr. Creakle, looking through a little hole in it, reported to us, in a state of the greatest admiration, that he was reading a hymn-book.

There was such a rush of heads immediately to see Number Twenty-Seven reading his hymn-book, that the little hole was blocked up, six or seven heads deep. To remedy this inconvenience, and give us an opportunity of conversing with Twenty-Seven in all his purity, Mr. Creakle directed the door of the cell to be unlocked, and Twenty-Seven to be invited out into the passage. This was done; and whom should Traddles and I then behold, to our amazement, in this converted Number Twenty-Seven, but Uriah Heep!

He knew us directly; and said, as he came out, with the old writhe,—

"How do you do, Mr. Copperfield? How do you do, Mr. Traddles?"

This recognition caused a general admiration in the party. I rather thought that every one was struck by his not being proud, and taking notice of us.

"Well, Twenty-Seven," said Mr. Creakle, mournfully admiring him, "how do you find yourself to-day?"

"I am very umble, sir," replied Uriah Heep.

"You are always so, Twenty-Seven," said Mr. Creakle.

Here another gentleman asked, with extreme anxiety,—

"Are you quite comfortable?"

"Yes, I thank you, sir," said Uriah Heep, looking in that direction. "Far more comfortable here, than ever I was outside. I see my follies now, sir. That's what makes me comfortable."

Several gentlemen were much affected; and a third questioner, forcing himself to the front, inquired, with extreme feeling, "How do you find the beef?"

"Thank you, sir," replied Uriah, glancing in the new direction of this voice, "it was tougher yesterday than I could wish, but it's my duty to bear. I have committed follies, gentlemen," said Uriah, looking round with a meek smile, "and I ought to bear the consequences without repining."

A murmur, partly of gratification at Twenty-Seven's celestial state of mind, and partly of indignation against the contractor who had given him any cause of complaint (a note of which was immediately made by Mr. Creakle), having subsided, Twenty-Seven stood in the midst of us, as if he felt himself the principal object of merit in a highly meritorious museum.

The inference at which Dickens hints is identical with that which Carlyle draws; that is to say, an entire condemnation of the whole system. When from points of view so widely different two independent observers have come to the same conclusion, we have the strongest presumption that the said conclusion is right. When a fortress, or bastille, is attacked by strong bodies from opposite quarters at the same time, the said fortress, or bastille, is in imminent danger. If the garrison do not forthwith bring some cogent arguments, or some practical proofs to bear upon the foe, their cause is lost.

The coincidence of opinion between the two authors is the more remarkable, as they are probably divided in opinion upon every other subject, secular or sacred. We even remember a passage in *Dombey and Son*, which looks like an overt declaration of war against the great priest of Hero-worship.

However this may be, it is certain that no one has been more instrumental than Dickens in fostering that spirit of kindly charity which impels a man to do what he can, however narrow his sphere of action may

be, to relieve the sufferings and to instruct the ignorance of his brethren; while Carlyle, on the other hand, treats all such efforts with lofty disdain, and would call them mere attempts to tap an ocean by gimlet-holes, or some such disparaging metaphor. But that is neither here nor there. What we are concerned with just now is, that we have two men, shrewd observers both, who, starting from the opposite poles of opinion, have for once coincided on a practical question. Fortunately both these gentlemen have front seats on the platform, and are sure of a hearing; we in the body of the room, though sorely incommoded by stouter and taller men, can yet manage to raise our humble voice and cheer both the speakers as they denounce the grievous injustice of taxing the honest laborer to support the lazy thief, and the grievous impolicy of making the gaol more comfortable than the cottage.

The moral duties of every individual are threefold in their aspect; they have relation, first, to the God who is everywhere; secondly, to his fellow-men who are around him; and, thirdly, to the devil that is within him. And similarly the social duties of every government have relation, first, to the Eternal Justice; secondly, to the community; and, thirdly, to the criminal. Considerations of the first must determine the *degree* of punishment to be inflicted; considerations of the second and third must determine the *kind*. If a government (and by government we mean all constituted authorities), out of sympathy for the criminal, does not inflict the punishment which it believes the crime to deserve, that government fails in its first and greatest duty, and violates the divine conditions of its appointment by "bearing the sword in vain." Again, if a government inflicts punishment of such a kind as is not likely to deter the criminal from a repetition, or others from an imitation, of his offence, that government fails in its second duty, its duty to the community. When these two primary obligations are satisfied, then we may think about the third; which means, practically, that we are to reform the said criminal if we can. Whatever efforts are made to reform him, they should be always preceded or accompanied by some punishment, terrible in proportion to the magnitude of the offence; but terrible always, both to him who suffers and to those who hear of it. Our new-fangled schemers ignore the first two duties, and thus take up a false position in setting about the third. What wonder if they fail in it? We should like to know

why those sentenced to transportation for a short term are not sent? If sent to the Antipodes, they might fall on their feet in their new world. As it is, they are returned, after a brief coddling in prison, to their old haunts, their old associates, and their old associations. Of course, the old habits of crime recur too, with double force, for they have tried the punishment, and find it rather pleasant than otherwise. If they are in want now, they reflect on the plenty of the gaol; if they are ragged, filthy, and obliged to sleep in a ditch, they look back with regret to the clothes, bed, and baths, of the privileged felon. In the barren wilderness, they long for the flesh-pots of Egypt. For it is, as it was three thousand years ago, only too natural for men to prefer bondage with plenty to freedom with privation.

But this is not a subject which can be discussed at the fag-end of an article destined to light literature. We leave it, knowing that the cause is in right good hands. Only, we trust that it may be argued tem-

perately and without acrimony. We would do all honor to the motives of those good souls who stickle for the reformation of the criminal; we merely differ as to the means. We would have the State begin the work earlier—in the lanes, and alleys, and by-ways, not in the prisons; we prefer *formation* to *reformation*, prevention to cure. We would take the possible felons of six years old by the forelock, and lead them to church and to school, that the earliest lessons impressed on the little heart might not be the lessons of vice, selfishness, and brutality, but the lessons of reverence, self-respect, and duty.

We take leave of Charles Dickens with a thankful acknowledgement of the great services he has rendered to society, and a sincere hope that he may outlive by many years these new model-prisons, strong as they look, and may long enjoy health and strength to aid in putting a score of such nuisances down.

DR. ROBINSON'S RESEARCHES IN PALESTINE.

TRANSLATED FOR THE ECLECTIC MAGAZINE, FROM THE ERDKUNDE OF CARL RITTER, PART XV. BERLIN, 1850.

[We translate the following article from the great work of Ritter, as being the tribute of the leading geographer of the age to American enterprise and scholarship.]

THIS work, originally written in the English language in Berlin, was translated by the author himself, and under his inspection, into German; and the two editions which appeared simultaneously in Halle and London, are to be considered as originals. The same may be said of the third, which was published in the same year at Boston. The dedication is the only point of difference, the English edition being dedicated to Lord Prudhoe (now Duke of Northumberland); the American to the Rev. Moses Stuart, Professor of Sacred Literature in the Andover Theological Seminary; and the German to the author of this article. The accompanying maps were drawn by H. Kiepert, with great talent, and with scrupulous exactness, from the innumerable bearings, distances, and routes noted down

by the author during the journey, and were engraved by Henry Mahlmann in the most accurate and beautiful manner. These maps have raised the cartography of Palestine, since the work of Berghaus, to a higher stage of truthfulness to nature, and are, perhaps, the first German works of this kind, at home or abroad, which, on account of their acknowledged value, adorn alike editions in Germany, England, and America.

The combination of the keenest observation of topographical and local relations, like that of Burckhardt, with much preparatory study, especially the learned study of the Bible and philological and historical criticism, as also a knowledge of the language of the country on the part of the younger traveler, Eli Smith, who had resided for many years at Beirut as a missionary, and become thoroughly naturalized,—all this distinguishes the present journey from every former one,—a journey prosecuted with con-

scientious motives, as also with uncommon power of body and mind, and from which the scientific treatment of the subject has, for the first time, gained a safe foundation, upon which future times will be in a situation to build up with more success than heretofore. "No earlier work," remarks Prof. Olshausen, a competent judge, "has brought to light a greater store of new and important observations and (historic-critical) investigations respecting Palestine." The rules for observation laid down and followed out in it, will remain as a guiding star to all future travelers who wish to study biblical antiquities in the Holy Land itself. Hence, this work forms an epoch in biblical geography. The author is familiar with the efforts of his predecessors, and, as becomes the true scholar, everywhere acknowledges and makes them prominent, while, too, he follows out the truth as discovered and recognized by himself with strict consistency, against the legends of monks and mere tradition, and, therefore, had to set himself in opposition to many errors. For this reason, the very generally acknowledged merits of this most important work of modern times in this department have not secured the author from adversaries, and not even from the most shallow assaults, partly unjust and often passionate.

As he cared little about opinions, but only for truth, and as every human labor has its errors, so his work is considered by himself, as innumerable passages show, as one that may be constantly improved by the progress of like researches. Of this his own continued contributions and corrections are themselves proof, as also his purpose to visit the Holy Land a second time. The editor of one of these contributions (Prof. Roediger) justly claims for E. Robinson the merit of having brought up again for discussion the most difficult problems in the topography of Palestine, in order to make an advance in them. That this is particularly the case in reference to the topography of Jerusalem, in which very reputable men, as Schultz, Krafft, Tobler, Gadow, and others, have come forward to his aid, will be seen hereafter.

That on certain points we have come to results different from those of our esteemed friend, where the progress of observation has given us liberty to do so, our earlier researches at Sinai and respecting Kadesh Barnea, will serve as examples.

For the often shallow and frequently bitter criticisms by which this work of the

American writer has been unworthily attacked in Episcopal England and in Catholic France, a fact which stands in glaring contrast to the impartial and thorough reviews of German scholars, the leading principles of the work itself must account, which gave offence to travelers who had other aims in view. These principles are, however, such as we also must heed, for they are the only ones by which scientific results can be reached. They may be laid down here in reference to all the literary works before mentioned by us.

As regards the foundation of *historical tradition*, which has been considered in Palestine as a principal source of local information, both the authors (Robinson and Smith) distinguish two kinds: *First*, the *younger* tradition, beginning from the time of Constantine, which issued from the Church of the Byzantine period, and was enlarged by foreigners during all the succeeding centuries. *Second*, the *primitive native* tradition, which is deeply rooted in the Semitic languages, lives still in the mouth of the people, and has come down even to our times, especially in *local names*, a circumstance made possible by the great analogy of the younger Arabic idiom, which continued to be that of the people, with the older Hebraic vernacular language. Thus, for instance, the Greek names of places, as *Diospolis*, *Nicopolis*, *Ptolemais*, *Antipatris*, have long ago been lost, while the oldest native names of the same towns, *Lud* Lydda, *'Ameras* Emmaus, *Akka*, and *Kefo Saba*, are still used by the people. This *native* or popular tradition, however, had little influence on that of the Byzantine Church; nor was it regarded by travelers, who from ignorance gave themselves up to the more convenient guidance of the Church, or of the monks in the convents where they found shelter in their wanderings. This *primitive-native* tradition, according to the investigation of both our travelers, was found to be almost impossible; while the foreign one (that of the Byzantine Church and the succeeding times) always needed the attestation of other testimony, especially that of the Scriptures, with which, however, it was often found in contradiction, as was already known to be often the case. Proofs of the existence of this ancient native tradition had indeed been already given by Seetzen, who, on his map of the Dead Sea and the lower Jordan, inserted many ancient places which had been unmentioned and utterly forgotten since the time of Jerome; but Robinson has brought

to light a very great treasure of such discoveries, pertaining to the earliest geography of Palestine.

For the like reason, all the convents, which in general have served as the principal taverns for pilgrims and earlier travelers, (except Burkhardt and Rüppell), were avoided by Dr. Robinson; as were also the monks as guides, and the common pilgrim routes. In his work, indeed, their statements are examined; and in the process they could only appear in their whole historical inconsistency. There are, however, three periods of these traditions to be distinguished, in which, as a matter of course, they would but lose in credibility with the progress of time. The *first* period is that of the fourth century, the representatives of which are found in the *Itinerarium Hierosolymitanum*, the *Onomasticon* of Eusebius and Jerome, and the other writings of the latter father. In these works, along with many clerical hypotheses, there is also much material which originated in popular tradition; as also many names of places, which, although still in existence, had never yet been identified. The *second* period is that of the Crusades, the tradition of which is most perfectly preserved to us in the work of Brocardus, (A. D. 1283). This writer, in his brief and succinct geographical notices, is of far greater value than the two thick folio volumes of Quaresmius, a later author, who, however, has been regarded, since the beginning of the seventeenth century, as the principal source of the *third* period.

In perfect consistence with these fundamental views, the travelers did not lodge in monasteries, but pitched their tent in the open air among the peasantry, and engaged individuals from among them as guides, only from village to village, or for short distances. They thus gathered the most correct information from natives, and that only near their immediate homes. They shunned the routes generally traveled, and made the richest discoveries on innumerable side-routes and by-ways. They never attempted to draw out information in the usual direct manner of questioning, viz., *where* a certain place might be, or *how* it might be called. Even the most ignorant Arab guide or muleteer will never be at a loss to answer satisfactorily to such a question. Their way of ascertaining facts was rather a continual survey of by-

paths and cross-roads, and a constant cross-examination of different individuals from various parts of the country; in which proceeding, indeed, Eli Smith's familiarity with the vernacular language and the habits of the natives was indispensable. Each of the two travelers kept a journal of his own. These were never compared during the journey, but served at the end of it to fill out and complete, by comparison, the results gained.

With these preliminary observations, which seemed to us necessary on account of the constant use we have made of Dr. Robinson's materials, we conclude our account of the sources already published.

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Geography, like geognosy, is a science progressing rapidly and vigorously; it knows no stop; with every year it gains new ground, both in breadth and depth. In five years after the publication of Berghaus' map, in consequence of the copiousness of new materials, and the new independent construction, which was the natural result, a new delineation of Palestine became again the standard map. In reference to the country east of the Jordan, it approached the map of Berghaus; but for the far more important and comprehensive portion west of the Jordan, i. e. Palestine proper, it opened a totally novel path. This map was executed for Robinson's work by H. Kiepert, who, while consulting the previous labors of Berghaus and others, did his work in a way so masterly and so critically scientific, that it has received the acknowledgment of all connoisseurs, and has become the standard for all succeeding maps.

The materials for this western portion of the map were the net-work of cross-roads and by-paths traveled by Robinson and Smith; the many thousand compass-bearings taken by them, all mutually controlling one another, and their very exact observations and descriptions of the physical features of the country, surpassing by far in definiteness the like traits for which Burkhardt is so celebrated. All these circumstances, notwithstanding the very few recent astronomical observations, have accomplished what is indeed extraordinary for the true configuration of a land as pictured in a map. With what sagacity and ingenuity Kiepert has availed himself of their labors, we may best learn from his instructive memoir, to which we here refer the reader.

From Fraser's Magazine.

THE FIRST HALF OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

THE first half of the eventful nineteenth century has come to a close; and another grand period in the world's history, memorable by its fifteen years of war no less than by its five-and-thirty years of peace, is added to the long line of extinct centuries. We who have lived and moved among its stirring scenes, we who have borne a part (for who has not?) in making it what it was, now stand upon the neutral ground between the irrevocable past and the unknown future, powerless to recall the one or to forecast the other, but happily permitted to turn to account the experience of another fifty years.

It is true that half a century in the history of a great nation is but as a single year in the lifetime of an individual; but as the turning-point for good or evil of a whole life may rest on a single day or hour, so the events of a single year, a single act of legislation, a single outbreak of misguided popular excitement, may form the first step in the prosperity or decadence of an empire. Much more, in these modern times, when events press closer and closer on each other; when thought takes its tone from the rapid movement and incessant whirl of material things; when Science, aided and stimulated at every turn by her own past inventions, and moving forward to fresh discoveries with a momentum proportioned to the increasing numbers of mankind, may fifty years suffice to work changes which centuries, cast in the old sluggish mediæval mould, were altogether unable to bring about. But that very growth of population which, if accompanied by a proportionate accumulation of wealth, multiplies the chances of great discoveries by adding to the number of men of leisure, and of great inventions, by increasing the pressure of competition, while it widens the market for manufacture—that very growth of population exaggerates the significance and deepens the importance of every event which is capable of influencing the condition of the people. For every million of men who hailed the surrender of Malta, or watched, with excited curiosity, the return of Napoleon from

Egypt, or wept the death of Abercrombie, or discussed the policy of the union with Ireland, two millions are now alive to profit or to suffer by those events, and not a year now passes over our heads that does not add at least its million of subjects to the empire on which it is our boast that the sun never sets.

The fact that in the last fifty years the population of the United Kingdom has doubled itself, suggests a consideration which ought not to be lost sight of in executing the task which we have somewhat rashly set ourselves of comparing the progress of the nation during the present and the past century—namely, that the first half of the nineteenth may be fairly regarded as an equivalent period to the whole of the eighteenth century, seeing that a given population existing throughout a hundred years is, according to all the rules of arithmetic, tantamount to double the number living for half the term. At all events, we shall find it convenient to assume that the aggregate population of the eighteenth approaches very near to an equality with that of the first half of the nineteenth century, and that the former may be used as a standard to which to refer the latter. Without some such standard, it would not be easy to answer the anxious question which is constantly suggesting itself to every true patriot,—Whether the nation still retains those energies and talents which have raised it to such an unexampled pitch of greatness, or whether it exhibits any marks of that degeneracy which history records as having been, sooner or later, the fate of all great and powerful empires? We may seek for an answer to this question either in a record of the events which have taken place, or of the men who, in the several walks of art, literature, and science, including the art military and the great art and science of government, have earned for themselves niches in the temple of Fame.

Happily, in one important point, the two periods under review do not admit of very exact comparison. Already, in this nine-

teenth century, we have enjoyed more than two years of peace for every year of warfare; whereas our ancestors of the eighteenth century had more than two years of war for every three of peace. While we, at the end of thirty-five years of peace, have still good grounds for anticipating a longer continuance of that most desirable state, their longest peace of twenty-six years was broken by conflicts with Spain, and disturbed by the abortive invasion of the Pretender.

The five great wars of the last century—the wars of the Spanish and of the Austrian Succession, the Seven Years' war, the disastrous War of Independence, and the war of the French Revolution—continuing, in the aggregate, upwards of forty years, taxed to the very utmost the energies and resources of the nation. The last of these wars, a legacy from the past to the present century, was terminated on the plain of Waterloo. The empire of the seas, colonial possessions of vast extent, the two strongest fortresses in the world, Gibraltar and Malta, wrested from the grasp of Spain and France, and martial glory enough to have satisfied old Rome herself, and to last us for a thousand years to come, have been, perhaps, cheaply purchased by the loss of the North American provinces, and a national debt of nearly 800,000,000, which not even thirty-five years of peace have been able materially to reduce. The names of Rooke, Hawke, Anson, and Boscawen, of Rodney, Keppel, Jervis, Howe, Bridport, Duncan, and Sir Sidney Smith, remind us of deeds of unrivaled gallantry on our own peculiar element; while those of Marlborough, of Clive, of Wolfe, of Abercrombie, and of Moore, serve to convince us that the genius of our people is essentially warlike, and that no enterprise by sea or land is too difficult for the skill of our commanders or the gallantry of our men.

Two great names still remain, the one belonging both to the past and present century, the other to this nineteenth century alone—Nelson and Wellington; the one without an equal in the annals of naval warfare, the other still living in a ripe old age to receive the grateful homage of a nation which he first saved as a soldier and then served as a statesman. Less fortunate than the naval heroes of the last century (if to die at Trafalgar can be deemed a misfortune), Nelson closed his career of victory with a glorious death; more fortunate than our military hero of the eighteenth century, Wellington has been spared to crown a youth and manhood of successful military exploits by an age of devotion

to the service of his sovereign and the good of his country. Centuries must elapse before the example of such men will lose its power; before the memory of such achievements will cease to stimulate to great and glorious deeds. Happily the long peace, or, to speak more correctly, the long freedom from war with the more powerful and civilized nations of the earth, which we have enjoyed, has not afforded any opportunity for fully testing the influence of those examples and those recollections; but the bombardment of Algiers, the untoward battle of Navarino, the siege of Acre, the operations on the coasts and in the rivers of China, and the somewhat irregular exploits of Sartorius and Napier, have maintained our naval reputation; while the successive contests in the East have proved that, with that other arm of ours, we are as able to repair a disastrous defeat as to sustain with honor an unprovoked attack. China brought to terms, and Scinde and the Punjaub added to our already vast possessions, sufficiently attest that military prowess which brought, in the century earlier, the Pindarree, the Mahratta, and the Burmese wars to a successful issue. In glancing at events of such recent occurrence, we must not forget to do honor to that gallant soldier, Sir Charles Napier, who rivied, in the battle of Meanee, the recollection of the hard-fought fields of Plassey and Assaye; nor withhold our tribute of applause from the brave men who fought at Moodkee, Ferozeshah, Aliwal, and Sobraon, captured the town and citadel of Mooltan, and finished the desperate struggle with the Sikhs by the fierce conflict of Chillianwallah and the decisive victory of Goojerat. Of those who served us so well in Scinde, China, Afghanistan, and the Punjaub—Napier, Nott, Sale, Pollock, Pottinger, Keane, Smith, Gilbert, Hardinge, Gough—some have, perhaps, not yet fought their last battle; but be this as it may, we have the satisfaction of knowing that more than one of our heroes of the Punjaub (we allude especially to Major Edwardes, who opened the second Sikh campaign by a nine hours' victorious conflict with Moolraj) yet lives in the very prime of manhood, to perpetuate, and, if needs be, to revive the recollection of the long train of brilliant deeds of arms which have won for England her magnificent empire of the East.

The annexation of Scinde and the Punjaub to our already vast possessions on the continent of India, reminds us of another test of the vigor and vitality of England,—another proof that we have not yet arrived at that

stationary period of our history which may be regarded as the prelude to national decay. The work of national aggrandizement is going on with ever-increasing spirit. Hong Kong has been annexed to our dominions by the sword; a second Gibraltar has been found and fortified in Aden; the vast continent of Australia is being peopled by the Anglo-Saxon race; Rajah Brooke is displaying his adventurous spirit in the new settlement of Sarawak; and New Zealand, the future Great Britain of the Pacific, is the theatre of experiments in colonization of the greatest interest and promise: meanwhile, the tide of emigration is setting in more and more strongly and steadily; and the six million of British subjects sown, as it were broadcast, over every part of the habitable globe (to say nothing of the hundred million who own our sway in India, and of other forty million, subjects of our allies or tributaries), is being rapidly recruited yearly by immigration and natural increase.

From the subject of colonization the transition is easy and natural to ships and commerce. If the nation has been really making progress in these fifty years, the results will infallibly exhibit themselves in the increasing number of our ships, and the growing amount of our commercial transactions. Assuming the population of the United Kingdom to have doubled since the commencement of the present century, it is obvious that a twofold increase in our shipping would indicate a stationay, and any increase beyond that amount a growing, commercial activity. Now, the amount of shipping registered as belonging to the British empire in the year 1800, was nearly 18,000 ships, of an aggregate tonnage of nearly 2,000,000: in 1845 the vessels were nearly 32,000, and the tonnage nearly 4,000,000. During the present century, therefore, our shipping has increased at about the same rate as our population. But these figures, if taken by themselves, would not fairly represent the growth of our commerce; for it may be stated in round numbers that, in the year 1801, 5000 ships of 1,000,000 tons burden were entered inwards as engaged in foreign trade, whereas in the year 1849, there were entered inwards upwards of 20,000 ships, with a tonnage exceeding 4,000,000, being a more than fourfold increase. As it must be obvious that the true measure of commercial activity is not the number of ships, but the number of voyages which they are able to make in a given time, it follows that our commerce has been quadrupled, while our population has undergone a barely twofold increase.

Among the means which have been in operation to enable one ship to do the work of two, the introduction of steam has played the principal part, not merely as a substitute for sails, but as a means of quickening the river navigation of sailing vessels.

If from the ships we pass to their cargoes, we obtain a result scarcely less satisfactory, making due allowance for the diminished price which has been brought about by competition in all articles of consumption, no less than in the produce of our own manufactures. The imports of foreign and colonial merchandise, which in the first year of the century fell short of 32,000,000*l.* of real or declared value, and in the first year of the peace did not reach 27,500,000*l.* amounted in 1849 to nearly 59,000,000*l.* sterling. Under the least favorable supposition, therefore, our imports have kept pace with our population; and, allowance being made for the depreciation to which we have referred, have doubtless greatly exceeded it. The quantity of these imports reserved for home consumption has borne so equable a proportion to the total imported, that the numbers just given may be taken to represent; with sufficient fairness, our command of the comforts and luxuries of life at the beginning and at the close of the first half of the present century.

Again, the declared value of the exports of British and Irish produce and manufactures in the year 1801 was close upon 25,000,000*l.*; but the average value of late years has considerably exceeded 50,000,000*l.*, being a more than twofold increase.

But a still better illustration of the activity and progressive increase of that commerce which we all feel to lie at the very foundation of our national greatness, may be drawn from a comparison of the exports of our own native produce and of some of our staple articles of manufacture. We will take *coal* as our first illustration. In the year 1801 there were exported coastwise from the two ports of Newcastle and Sunderland less than 2,000,000 tons of that valuable fuel; in the year 1847 the quantity fell very little short of 4,500,000 tons; so that in less than half a century the home consumption of coal from these two sources has greatly outstripped the growth of population. But the increase in our exports to foreign parts from the same ports has been still more remarkable; for while in 1801 the quantity exported was less than 150,000 tons, in 1847 it amounted to very nearly 1,500,000 tons, being more than a ten-fold increase. Nor is the force of the

comparison much impaired if we substitute for the year 1801, which was a year of war, the year 1816, the first year of peace. The chief increase in our foreign coal trade has taken place since the peace. The money value of our exports in coal and culm in each of the years 1848 and 1849 exceeded 1,000,000*l.* sterling.

We will take another article of prime necessity, and one requiring for its production comparatively little skill, as a test of the relative activity of our commerce now, and at the beginning of the present century, namely, *salt*. The export of this valuable condiment in the year 1801, slightly exceeded 7,500,000 bushels; in 1827 it fell even below that amount; but in the year 1848 we exported very nearly 19,000,000 bushels. In this article, then, we have more than a twofold export to set against our standard of comparison—a less than twofold increase of population.

If from coal and salt we pass to iron, we shall obtain results still more remarkable. It appears from estimates of the total quantity of iron produced in England and Wales at different periods, that while in 1750, by the use of charcoal, about 27,000 tons of iron were made, in 1788, after coke had been partially substituted for charcoal, about 68,000 tons, and in 1806 about 250,000 tons, in 1849 the quantity amounted to about 2,000,000 tons. In 1848 the export of iron and steel, wrought and unwrought exceeded 626,000 tons, valued at nearly 5,000,000*l.*, exclusive of machinery and mill-work to the value of upwards of 800,000*l.* Hence it appears that the present export of iron alone more than doubles the total quantity produced in the early part of the present century, and that the total production of iron has been, at least, quadrupled.

It is in the rapid growth of our textile manufactures, however,—whether measured by the quantity exported, or by the total quantity of the raw material consumed,—that we have the most extraordinary indication of the great and growing prosperity of the country. Mr. Porter, in a paper published in the last number of the *Statistical Society's Journal*, tells us that the quantity of cotton consumed in the year 1800 was somewhat above 56,000,000 lbs., but that in 1849 it had reached the almost incredible amount of 775,500,000 lbs. We have thus an increase in the short period of half a century of 1284 per cent! Nor has this astonishing increase in the consumption of cotton taken place at the expense of other textile manufactures; for we find

the same authority stating that, in the comparatively short interval from 1831 to 1849, the import of foreign flax has advanced from 936,000 cwt. to 2,800,000 cwt.—a nearly twofold increase: while the value of linen exported has risen from little more than 1,700,000 in 1832, to upwards of 3,000,000 in 1849; and of linen yarn from about 9,000*l.* to about 738,000*l.*; a nearly twofold increase of the finished manufacture, a more than eighty-fold increase of the half-finished means of foreign production.

Even though the use of cotton has very largely superseded that of woollen, the export of woollen goods has suffered no diminution, if we omit from comparison the few years which immediately succeeded the restoration of peace with America; for whereas in 1819 the export of woollen goods fell short of 6,000,000*l.* sterling, the export in 1847 had nearly reached 7,000,000*l.* Nor has the vast increase of the cotton manufacture taken place at the expense of that of *silk*; for the importation of silk, which at the beginning of the present century amounted to about 1,000,000 lbs., now exceeds 5,500,000; while the declared value of silk goods exported has risen from 371,000*l.* in 1820, to 978,000*l.* in 1847.

It is rather from fear of wearying the reader with statistical details than from any want of material for the further illustration of the question we are now considering, that we abstain from entering into further proofs of the progressive increase which has taken place in the manufactures and commerce of the country during the period included in our review. The same consideration for the reader prevents us from entering into details respecting the sources from which we have drawn our facts and figures, or into explanations of the reasons which have induced or compelled us to prefer one year to another in the comparisons we have instituted. Suffice it to say, that we have not allowed ourselves to be influenced in any degree by a desire to represent the state and progress of the nation in manufactures and commerce in too favorable a light. In some instances, indeed, we have done our subject injustice, by taking as our term of comparison some other year than the year 1849; which, as the reader will probably recollect, presents the remarkable phenomenon of an increase in the declared value of our exports over the year immediately preceding it of 10,000,000*l.* sterling, and an increase to about half that amount over the year 1847, which, for convenience sake, we more than once selected for comparison.

The immense and rapidly increasing amount of raw material which the foregoing figures prove to be consumed by our manufactures, points not merely to a large external commerce, busied in exchanging those things which we have in excess for others of which we stand in need, but to a still larger internal commerce in articles of the first necessity to our own population. Iron worked into tools and machines, cotton, linen, silk and wool wrought into articles of clothing, are being exchanged in constantly increasing quantities for the corn and cattle of the agriculturist. Our exports, on the other hand, amounting, one year with another, to nearly 60,000,000*l.* of declared value, are replaced partly by the raw material of manufacture, partly by the corn, meat, fruit, oil, and spices, the tea, sugar, and coffee, which constitute the simple enjoyments and wholesome luxuries of the people.

A glance at the table of imports, and especially at the quantities retained for home consumption, serves to place in a very striking light the benefits conferred upon the mass of our population by a flourishing external commerce. We will specify a few of the articles so retained for consumption during the year 1848.

Under the head of corn, meal, and flour, we retained for our own use nearly two million quarters of wheat, upwards of a million and a half quarters of Indian corn, and nearly a million and a half quarters of flour and meal. Of tea we retained nearly 49,000,000 *lbs.*; of coffee, more than 37,000,000 *lbs.*; of cocoa, nearly 3,000,000 *lbs.* Of sugar, we reserved more than 6,000,000 *cwt.* Of currants we consumed 380,000 *cwt.*; and of other dried fruit a quarter of a million *cwt.*; of butter, 286,000 *cwt.*; of cheese, 425,000 *cwt.* Our list would be incomplete if we did not specify the small item of 88,000,000 of eggs.

From this enumeration we have been obliged to omit many articles, of which, in a more formal and statistical treatise, we should have made honorable mention. But we have said enough to show, that it is not for the mere profit of the manufacturer and the ship-owner, or even of the artisans employed in the production of articles of export, that England carries on her vast transactions in every quarter of the globe; but that our fellow-citizens of every class may enjoy, not only needful food and clothing, but many luxuries denied to rich men even in the past century.

We must not omit to mention, as a test of the state and progress of the nation, the extent to which we have availed ourselves, at different periods, of the materials employed

in the construction of houses and buildings. The consumption of bricks and timber is justly held to form a measure of the prosperity of the country, inasmuch as it is one indication of the amount of money available for objects of a more durable kind than food and clothing. Now it appears that the number of bricks consumed in England and Scotland in the year 1802 somewhat exceeded 700,000,000. In the year 1849, when the construction of railroads had, to a great extent, ceased, the consumption was considerably upwards of 1,400,000,000.

The consumption of timber, again, which in 1801, amounted to only 162,000 loads, in 1848 had reached 864,000 loads.

It is, of course, impossible to ascertain to what extent iron, which for many years past has been more and more largely used for building purposes, is being used in conjunction with bricks and timber; but the figures just adduced leave no doubt that the consumption of building materials has much more than kept pace with the increase of population. It is also well known, that each successive census has shown a slight, though not important, increase of houses relatively to population.

But if we would form a just conception of the wealth with which our vast manufacturing industry and flourishing commerce have endowed us; if we would gain some idea of the immense sums which yearly pass through the hands of our working classes, we must turn to that page of our blue-book which tells us of the consumption, chiefly, though not exclusively, by working men, of the three superfluities, beer, spirits, and tobacco. Mr. Porter, in a work to which we have already had occasion to refer,* gives the following table, which we transfer without alteration to our columns:—

British and Colonial Spirits.....	£ 20,810,208
Brandy.....	3,281,250
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Total of Spirits.....	£ 24,091,458
Beer of all kinds, exclusive of that brewed in private families.....	25,383,165
Tobacco and Snuff.....	7,588,607
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	£ 57,063,230

This unprecedented expenditure, chiefly by the working classes (for it is exclusive of upwards of six million gallons of wine retained

* *On the Self-imposed Taxation of the Working Classes in the United Kingdom.* By G. R. Porter, Esq., F.R.S. "Journal of the Statistical Society," vol. xiii. part 4.

mainly for the use of the rich)—this expenditure on luxuries which, if not always pernicious, are at least not necessary, is brought forward to prove the vast sums of money which, in a country like ours, pass every year through the hands of working men, attesting the prosperity much more, alas! than the wisdom or civilization of the people.

It may assist the reader to form a just idea of the magnitude of this sum, if we remind him that it greatly exceeds the total net revenue of the nation, and is equal to the declared value of our exports even in flourishing years. We are sorely tempted to enlarge upon this subject, and to quote some of Mr. Porter's severe but just observations on the moral inferences to be drawn from these remarkable figures; but we feel that we must not allow ourselves to be drawn away too far or too long from the subject which we have taken in hand.

From the progress of the nation in manufactures and commerce, the transition is natural and easy to those undertakings by which in all ages commerce has been most effectually promoted: we mean the construction of roads, and the improvement of all the means and appliances of locomotion. In this important point, the first half of the present century has an undeniable advantage over the last century; for though the construction of navigable canals dates as far back as the year 1755, when the Sandy-brook Canal was authorized by Act of Parliament, to be followed in 1759 by the Act authorizing the construction of the Duke of Bridgewater's Canal; nevertheless, out of 2200 miles (the estimated length of the navigable canals in England), upwards of 500 miles have been dug since the year 1800. Again, though England, previous to the beginning of the present century, was not destitute of good roads, still the grand improvement in road-making, which brought the turnpike roads of England to a degree of perfection that almost makes us regret the introduction of railroads, is due to the late Mr. M'Adam, a man of our own time, who first brought his plans to bear about the year 1820. This grand improvement in road-making may be fairly set off against the introduction of navigable canals in the last century, so as to leave the railroad and the steamship as the peculiar honor of our own times.

It is a curious fact in the history of railways, that the first Act obtained for the construction of a public railway for the conveyance of goods was passed in the first year of this century. Up to the year 1830 inclusive,

no less than sixty-nine Acts of Parliament for the same purpose were obtained; but it was not till that year that the Liverpool and Manchester line, for the conveyance of goods and passengers, was opened. The history of railroads since that period is too fresh in the recollection of the reader to justify minute details. Suffice it to say that a capital of 200 or 300 millions has been raised, an income of between 11 and 12 millions secured, more than 6000 miles of railway opened, upwards of 60,000,000 passengers carried to and fro in one year, at a speed varying from twenty to fifty miles an hour, and a staff of more than 50,000 well-paid officials brought into existence. The history of railways has its painful reminiscences, to which it is not our intention to refer in this place. Taking them altogether, the railroads of England are works of which the men of this century may be justly proud.

Steam navigation, also, is the work of our own times; for though Jonathan Hulls, more than a century ago, proposed the application of steam power to the propulsion of vessels, and though attempts were made to realize the idea in France, America, and Scotland, between the years 1781 and 1790, it was not till 1806 that Fulton succeeded in establishing steam navigation in America, nor till 1811 that the *Comet* first plied for passengers on the Clyde. The rapid progress which steam navigation has made since that date may be inferred from the single fact, that in the year 1848 we possessed 1253 steam-vessels, of 168,078 tons burthen; of which number no less than 128, of 16,476 tons burthen, were built in the year in question. Our limits will not allow of our tracing the several leading points in the history of this important improvement in navigation: we are content simply to bring to mind the fact, that this too is the work of our own days—one of the many triumphs of this busy, bustling, nineteenth century.

While we are upon the subject of the improvements in the means of intercommunication which characterize the nineteenth century beyond the last, or indeed any former century, we must not omit to contrast the great engineering works of our own time with those of the century preceding us. While the eighteenth century could boast only of Westminster Bridge, completed in the year 1750, and Blackfriars' Bridge, in 1770, we have built in the metropolis, in the first half of the present century, Waterloo Bridge, London Bridge, the Southwark and Vauxhall Iron Bridges, and the Hammersmith and Charing

Cross Suspension Bridges. The London and West India Docks, the Breakwater at Plymouth, the Thames Tunnel at Rotherhithe, the Menai Suspension Bridge, and the two Tubular Bridges, form more than equivalents for the Eddystone Lighthouse and the Bridge-water Canal, the great engineering works of the past century.

But perhaps we cannot better illustrate the superiority of our own times to the eighteenth century in this respect, than by recalling the fact, that in order to construct 2200 miles of navigable canal, no less than three-quarters of a century were required (for the first canal was opened in 1758, and the Caledonian Canal was completed in 1834), while twenty years of our own more stirring and active, and we may in justice add, more peaceful times, our larger command of capital, added to our greater mechanical skill, have enabled us to complete more than 6000 miles of railroad. When, moreover, it is considered how much more costly these modern works are, how much more complicated in their machinery, and how much more expensive in the staff required for their management, we cannot but form a very satisfactory opinion of the pecuniary and scientific resources of our own time. In connection with the subject of railroads, we must not fail to mention that other great invention, the Electric Telegraph, which has converted into simple matter of fact the most improbable of poetic fictions, and outstripped the fantastic performances of Prospero's "tricksy spirit," binding nations together by invisible ties of sympathy, conveying the anxious inquiries of relatives, and the important instructions of men of business and of governments, with the rapidity of thought, and arresting the steps of the thief and murderer as by the paralyzing stroke of a magic wand.

If the rapid increase of manufacturing industry, the spread of commerce, and the improvement of our means of internal and external intercommunication, have really enriched us as they would seem to have done, we ought to find indications of increasing wealth in the rapid accumulation of capital. Such indications, accordingly, are not wanting. Let us take only a few of them. The sums insured against fire, though partly indicating the growing prudence of the community, form no uncertain measure of the increase of property requiring such protection. Now, in the first year of this century, the sum so insured in the United Kingdom exceeded £232,000,000, but in the year 1841 it had already nearly trebled itself, being upwards

of £681,000,000. We regret that we have no means at hand of ascertaining the increase which has taken place, in the same period of time, in the sums insured upon life; but there can be no doubt that they also would exhibit a very considerable increase. The amounts invested in this manner for the insurance of property and life would indicate the growing prudence and accumulating wealth of the upper and middle classes, but not of the classes which form the bulk of the community. Fortunately, however, we are able to produce satisfactory evidence upon this point also, in the shape of the returns from the savings' banks. The first savings' bank was established at Tottenham in 1804, by Mrs. Priscilla Wakefield, though proposals for the formation of a parochial saving club, on the principles of those now common in our rural districts, had been circulated in 1799. It was not, however, till 1817 that savings' banks received legislative recognition and encouragement. The sums received in the year 1819 (they fell off half a million in 1820) amounted in round numbers to a million and a half; in 1848 the sum invested was about twenty-six millions and a quarter, exclusive of £800,000 invested by the charitable institutions, and more than three millions placed by friendly societies in the hands of the Commissioners for the Reduction of the National Debt. This immense sum of twenty millions sterling stood in the names of more than one million depositors, having on an average upwards of twenty-five pounds a-piece. In confirmation of the deductions to be drawn from these figures, and in illustration of the great and rapid accumulation of capital that has been going on, we may adduce the increase in the amount of personal property which has been shown to have taken place in the interval from 1814 to 1841. At the former period the amount was estimated at £1,200,000,000, at the latter period at £2,000,000,000. Again, it has been shown that the capital subject to legacy-duty in Great Britain, on the average of the forty-four years between 1797 and 1841, was nearly £26,000,000, while in the single year 1840 it was nearly £40,500,000. As the average for the whole period is evidently much higher than the amount for any single year at the beginning of the century, it is clear that a very great increase of property subject to the legacy-duty must have taken place in the first half of the present century. One more illustration of the same class, and we leave this part of the subject. In the year

1798, the value of real property in Great Britain was estimated at £995,000,000, while Sir Robert Peel, in bringing forward his proposal for an income-tax, in 1842, stated it at £1,820,000,000. Taking these figures one with another, there can be no reasonable doubt that the real and personal property, and the investments and savings of the wealthier and poorer classes, have very far outstripped the growth of population; in other words, that the people of England, taking one man with another, are richer than they were fifty years ago. The extraordinary diminution which has taken place during the same period in the price of some of the first articles of necessity, serves to prove that they are not only richer, in the sense of having more money and more capital at their command, but also in being able to purchase with the same amount of money a much larger quantity of all the necessities, comforts, and luxuries of life.

If further proof were needed of the accumulation of capital which has been taking place during the last fifty years, it would be afforded by the sums which have been devoted to charitable purposes. It is true that this test is open to the objection that the application of money to such purposes is something more than an indication of surplus capital seeking this best of all investments—that it is a measure also of the charitable and religious feelings of the community, and that a progressive increase in moneys so applied might take place without any real increase of available capital, but as the natural result of stronger religious convictions, growing tenderness of feeling, and more exact and profound knowledge of the amount of destitution, disease, and suffering prevailing among the great mass of the population. We admit the force of such objections as these, and shall accordingly leave to the reader the alternative of attributing the vast increase of charitable establishments during the first half of the present century, either to the growth of capital, the spread of religious and benevolent feelings, enlarged knowledge of the wants of the poor, or (what is more probable) the combined influence of all these causes. If the facts we are about to detail do not convince the reader that the country is growing rapidly richer, it will be some comfort to him to think that it is growing better. Perhaps it will be still more satisfactory to reflect, that as the nation has grown rich, it has not ceased to be kind, and that it has not allowed itself to forget whose steward the rich man is declared to be.

We will first take a comprehensive view of this subject, by throwing together all the metropolitan charities of every kind established during the present century, and comparing them with those set on foot during the whole of the eighteenth century. The number of charities founded during the past fifty years is 294; those established during the last century, 109; whence it appears that in fifty years the separate works of charity of our contemporaries have been nearly threefold those of our ancestors of the last century; and when it is considered that the founding of these new charities has been coincident with a very liberal patronage of those already in existence, there can be no reasonable doubt that the expenditure of charities at the present time is much greater than at any former period. The summary from which we have taken these figures does not pretend to be complete;* but it shows a grand total of 491 metropolitan charities, exclusive of the charities in the gift of the several city companies; exclusive also of Chelsea and Greenwich Hospitals, of savings' banks and loan societies, of parochial schools, and of Government grants. These 491 charities have an income of £1,022,864, exclusive of £741,869 derived from funded property, land, or other permanent securities. So that the annual subscriptions to metropolitan charities, contributed chiefly by inhabitants of the metropolis, amount to more than a million sterling, or about ten shillings a head on every man, woman, and child resident therein. The annual additions in the shape of legacies is also known to be very considerable.

It may not be uninteresting to observe, that while the two classes of general medical hospitals and asylums for orphans and other necessitous children have exhibited no increase of number during the present, as compared with the past century, and colleges, hospitals, and other asylums of the aged, have fallen off more than one-half, medical charities for special purposes and general dispensaries have increased twofold; and that societies for the preservation of life and public morals, for reclaiming the fallen and staying the progress of crime, for the relief of destitution and distress, for the blind, deaf and dumb, for aiding the resources of the industrious, for providing pensions for the aged and incapacitated, for gratuitous instruction, religious and secular, and for Bible and

* *The Charities of London.* By Sampson Low, jun. 1850.

missionary purposes, have very largely increased. It further affords an interesting indication of the direction which public charity is now taking, that whereas in the last century there was but one society for the preservation of life and the protection of morals, there are now no less than twelve such societies; that in place of four societies for reclaiming the fallen and staying the progress of crime, there are now eighteen; that in lieu of one society for aiding the resources of the industrious, there are now fourteen; and that provident and pension societies have increased from sixteen to eighty-six. The fact is also too striking to be omitted, that the annual voluntary contributions to Bible and Missionary societies fall very little short of half a million, exclusive of a hundred and sixty thousand subscribed to other purposes, chiefly religious; and that in the fifty years, from 1800 to 1849 inclusive, eleven millions of money have been expended by the several missionary societies. It will be seen then, that considerably more than half the income derived by our charities from voluntary contributions is devoted to purposes of a strictly religious character.

Another illustration of the point we are now considering, namely, the accumulation of capital, may be derived from the history of learned societies. Previous to the eighteenth century there was but one such society—the Royal Society—founded in 1660, and chartered in 1662. During the eighteenth century four new societies were established: the Society of Antiquaries, in 1707; the Society of Arts, in 1753; the Medical Society of London, 1773; and the Linnean Society, in 1788. During the present century there have been added to the list no less than thirty societies, among which it will be sufficient to specify the Geological Society, the Zoological Society, the Royal Society of Literature, the Royal Astronomical Society, the Royal Asiatic Society, the Royal Geographical Society, the Statistical Society, and the Archæological Associate and Institute. The British Association for the Advancement of Science, founded in the year 1835, is not included in the foregoing list; nor the Royal, London, and Russell Institutions, of which the first was set on foot in 1800. The only provincial society founded in the last century was the Literary and Philosophical Society of Manchester; whereas no less than twenty-five provincial societies of importance have been established during the present century.

Scotland appears to have taken the lead in the establishment of literary and scientific

societies; for we find that during the eighteenth century it possessed no less than six metropolitan and one provincial society, to which have been added during the present century six metropolitan and eight provincial societies. In Ireland the Royal Irish Academy alone existed in the eighteenth century: sixteen leading societies are of more recent foundation. We must not omit to mention, as strictly belonging to learned societies, the large number of twenty-two printing societies, of which the Camden, Parker, Shakspeare, Sydenham, Ray, and Cavendish, are among the most important.*

The increase of scientific societies, taken merely as an indication of the accumulation of capital, leaving an available surplus for annual subscriptions to such purposes, is open to the same objection as the increase of charitable societies. It is not merely the possession of surplus funds by the educated classes, but probably also a growing taste for scientific and literary pursuits, which prompt men to associate in this manner. On either supposition, however, or on the theory that both causes have contributed to the result, the rapid growth and generally flourishing state of these societies may be regarded as a very satisfactory proof of national progress.

If the period we have been passing in review have really been characterized by this commercial activity, this growth of manufactures, and this accumulation of wealth; if we have been justified in pointing to the liberal support of charitable institutions, and the no less liberal patronage of scientific societies, as evidences, not merely of certain peculiar tendencies of the public mind, but also of surplus capital seeking investment, we ought to find a material manifestation and embodiment of these tendencies in that unerring index to the true state of a nation, the metropolis of the empire. To that, as to a centre, the enterprise, the skill, the talent, and the taste of the people, are irresistibly attracted. In it their effects and workings are all displayed. Its docks are crowded with shipping, its thoroughfares obstructed by traffic, its buildings display on every side the energies and the impulses that are at work within it. The nation, conscious of its greatness, seeks to embody that consciousness in structures, vast in dimension and costly in ornament. The Legisla-

* The foregoing facts, with some corrections and additions, are taken from a work by the Rev. A. Hume, entitled, *The Learned Societies and Printing Clubs of the United Kingdom*. 1847.

ture must have its Palace of Westminster, and will not suffer its instinct to be thwarted by an empty exchequer, or the protests of financial reformers. Its hero-worship breaks forth on every side into columns and statues—the heroes not always of the worthiest, the statues not always of the best—its yearning after education takes a material form in such institutions as King's College, University College, and the City of London School; the strength of the popular element displays itself in the British Museum, the Museum of Economic Geology, in palaces and royal gardens thrown open to the public, and in royal parks laid out for the exercise and recreation of the people; the commercial tendencies and business habits of the nation, assuming more and more the form of association for purposes of profit, betray its ambitious nature and conscious self-importance by such buildings as the Bank of England, the Royal Exchange, the Corn and Coal Exchange, the joint-stock and private banking-houses, and assurance offices; and retail trade, infected with the same spirit of display, lines our thoroughfares with plate-glass and or-molu. The higher and middle classes, meanwhile, scorning the privacy of isolated dwellings, rear whole streets of palaces, to show that with them, too, the spirit of association is at work. Science, however, with characteristic modesty, continues to make little outward display; but charity, infected, alas! with something of the ostentation which is the besetting sin of mercantile communities, addresses herself to the senses in forms somewhat too ornate to be consistent with her character, and too lavish of expense to be in keeping with her objects. Above all, the growing Church feeling, which, in moderation, contents itself with propriety of external form and internal decoration, when carried to excess, becomes lavish in external ornament, and competes with Rome herself in the gorgeousness of its ecclesiastical upholstery. On the other hand, as if to show the strength and universality of this feeling, even the grim Dissenter abandons his four bare walls, and revels in all the luxuriance of Gothic. The prison, too, as if to typify that morbid sympathy with the criminal which is one of the besetting sins of our age, exchanges its massive walls and gloomy portals for a more gay and smiling exterior; while the union workhouse shadows forth, by meretricious ornament, the unsoundness and glaring contradiction of the arguments by which our degrading and demoralizing Poor-law is supported and defended. With

far more propriety, the modern lunatic asylum displays, in its vast extent, its pleasing exterior, and its attractive pleasure-grounds, contrasting so favorably with the prison-like appearance of its predecessors, the wide prevalence of that distressing malady of the mind, and the happy change that has come over the spirit of our philosophy, and the wise reform introduced into our methods of treatment. Nor will any one who knows how to sympathize with the equally happy change which is coming over the spirit of our philanthropy, grudge the model lodging-houses, and the baths and wash-houses, such ornament as their promoters shall deem consistent with the unpretending nature of their claims.

That wealth has been accumulating, during the last fifty years, faster than population has increased; that it has sought investments, not merely in undertakings promising profit, but also, to a very creditable extent, in works of science or humanity, bringing their own peculiar reward; that it has displayed itself somewhat ostentatiously, and not always under the guidance of good taste, or a just perception of the fitness of things, in the substantial form of metropolitan improvement, we hold to be a fair inference from the facts and figures which we have adduced. Nor are these evidences of increasing wealth, accompanied by proportionate outlay on works of utility and charity, confined to the metropolis. The country also exhibits at least a satisfactory advance in true civilization. The capital raised for the construction of railroads has been expended, not, as some will have it, in defacing the rural landscape, but in superadding the attraction of architectural forms, rarely unpleasing, often singularly beautiful, and in conferring upon every considerable city the ornament of at least one handsome pile of buildings. In almost every seaport, docks have been built or enlarged, the coast is being studded with harbors, new towns have come into existence, and public buildings, rivaling the best structures of the metropolis in extent and magnificence, have been erected in our busy seats of manufacture and commerce. In the smaller provincial towns, literary institutions and mechanics' institutes, museums and libraries, schools and churches, are being called into existence, to vindicate the claim of the country to share with the capital in charitable impulses, and in zeal for education and the spread of religion. Even remote rural villages have been made to feel the workings of the strong spiri

of the times; and cottages, fit for the dwellings of civilized men, are seen standing side by side with churches restored or newly built, in which consideration for the accommodation of the poor seems to vie with zeal for the honor of God's house.

A man must be blind, indeed, who cannot see on every side of him proofs that this nation, during the last fifty years, has been both accumulating capital and expending it upon purposes of lasting utility. At the same time, we flatter ourselves that we detect many signs of improvement in the tastes and habits of men of wealth and station—a check seems to have been given to the lavish profusion of Indian nabobs and wealthy *parvenus*, and even riches earned in trade are now expended with far better taste, and directed by a much sounder feeling, than at any former period of our history. There seems to be less than there was before of vulgar riot and profusion; the habits of the higher orders have undoubtedly improved; and if we may believe the testimony of those who know most of the artisans in our large towns, and of the laborers in our rural districts, the great mass of the population is making slow but sure advances towards that civilization of which even the humblest and poorest are susceptible. Among the influences at work for their refinement and elevation, we are bound to acknowledge the labors of the clergy, more than ever alive to the responsibilities they have taken upon themselves, and the exertions of those who, whether as advocates of sanitary reforms, or of provident institutions and habits, are working with the Church towards the accomplishment of the same great purposes.

Much has been said and written about Mammon-worship, the haste to grow rich, and the reckless spirit of competition which are said to characterize the times in which we live. Far be it from us to offer incense to that greedy god, to extenuate the dangers and temptations which riches bring with them, or to palliate the evils of a heartless and dishonest competition. But while we would not shut our eyes to the evils which lie one side, we should be wilfully blind not to recognize the countervailing advantages which present themselves on the other. The gold which, as if in bitter irony, the Israelites of old cast into the form of a calf to worship, becomes an instrument of mercy when put to its original uses—when wisely spent in stimulating and rewarding honest labor, increasing the comforts and rational enjoyments

of the people, promoting the great cause of education, and, above all, instructing the poor in what concerns their best and highest interests.

That spirit of competition, too, which some men amongst us denounce as the accursed cause of the squalid misery of so large a fraction of the whole working population, and for which they would substitute an almost untried principle of association, which, if successful, would ere long restore competition in a new and equally objectionable form—even this competition, so deprecated and so feared, is in itself, when kept within the limits of honesty, the means of conferring the inestimable blessing of cheapness. We say deliberately the *blessing of cheapness*; for cheapness, honestly brought about, (by which we mean a genuine article at a low price—for a bad article is dear at any price,) lies at the root of all civilization. For the great mass of the population of all countries and all times, the first necessity is food; and unless it be cheap relatively to the value of labor, there is no surplus fund for clothing; unless clothing be cheap, no surplus for shelter; unless hods be cheap, (cheap again in the sense of being good at a low price,) no surplus for books, or for education of children, or provision against sickness, want of employment, and old age. Owing to the operation of that principle of competition which is now so loudly denounced, the laboring population have long been in the possession of cheap clothing; and for a short period, thanks to the combined effects of at least one good harvest and of free trade in corn, food, too, can be obtained on moderate terms. Some steps have also been taken to add to cheap food and cheap clothing that other grand requisite, cheap shelter; and we trust that as soon as the state of the revenue will permit, the repeal of the window duties and of the timber tax, together with a cheap supply of pure water to our towns, will complete the good work, of which the repeal of the excise on glass and on bricks formed so auspicious a commencement. When the price of food, clothing, and shelter shall have been reduced, the repeal of the excise on soap and paper may be expected soon to follow. All that remains after that, as being of secondary importance, may be left to the operation of the natural law of supply and demand.

Happily, the time, if not already gone by, is rapidly passing, when the doctrine of cheapness and the practice of economy were scorned as vulgar things. The doctrine and the practice are gaining acceptance where

lavish expenditure were once the order of the day, and the thought of economy associated with the idea of meanness. Now, on the other hand, debt is going out of fashion, and beginning to be condemned, not merely as inconvenient, but also as dishonest and cruel. The rich man who contracts obligations he cannot fulfil, is classed with the poor man who makes no provision for the casualties of the future—with the yeoman who farms with insufficient capital, and the tradesman who embarks in unprincipled speculations, or openly courts bankruptcy by selling goods at less than their cost price.

There are indications, too, full of promise for the future, that idleness, whether in the higher or lower classes, will not be much longer tolerated—that it will expose the rich man to contempt, and the poor man to

punishment; and that honest labor we bill more than ever secure of its just reward. The ruinous doctrines and practices which have brought about so large a proportion of our population into a state of abject dependence, have fallen into discredit and disuse; the habit of indiscriminate almsgiving is beginning to be held in as little respect as drunkenness, or debauchery, or any other form of weak and sinful self-indulgence; and the laws against which Bishop Burnet, and Malthus, and Chalmers, so eagerly protested, and which Sir George Sinclair, and Dr. Begg, and other philanthropic observers of the operation of the Poor-law in Scotland, have united in condemning, are fast falling into disrepute. On the other hand, the dignity of labor was never more heartily recognised, or its claims more warmly responded to.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

BIBLIOMANIA.

OF all the passions to which the human mind can surrender itself, there is none more absorbing than the mania of book-collecting. Let those speak honestly who have indulged in it. It is a species of *bulimia*—an insatiable appetite, which “grows by what it feeds on.” I have purchased my experience of this matter rather dearly, having at one period occupied much time, and laid out more money than I like to think of, in forming a select and curious library. My books formed my chief solace and amusement during many years of an active and unprofitable professional life. The pressure of pecuniary difficulties forced me to part with them, and taught me practically, though not pleasantly, the vast distinction between buying and selling. It was something to see placarded, in imposing type, “Catalogue of the valuable and select library of a gentleman, containing many rare and curious editions.” But alas! the sum produced was scarcely a third of the intrinsic value, and less than half of the original cost. There have been instances—but they are “few and far between”—where libraries have been sold at a premium. Take, for example, the collection of Doctor Farmer, of Emanuel College, Cambridge, singu-

larly rich in Shaksperian authorities and black-letter lore, which produced above £2,200, and was supposed to have cost the owner not more than £500. Many were presents. When you get the character of a collector, a stray gift often drops in, and scarce volumes find their way to your shelves, which the quondam owners, uninitiated in bibliomania, know not the worth of. I once purchased an excellent copy of the quarto “Hamlet,” of 1611, of an unsuspecting bibliopoliſt, for ten shillings; my conscience smote me, but the temptation was irresistible.* The best copy in existence of the Caxtonian edition of Gower’s “De Confessione Amantis,” fol. 1483, one of the rarest among printed books, when found perfect, was purchased by a Dublin bookseller, at Cork, with a lot of old rubbish (in 1832), for a mere trifle, and was sold afterwards for more than £300. It is now in the celebrated Spencer Library at Althorp. For some time after the sale of my library I was very miserable. I had parted with my old companions, everyday associates, long-tried friends, who never

* This small and dingy volume, originally published at sixpence, has sold for £12.

quarreled with me, and never ruffled my temper. But I knew the sacrifice was inevitable, and I became reconciled to what I could not avoid. I thought of Roscoe, and what he must have suffered in the winter of life, when a similar calamity fell on him, and he was forced by worldly pressure to sell a library ten times more valuable. I recollected, too, the affecting lines he penned on the occasion:—

"TO MY BOOKS.

(By W. Roscoe, on parting from his Library.)

"As one, who, destined from his friends to part,
 Regrets his loss, but hopes again erewhile
 To share their converse, and enjoy their smile,
 And temper, as he may, affliction's dart:
 Thus, loved associates, chiefs of elder art,
 Teachers of wisdom, who could once beguile
 My tedious hours, and lighten every toil,
 I now resign you; nor with fainting heart;
 For pass a few short years, or days, or hours,
 And happier seasons may their dawn unfold,
 And all your sacred fellowship restore;
 When, freed from earth, unlimited its powers,
 Mind shall with mind direct communion hold,
 And kindred spirits meet to part no more."

What time does book-collecting occupy! what anxiety it excites! what money it requires! The great use of books is to read them; the mere possession is a fantasy. Your genuine book-collector seldom reads anything but catalogues, after the mania has fully possessed him, or such bibliographical works as facilitate his purchases. If you are too poor to buy, and want to read, there are public libraries abundantly accessible. There is a circulating library in every village, and there are plenty of private collections undisturbed by their owners. Subscribe or borrow; don't *steal*!—a common practice enough, notwithstanding, and not without authority.* If your friends are churlish, and won't lend, and your pockets are empty, and you can't even subscribe, still you can *think*—you must try to remember what you *have* read, and live on your recollections of past enjoyment, as the wife of Bath did in old Chaucer's tale. You'll save your eyes, too; and when you get beyond forty-five, that point is worth attending to. After all, what do we collect for? At most, a few years' possession of what we can very well do without. When Sir Walter Raleigh was on his way to execution, he called for a cup of ale, and observed, "That is good drink, if a

man could only stay by it." So are rare and curious libraries good things, if we could stay by them; but we can't. When the time comes, we must go, and then our books, and pictures, and prints, and furniture, and china go, too; and are knocked down by the smirking, callous auctioneer, with as little remorse as a butcher knocks a bullock on the head, or a poulterer wrings round the neck of a pullet, or a surgeon slips your arm out of the socket, chuckling at his own skill, whilst you are writhing in unspeakable agony.

Don't collect books, and don't envy the possessors of costly libraries. Read and recollect. Of course you have a Bible and Prayer-book. Add to these the Pilgrim's Progress, Shakspeare, Milton, Pope, Byron (if you like), a History of England, Greece, and Rome, Boswell's Life of Johnson, and Napier's Peninsular War. A moderate sum will give you these; and you possess a Cabinet Encyclopedia of religious, moral, and entertaining knowledge, containing more than you want for practical purposes, and quite as much as your brains can easily carry. Never mind the old classics; leave them to college libraries, where they look respectable, and enjoy long slumbers. The monthly periodicals will place you much more *au courant* with the conversation and acquirements of the day. Add, if you can, a *ledger*, with a good sound balance on the right side, and you will be a happier, and perhaps a better read man, than though you were uncontrolled master of the Bodleian, the National Library of France, and the innumerable tomes of the Vatican into the bargain.

Don't collect books, I tell you again emphatically. See what in my case it led to—"one modern instance more." Collect wisdom; collect experience; above all, collect *money*—not as our friend Horace recommends, "*quocunque modo*," but by honest industry alone. And when you have done this, remember it was my advice, and be grateful.

What I say here applies to private collecting only. Far be it from me to discourage great public libraries, which, under proper arrangements, are great public benefits; useful to society, and invaluable to literature. But as they are regulated at present, fenced round with so many restrictions, and accessible chiefly to privileged dignitaries, or well-paid officials, who seldom trouble them, they are little better than close boroughs, with a very narrow constituency.

* "This borrow, *steal*—don't buy."—Vide Child's Harold's Pilgrimage.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

SALARIES OF ARTISTS AND ACTORS.

IN all ages, successful actors have been an uncommonly well paid community. This is a substantial fact which no one will deny, however opinions may differ as to the comparative value of the histrionic art, when ranked with poetry, painting, and sculpture. The actor complains of the peculiar condition attached to his most brilliant triumphs—that they fade with the decay of his own physical powers, and are only perpetuated for a doubtful interval through the medium of imperfect imitation—very often a bad copy of an original which no longer exists to disprove the libel. In the actor's case, then, something must certainly be deducted from posthumous renown; but this is amply balanced by living estimation and a realized fortune. There are many instances of great painters, poets, and sculptors, (aye, and philosophers, too,) who could scarcely gain a livelihood; but we should be puzzled to name a great actor without an enormous salary. I don't include managers in this category. They are unlucky exceptions, and very frequently lose in sovereignty what they had gained by service. An income of three or four thousand per annum, *argent comptant*, carries along with it many solid enjoyments. The actor who can command this, by laboring in his vocation, and whose ears are continually tingling with the nightly applause of his admirers, has no reason to consider his lot a hard one, because posterity may assign to him in the Temple of Fame a less prominent niche than is occupied by Milton, who, when alive, sold "Paradise Lost" for fifteen pounds; or by Rembrandt, who was obliged to feign his own death, before his pictures would provide him a dinner. If these instances fail to content him, he should recollect what is recorded of "Blind Meonides:"

"Seven Grecian cities claim'd great Homer dead,
Through which the living Homer begg'd his bread."

No doubt it is a grand affair to figure in the page of history, and be recorded amongst the "shining lights" of our generation. But there is good practical philosophy in the

homely proverb which says: "Solid pudding is better than empty praise;" the reputation which wins its current value during life is more useful to the possessor than the honor which comes after death, and which comes, as David says, in the *Rivals*, "exactly where we can make a shift to do without it." To have our merits appreciated two or three centuries hence, by generations yet unborn, and to have our works, whether with the pen or pencil, admired long after what was once our mortal substance is "stopping a beer-barrel," are very pleasing poetical hallucinations for all who like to indulge in them. Posterity, then, will be the chief gainers, and of all concerned the only party to whom we owe no obligations. The posterity, too, which emanates from the nineteenth century is much more likely to partake of the commercial than the romantic character, and to hold in higher reverence the memory of an ancestor who has left behind him £30,000 in bank stock or consols, than of one who has only bequeathed a marble monument in "Westminster's Old Abbey," a flourishing memoir in the "Lives of Illustrious Englishmen," or an epic poem in twenty-four cantos. I would not have it supposed that I depreciate the love of posthumous fame, or those "longings after immortality," which are powerful incentives to much that is good and great; but I am led into this train of reasoning by hearing it so constantly objected as a misfortune to the actor, that his best efforts are but fleeting shadows, and cannot survive him. This, being interpreted fairly, means that he cannot gain *all* that genius toils for; but he has won the lion's share, and ought to be satisfied.

Formerly the actor had to contend with prejudices which stripped him of his place in society, and degraded his profession. This was assuredly a worse evil than perishable fame; but all this has happily passed away. The *taboo* is removed, and he takes his legitimate place with kindred artists according to his pretensions. His large salary excites much wonder and more jealousy, but he is no longer exposed to the insult which *Le Kain*,

the Roscius of France, once received, and was obliged to swallow as he might. Dining one day at a restaurateur's, he was accosted by an old general officer near him. "Ah! Monsieur Le Kain, is that you? Where have you been for some weeks—we have lost you from Paris?" "I have been acting in the south, may it please your Excellency," replied Le Kain! "Eh bien!—and how much have you earned?" "In six weeks, sir, I have received 4,000 crowns." "Diable!" exclaimed the general, twirling his moustache with a truculent frown—"What's this I hear? A miserable mimic, such as thou, can gain in six weeks double the sum that I, a nobleman of twenty descents, and a Knight of St. Louis, am paid in twelve months." *Voilà une vraie infamie!* "And at what sum, sir," replied Le Kain, placidly, "do you estimate the privilege of thus addressing me?" In those days, in France, an actor was denied Christian burial, and would have been *roué vif* if he had presumed to put himself on an equality with a gentleman, or dared to resent an unprovoked outrage.

The large salaries of recent days were even surpassed amongst the ancients. In Rome, Roscius, and Æsopus, his contemporary, amassed prodigious fortunes by their professional labors. Roscius was paid at the rate of £45 a day, amounting to more than £15,000 per annum of our currency. He became so rich that at last he declined receiving any salary, and acted gratuitously for several years. A modern manager would give something to stumble on such a Roscius. No wonder he was fond of his art, and unwilling to relinquish its exercise. Æsopus, at an entertainment, produced a single dish, stuffed with singing-birds, which, according to Dr. Arbuthnot's computation, must have cost about £4,883 sterling. He left his son a fortune amounting to £200,000 British money. It did not remain long in the family, as, by the evidence of Horace and Pliny, he was a notorious spendthrift, and rapidly dissipated the honest earnings of his father.

Decimus Laberius, a Roman Knight, was induced, or, as some say, compelled by Julius Cæsar, to appear in one of his own mimes, an inferior kind of dramatic composition very popular amongst the Romans, and in which he was unrivalled, until supplanted by Publius Syrus. The said Laberius was consoled for the degradation by a good round sum, as Cæsar gave him 20,000 crowns and a gold ring, for this, his first and only appearance on any stage. Neither was he "alone in his

glory," being countenanced by Furius Lepidus and Quintus Calpurnius, men of senatorial rank, who, on the authority of Suetonius, fought in the ring for a prize. I can't help thinking the money had its due weight with Laberius. He was evidently vain; and in his prologue, preserved by Macrobius, and translated by Goldsmith, he laments his age and unfitness quite as pathetically as the disgrace he was subjected to. "Why did you not ask me to do this," says he, "when I was young and supple, and could have acquitted myself with credit?" But, according to Macrobius, the whole business was a regular contract, with the terms settled beforehand. "*Laberium asperæ libertatis equitem Romanum, Cæsar quingentis milibus, invitavit, ut prodiret in scenam.*" Good encouragement for a single amateur performance!

Garriek retired at the age of sixty, having been thirty-five years connected with the stage. He left behind him above £100,000 in money, besides considerable property in houses, furniture, and articles of vertu. He lived in the best society, and entertained liberally. But he had no family to bring up or provide for, and was systematically prudent in expenditure, although charitable, to the extreme of liberality, when occasion required. Edmund Kean might have realized a larger fortune than Garriek, had his habits been equally regular. George Frederick Cooke, in many respects a kindred genius to Kean, threw away a golden harvest in vulgar dissipation. The sums he received in America alone would have made him independent. John Kemble and Mrs. Siddons both retired rich, though less so than might have been expected. She had through life heavy demands on her earnings, and he, in evil hour, invested much of his property in Covent Garden Theatre. Young left the stage in the full zenith of his reputation, with undiminished powers and a handsome independence. Macready is about doing the same, under similar circumstances. Liston and Munden were always accounted two of the richest actors of their day, and William Farren, almost "the last of the Romans," is generally reputed to be "a warm man." Long may he continue so! Miss Stephens, both the Keans, father and son, Macready, Braham, and others, have frequently received £50 a night for a long series of performances. Tyrone Power would probably have gone beyond them all, such was his increasing popularity and attraction, when the untimely catastrophe occurred which ended his career.

and produced a vacancy we are not likely to see filled up.

John Bull has ever been remarkable for his admiration of foreign artists. The largest sums bestowed on native talent bear no comparison with the salaries given to French and Italian singers, dancers, and musicians. An importation from "beyond seas" will command its weight in gold. This love of exotic prodigies is no recent passion, but older than the days of Shakspeare. Trinculo, in the *Tempest*, thus apostrophizes the recumbent monster, Caliban, whom he takes for a fish:—"Were I in England now, (as I was once,) and had but this fish painted, not a holiday fool there but would give a piece of silver. There would this monster make a man—any strange beast there makes a man."

Catalani, Pasta, Sontag, Malibran, Grisi, Taglioni, Rubini, Mario, Tamburini, Lablache, *cum multis aliis*, have received their thousands, and tens of thousands; but, until the Jenny Lind mania left everything else at an immeasurable distance, Paganini obtained larger sums than had ever before been received in modern times. He came with a prodigious flourish of trumpets, a vast continental reputation, and a few personal legends of the most exciting character. It was said that he had killed his wife in a fit of jealousy, and made fiddle-strings of her intestines; and that the devil had composed a sonata for him in a dream, as he formerly did for Tartini. When you looked at him, you thought all this, and more, very likely to be true. His talent was almost supernatural; while his "get up" and "mise en scene" were original and unearthly, such as those who saw him will never forget, and those who did not can with difficulty conceive. The individual and his performance were equally unlike anything that had ever been exhibited before. No picture or description can convey an adequate idea of his entrance and his exit. To walk simply on and off the stage appears a common-place operation enough; but Paganini did this in a manner peculiar to himself, which baffled all imitation. While I am writing of it, his first appearance in Dublin, at the great Musical Festival of 1830, presents itself to "my mind's eye," as an event of yesterday. When he placed himself in position to commence, the crowded audience were hushed into a death-like silence. His black habiliments, his pale, attenuated visage, powerfully expressive; his long, silky, raven tresses, and the flash of his dark eye, as he shook them back over his shoulders; his thin, transparent fingers, unusually long, the

mode in which he grasped his bow, and the tremendous length to which he drew it; and, climax of all, his sudden manner of placing both bow and instrument under his arm, while he threw his hands behind him, elevated his head, his features almost distorted with a smile of ecstacy, and his very hair instinct with life, at the conclusion of an unparalleled fantasia! And there he stood, immovable and triumphant, while the theatre rang again with peals of applause, and shouts of the wildest enthusiasm! None who witnessed this will ever forget it, nor are they likely again to see the same effect produced by mere mortal agency.

The one string feat I always considered unworthy of this great master of his art. It has been done by fifty others, and is at best but an imperfect exhibition on a perfect instrument; a mere piece of charlatanerie, or theatrical "gag," to use a professional term, sufficiently intelligible. There have been, and *are*, mighty magicians on the violin. Spagnoletti, De Beriot, Ole Bull (who, according to some, plays without any string at all), Sivori, Joachim, Ernst, Levy, &c., &c., are all in the list of great players; but there never was more than one Paganini; he is unique and unapproachable.

In Dublin, in 1830, Paganini saved the Musical Festival, which would have failed but for his individual attraction, although supported by an army of talent in every department. All was done in first-rate style, not to be surpassed. There were Braham, Madame Stockhausen, H. Phillips, De Begnis, &c., &c.; Sir G. Smart for conductor, Cramer, Mori, and T. Cooke for leaders; Lindley, Nicholson, Anfossi, Lidel, Herrmann, Pigott, and above ninety musicians in the orchestra, and more than one hundred and twenty singers in the chorus. The festival was held in the Theatre-Royal, then, as now, the only building in Dublin capable of accommodating the vast number which alone could render such a speculation remunerative. The theatre can hold two thousand six hundred persons, all of whom may see and hear, whether in the boxes, pit, or galleries.* The arrangement was, to have oratorios kept distinct on certain mornings, and miscellaneous concerts on the evenings of other days. The concerts were crushers, but the first ora-

* At one of the concerts during the festival, on two of the performances of Jenny Lind, on the night when George IV. came in state, and on several of the Command Nights of Lord Normanby, as well as on various benefits, this number has been exceeded.

torio was decidedly a break down. The committee became alarmed; the expenses were enormous, and heavy liabilities stared them in the face. There was no time to be lost, and at the second oratorio, duly announced, there stood Paganini, in front of the orchestra, violin in hand, on an advanced platform, overhanging the pit, not unlike orator Henley's tub, as immortalized by the poet. Between the acts of the Messiah and the Creation, he fiddled "the Witches of the Great Walnut Tree of Benevento," with other equally appropriate interpolations, to the ecstatic delight of applauding thousands, who cared not a pin for Haydn or Handel, but came to hear Paganini alone; and to the no small scandal of the select few, who thought the episode a little on the north side of consistency. But the money was thereby forthcoming, everybody was paid, the committee escaped without damage, and a hazardous speculation, undertaken by a few spirited individuals, was wound up with deserved success.

When the festival was over, the town empty, and a cannon-ball might have been fired down Sackville-street without doing much injury, Paganini was engaged by himself for a series of five performances in the theatre. For this he received £1143. His dividend on the first night's receipts amounted to £383 (*horresco referens*!) without a

shilling of outlay incurred on his part. He had the lion's share with a vengeance, as the manager cleared with difficulty £200. The terms he demanded and obtained were a clear two-thirds of each night's receipts, twenty-five guineas per night for the services of two auxiliaries, worth about as many shillings, the full value allowed for every free ticket, and an express stipulation that if he required a rehearsal on a dark morning, when extra light might be indispensable, the expense of candles should not fall on him—a contingency which by no possible contrivance could involve a responsibility exceeding five or six shillings. In 1848, the second year of the famine, and the first of the rebellion which did not take place, the six performances of Jenny Lind in Dublin produced seven thousand pounds sterling, of which five thousand eight hundred were paid to her and the parties with whom she was associated.* In America, if the furor she has at present excited continues, as is almost certain, for the next twelve months, her receipts will reach a sum sufficient to buy the fee simple of ten German principalities.

* Let it not be forgotten that while the Swedish Nightingale has gained unprecedented emolument, her charities have been equally without parallel. In Dublin she gave £100 to various public institutions, and Mr. Lamley, with whom she was engaged, gave £200.

FATE OF A GENIUS.—It is with regret that we announce the death of Mr. M'Intosh, violin-maker, residing in Dovecotland, Perth, and lately of Dublin. M'Intosh was a Highlandman, and having there acquired the art of violin-making, afterwards went to Ireland, where he commenced business. Here he was very successful, both because he produced good articles and was extremely steady. He realized above 300*l.* annually, having got extraordinary prices for his instruments—some of them selling at the enormous sums of 10*l.*, 15*l.*, 20*l.*, and 30*l.*, each. He also supplied the famed Paganini with violin strings, who highly appreciated his workmanship. About that period also Mr. M'Intosh's sons were giving concerts throughout Ireland and England, and one of them by chance met Paganini in his father's shop. The latter, immediately on being informed of his skill in the profession, requested that he should play a piece of music before him, which he accordingly did, and which fascinated the great vio-

linist so much that he conferred on him the honor of his own title, by which he is now generally known. Subsequently, however, M'Intosh tried to invent the "perpetual movement," which so many have failed in—left Dublin to get rid of his friends, who greatly opposed him in the matter, and came to Scotland. He has now been continually working at the affair for eleven years, the latter four or five of which he spent in an attic in Dovecotland, Perth, and seemed to enjoy the high hope of one day or other completing what has cost many a man his life, and what also seems inconsistent with and contrary to the works of nature. He died on Wednesday morning at one o'clock. Up to the eleventh hour he kept his door shut against the kindness of friends and neighbors, and never would he admit a single individual to afford him assistance. Starvation and poverty were his only visitors, and yet hope cast for him a bright aspect for the future.—*Perthshire Advertiser*.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

THE CURIOSITIES OF ECCENTRIC BIOGRAPHY.

BY F. W. FAIRHOLT, ESQ., F. S. A.

TALES of marvelous adventure, narratives of remarkable lives and actions, the peculiarities of eccentricity, the daring of successful imposture—in short the thousand-and-one adventures which prove “truth stranger than fiction,” go toward completing the fascination which volumes devoted to “remarkable characters” invariably possess. A few pages may here be agreeably devoted to a brief review of some “celebrities,” who in their day were notorious; and who may be safely taken as “fair samples” of the large “genus” included in “eccentric biography.”

Let us begin with an old Scottish traveler, who possessed all that inherent love of wandering for which his countrymen are famous. Lithgow has told his own interesting story in the rare volume of travels he printed first in 1614, and secondly in 1640, under the title of “The totall Discourse of the rare Adventures, and painfull Peregrinations of longe Nineteene Yeares Trauailes from Scotland to the most famous kingdomes in Europe, Asia, and Africa. Perfited by three deare bought voyages, in surveying of forty-eight kingdomes ancient and modern; twenty-one rei-publicks, ten absolute principalities, with two hundred Ilands. Wherein is contained an exact relation of the Lawes, Religions, Policies and Governments of all their Princes, Potentates, and People. Together with the grievous tortures he suffered by the Inquisition of Malaga in Spaine; his miraculous discovery and delivery. And of his last and late return from the Northern Isles, and other places adjacent.”

Lithgow's book is as curious as his adventures. It is written in a strong spirit of self-reliance, that spirit which must have enabled him to persevere through much difficulty and danger; but which gives rather too bombastical a tone to his diction; and perhaps shows too good an opinion of himself. It would be impossible to guess what a critic of the present day would say of a

traveler who ended his preface with such words as these: “And now, referring the well-set reader to the History itselfe, where satisfaction lyeth ready to receive him, and expectation desirous of deserved thanks; I come to talke with the scelerate (rascally) companion; if thou beest a villain, a ruffian, a Momus, a knave, a carper, a *critick*, a buffoon, a stupid ass, and a gnawing worme, with envious lips, I bequeath thee to a *can-nificiall* reward, where a hempen rope will soon dispatch thy snarling slander, and free my toilsome trauailes, and now painfull labours, from the deadly poison of thy sharp-edged calumnies, and so go hang thyself; for I neither will respect thy love, nor regard thy malice, and shall ever and always remaine, to the courteous still observant, and to the *critical knave* as he deserveth.”

Our traveler, according to his own account, was one of those gay young gentlemen who occasionally find absence from their ordinary haunts a matter of convenience or necessity; he was subject, too, to what he quaintly calls “a quotidian ocular inspection” of himself and his affairs, which his warm temper could not brook; and so he says—“I choosed rather to seclude myself from my soil, and exclude my relenting sorrows to be entertained with strangers,” accordingly he made voyages to the Orcades and Zeland; and then into Germany, Bohemia, Helvetia, and the Low Countries; and ultimately visited Paris, where he resided for ten months before he started on one of his principal tours.

He left Paris in company with some of his countrymen, on the 7th of March 1609, reaching Rome in forty days afterwards; a curious instance of the little speed with which journeys were made in those days under ordinary circumstances. Here he affirms that some Scottish priests, connected with the Inquisition, endangered his life, and determined to arrest him, perhaps for using as free

language in Rome, about "that anti-Christian courtisan," the Pope, as he does in his book. But he was sheltered by the old Earl of Tyrone, and ultimately made his escape by leaping the walls of the city at night.

After rambling in Italy, he sailed for Venice. Thence he traveled to Lombardy and Dalmatia. While sailing among the Greek islands, his vessel was nearly taken by Turkish pirates; and his description of the commencement of the engagement with them is no bad specimen of the grandiloquent style of his entire narrative. He says—"In a furious spleen, the first *hola* of their courtesies, was the progress of a martial conflict, thundering forth a terrible noise of gally-roaring pieces. And we, in a sad reply, sent out a back-sounding echo of fiery flying shots; which made an equinox to the clouds, rebounding backwards in our perturbed breasts, the ambiguous sounds of fear and hope." Escaped from this danger, he risked his life and liberty in Crete, to effect the deliverance of a young Frenchman who had been condemned for life to the galleys, for a fatal affray in Venice occasioned by a quarrel with a courtisan. After traveling on foot more than four hundred miles, he again took boat for Milo, and beating about in the islands of the Mediterranean, on one occasion narrowly escaped a fatal shipwreck. "There was nothing saved but my *coffin*," says Lithgow, "which I kept always in my arms, partly that it might have brought my dead body to some creek, where being found, it might have been by the Greeks buried; and partly I held it fast also, that, saving my life, I might save it too; it was made of reeds, and would not easily sink, notwithstanding it was full of my papers and linen, which I carried in it; for the which safety of my things the Greeks were in admiration."

After much of traveling, with but ordinary incident therein, our author at last starts for Turkey, and gives a curious wood-cut of himself, dressed in costume, saying,—"Loe, here is mine effigie affixed, with my Turkish habit, my walking staff, and my turbant upon my head, even as I traveled in the bounds of Troy, and so through all Turkey." He now returned into Asia Minor; and at Aleppo joined a caravan of twelve hundred persons who were journeying to Jerusalem.

Our traveler was always a loyal man, and on making an excursion to the River Jordan, brought away a memorial for King James I., which nearly cost him his life; at Jerusalem he also obtained for the Queen some relics which savor more of Popery than such strict

Protestantism as he professed would seem to tolerate. His true courtier-like love for King James peeps forth in his account of his final adventure in the church of the Holy Sepulchre. All the pilgrims with whom he traveled were marked in the arm (apparently in the way sailors now do such things) with the sacred monogram; "but," says Lithgow, "I decyphered and subjoined below mine, the foure incorporate crowns of King James, with this inscription in the lower circle of the crown *Vivat Jacobus Rex*—and heere is the modell thereof," adds he, giving the cut. All this greatly exasperated the infidels, we are told, until he began "to recite the heroic virtues of our matchless monarch" when "their fury fell," and they were miraculously tolerant of the "British Solomon," all of which was related for his edification by Lithgow at an interview with him on his return. At Geneva he felt perfectly at home, and apostrophizes the place in an alliterative couplet, quite characteristic of the taste of his times—

"Glance, glorious Geneve; gospel-guiding gem;
Great God govern good Geneve's ghostly game."

Lithgow's restless spirit and uneven temper breaks forth in the apology with which he commences his second narrative of travel:—"Whether discontent or curiosity drove me to this second perambulation, is best reserved to my own knowledge; as for the opinion of others, I little care either for their sweetest temper, or their sourest censure." He journeyed to Ostend; and then he says, "I measured all the Netherlands with my feet, in two months space;" and thence, after many adventures, to Algiers, where he had an interview with the famous English pirate, Captain Ward; "who, in spite of his denied acceptance in England, had turned Turke, and built there a faire pallace, beautified with rich marble and alabaster stones, with whom I found, domestic, some fiftene circumcised English runagates, whose lives and countenances were both alike, even as desperate as disdainful." The readers of our old ballad poetry will remember the song upon "the battle" between Captain Ward and the Rainbow. "Yet," says Lithgow, "he was placable, and joynd me safely with a passing land-conduct to Algiers; yea, and divers times in my ten days staying there, I dynd and supped with him," but with commendable prudence he slept "aboard the French ship."

From thence he journeyed to Barbary; and

remained some time at Fez, in Morocco, on the beauty of which he expatiates largely. He then goes into the desert, where he sees some real marvels, for he declares—"among these Arabe tents I saw smiths work, out of cold iron, horse shoes and nails, which are only mollified by the vigorous heat and rays of the sun, and the hard hammering of hands upon the anvil. So have I seen it heated also in Asia. I could be more particular here, but time, paper, printing, and charges will not suffer me."

He now returned back to Tunis, where he again remained with "generous Ward," the pirate; and from thence to Malta; staying in Sicily some time, and ascending Etna, "whose terrible flames and cracking smoke is monstrous fearful to behold." Arriving at Messina, he relates an adventure there, which is curiously characteristic of the varied fortunes which the gay gallants of the day occasionally encountered:—"There, in Messina, I found the (sometime) great English gallant, Sir Francis Varney, lying sick in an hospital, who, after many misfortunes in exhausting his large patrimony, abandoning his country, and turning Turk in Tunis, was taken at sea by the Sicilian galleys, in one of which he was two years a slave, when he was redeemed by an English Jesuit, upon the promise of his conversion to the Christian faith, when set at liberty. He turned common soldier, and here, in the extremest calamity of extreme miserie, contracted death—whose dead corpse I charitably interred." What a history is told in these few words of one who had "fluttered in pomp and folly" at the court of Elizabeth.

From hence he visited Rome and Vienna; traveled down the Danube to Buda, and thence into Moldavia, where "for a welcome" he was robbed and bound to a tree, but fortunately discovered in time to save his life, and he then goes to Poland—"a mother and nurse for the youths and younglings of Scotland, who are yearly sent hither in great numbers, besides thirty thousand Scots families that live incorporate in her bowells. And certainly Poland may be termed in this kind to be the mother of our commons, and the first commencement of all our best merchants wealth, or at least, the most part of them."

Sickness induces his return homeward, but his natural restlessness again conquered him, and he commenced his third and most unfortunate journey, which, as he says, had a "meritorious design," but a "miserable effect." The meritorious part of it was, how-

ever, but his own ambition to complete his visit to entire Europe, which he had now traveled over, "except Ireland and the halfe of Spain." Being therefore provided with letters of safe conduct, he went first to Ireland.

Embarking at Youghal, he goes to St. Malo, thence to Paris, leaving it with as bad a character as he gives to Ireland; and thence into Spain. At Malaga he was staying in 1620, when the English fleet anchored there, which were sent against the pirates in Algiers; and now, he says, "came ashore hundreds of my special freends, and old familiars, Londoners and courtiers, with whom desirously met, we were jovial together," and going on board his Majesty's ship, the *Lion*, the general Sir Robert Maunsell, wished our traveler to accompany them to Algiers; but his property being on land "unhappily came I ashore in a fisher-boat, to my deare-bought destruction;" for he was seized, accused of being an English spy, and some papers being found in his possession, involving doctrinal points and attacks on the Pope, with confutations of the miracles of the Lady of Loretta, he gets into the dungeon of the Inquisition. His long detail of his tortures there may be spared the reader. After cruel suffering, he obtained release through the accidental communication of his wrongs to an English merchant, who obtained him a safe passage to England. He was taken to the king, and recounted his wrongs, and the famous Gondomar, being ambassador at that time from Spain, promised him all due restitution and satisfaction. But Gondomar's promises were never kept; he put off the day of redress from time to time, until he being about to leave England, "seeing his policy too strong for mine oppressed patience," says Lithgow, "I told him flatly to his face what he was, and what he went about; which afterward proved true." But the court was no place for the enunciation of truths. They were both at this time in the presence-chamber, before many courtiers, and the pride of the Spaniard and the temper of the ill-used Scotchman clashed; when, says Lithgow, "he rashly adventured the credit of heaven in a single combat against me, a retorted plaintiff." He struck Lithgow, who returned the blow, and the unfortunate traveler, although generally commended for his spirited behavior was imprisoned for nine weeks in the Marshalsea, in Southwark; "whence I returned," says he, "with more credit than he left England with honesty, being both vanquished and victor."

He now applied for redress through the English Privy Council, but the death of King James I. constrained him to prefer a bill of grievance to the House of Lords: and here, after seventeen weeks' delay, he obtained an order for the consideration of his suit; but the Parliament at that time being suddenly dissolved by Charles I., and no Parliament having been called for some years, his case was unconsidered and unrelieved.

Meantime he had recovered "the health and use" of his body again; "and finally," he says, "merit being masked with the darkness of ingratitude, and the morning spring tide of 1627 come, I set face from court to Scotland, suiting my discontents, with a pedestriall progress, and my feet with the palliative way. I fixed my eyes on Edinburgh." But the ruling passion of Lithgow was still at work unsubdued by previous perils and cruelties; he rambled again, but not out of the British dominions. He traveled over his own land, and compiled the results he tells us in a goodly tome, entitled "*Lithgow's Survey of Scotland*," but which does not appear to have been printed. His account of his travels was, however, not his sole work in the field of literature,—previous to his departure from Scotland in 1618—he published "*The Pilgrim's Farewell to his Native Country*;" "*A Discourse on the Siege of Breda*," was printed in 1637; "*Scotland's Welcome to King Charles*" upon the accession of that monarch; "*The Gushing Tears of Godly Sorrow*" at Edinburgh in 1640, "*The present Survey of London and England's State*," 1643, and an "*Exact relation of the Siege of Newcastle*," including a commentary on the Battle of Marston Moor.

Lithgow's career is altogether peculiar. His travels were lonely—his life the same—he appears to have been of an irritable temper, restless in his habits, "sudden and quick to quarrel." Life was, indeed, to him but "one long and painful pilgrimage" ever wandering; never satisfied; his only rest—the grave!

He is a good type of the earnest and energetic old travellers—men of iron frame and undaunted nerve, who faced all dangers and triumphed over all. The difficulties which beset their paths have now vanished in a great degree before modern civilization,—we have less of "hair-breadth 'scapes" in going over the ground he traversed, but there is less of romance in the deed. It is only in the record of their adventures that we know what were the chances encountered in the

olden time, and can contrast the changes wrought in the world since then.

From one who saw and did much let us turn our attention to one who did much though seeing nothing.

Of the many blind men whose actions have been recorded, there is none, perhaps, more remarkable than John Metcalf, known in his day as "blind Jack of Knarborough." It is less surprising to find a man bereft of the faculty of sight and devoted to the study of an art or an acquirement, after secluding himself in abstruse speculation, becoming a proficient in that to which he has consecrated himself; than to see a man like Metcalf occupying his place in the world like other men, and acting through life with the same amount of freedom and intelligence, pursuing his avocation or his pleasures, and following occupations which it would appear that his bereavement had totally unfitted him for—such as building bridges or constructing high-roads in very unpropitious places; yet all this and more did Metcalf effectually accomplish during a long, an active and a useful life. What a lesson is the life of such a man for the indolent!

John Metcalf was born in 1717, at Knarborough in Yorkshire. At the age of four years, his parents, who were laboring people, put him to school, where he continued two years, when he was seized with the small-pox, which deprived him of his sight, notwithstanding all the means that were employed for its preservation.

About six months after this attack he was able to go from his father's house to the end of the street, and to return without a guide; and in about three years he could find his way alone to any part of Knarborough.

He became very expert in swimming, and on one occasion saved the lives of some companions. As he grew older he took to hunting, and was soon a great proficient in the sport; he could find his way well over the country, "looked after" his flock and herds, nay, carried persons through "short cuts" and fords in the river with no difficulty, and is even recorded to have had some wonderful adventures with travelers whose guide he became, leading them quite safely through the night in most dangerous roads to the point of their destination, they being totally unconscious of his want of vision. He is reported to have walked between London and Berwick as quickly as the parliamentary member did in his coach. But his most remarkable occupation was road-making.

Among the numerous roads which Metcalf contracted to make was part of the Manchester road from Blackmoor to Standish-foot. As it was not marked out, the surveyor, contrary to expectation, took it over deep marshes, out of which it was the opinion of the trustees it would be necessary to dig the earth till they came to a solid bottom. This plan appeared to Metcalf very tedious and expensive, and liable to other disadvantages. He therefore argued the point privately with the surveyor, and several other gentlemen, and ultimately got the job of its construction. Having engaged to complete nine miles in ten months, he began in six different parts, having nearly four hundred men employed. One of the places was Pule and Standish Common, which was a deep bog, and over which it was thought impracticable to make any road. Here he cast it fourteen yards wide, and raised it in a circular form. The water, which in many places ran across the road, he carried off by drains; but found the greatest difficulty in conveying stones to the spot on account of the softness of the ground.

Those who passed that way to Huddersfield Market, were not sparing of their censure of the undertaking, and even doubted whether it would ever be completed. Having, however, leveled the piece to the end, he ordered his men to collect heather or ling, and bind it in round bundles which they could span with their hands. These bundles were placed close together, and another row laid over them, upon which they were well pressed down and covered with stone and gravel. This piece, being about half a mile in length, when completed was so remarkably good, that any person might have gone over it in winter, unshod, without being wet; and though other parts of the road soon wanted repairs, this needed none for twelve years.

Metcalf, in the year 1802, in the eighty-fifth year of his age, concluded a long life of useful labor, during which the power of habit, combined with a good understanding, enabled him to overcome impediments apparently insurmountable. His adventures were as varied, his speculations as peculiar, and his successes as great as those of any other man.

From the People's Journal.

LAMARTINE AND COUNT D'ORSAY.

BY CAROLINE FRY.

THE Count d'Orsay is an amateur in art rather than an artist. But what is an amateur? He is a volunteer amongst artists; and in the atelier, as on the battle-field, it is often the volunteers who bear away the palm. What is an amateur? He is an artist whose genius is his only vocation. It is true that he does not receive in his youth and in the opening years of his life that rough education of the trade from which arises a Michael Angelo, or a Raphael. He knows less of the traditions, the mechanism, the secrets of his art; but if he owes less to the master he owes more to Nature. He is her work. It is she who made him what he is; it is she who inspires him; it is in Nature's scale that we must weigh him. It was nature who placed the chisel and the mallet of the sculptor in the elegant and aristocratic hands of Madame de Lamartine, of Madame de Sernesié, of M. de Niewerkerke, and of the Count d'Orsay.

The Count d'Orsay is of a family from whom we might, above any other, expect the cultivation of all that is beautiful in art.

The son of a general of our heroic years, as celebrated for his beauty as for his feats in arms, and the brother of that lovely duchess of Grammont, whose name recalls all the graces and all the refined wit of the court of Louis XIV., he himself, before he had attained the celebrity of the artist or the man of letters, bore the stamp of Nature: his features were a type of nobility and dignity, and in the saloons of Paris and of London he exercised an Athenian dictatorship in matters of taste and elegance. He was one of those men whom we might have supposed to be devoted to vain and trifling success, because nature seems to have created such futile triumphs solely for his pleasure; but who deceive nature, and, after having gathered the light admiration of the fair sex and youth of their age, escape from this atmosphere of frivolity before the time when it would leave its idolators in vacuum, and by patient study and labor transform themselves into new characters—into men of real and substantial merit. The Count d'Orsay resided a long

time in England, where he led and gave ton to that aristocratic society, too stiff and formal in its own etiquette, but which ever admires that which it is most deficient in—grace and ease of manner. But he also rendered himself estimable and important by the intelligent and indefatigable patronage he extended toward Frenchmen of all classes who found themselves lacking resources in the great desert of London. One of the most admirable institutions for rendering aid to Frenchmen in England owes to him its name and its prosperity.

At this period he began to handle clay, marble, and the chisel. Bound by an attachment, grown into a kindred spirit with one of the most beautiful and splendid women of the age, he made her bust during her life; and he again executed it more ideal and more touching after her death. He moulded in rough forms, in a style of rude and savage grandeur, the rustic features of O'Connell; he sculptured the form of Wellington, calm yet vigorous in his venerable age. These figures immediately became popular, being multiplied by thousands both in England and Paris. They were new creations; nothing factitious, nothing meretricious; nothing of art save that highest of all art, in which we lose sight of the artist in the man. These early successes were precursors of others more complete. He sought for a subject. He found one—Lord Byron, who was his intimate friend, and with whom he traveled for two years in Italy, but who has become but a cherished remembrance in his heart.

The figure of Lamartine is one which, in our opinion, presents no ordinary difficulties to the sculptor. And why? His features are simple, regular, calm and noble: true. But in their simplicity, their regularity, their repose, they possess expressions of very opposite characters. In reproducing this type the difficulty that presented itself to the artist was to convey the idea of variety under one image. This was the problem: the Count d'Orsay has solved it.

Nature, who does not condescend to our arbitrary conventionalities, sometimes creates men whom we may denominate as *compound* men (*des hommes multiplés*); she made many more such in the early ages; they knew nothing of our foolish jealousies, our absurd prejudices, but allowed a man to be—if God so endowed him—a poet, an orator, a soldier, a statesman, an historian, a philosopher, a man of letters. Athens was full of such men, from Solon to Pericles and Alcibiades, from Cicero to Cæsar. Nothing was then

known of that system of *caste* in intellect and character which now in France as well as in India prevents a man from practising several trades or displaying a variety of talents and characters at the same time. This moral mutilation of man was not then invented; this is why the men of those days appear so great—it is because we see them as they really are. But it is no longer thus. If you touched a lyre in your youth, you are forbidden to take up the sword at a later period; willing or not, you must take your stand amongst poets; if you have once worn an uniform, you are interdicted from becoming a writer; if you have once been an orator, it would be impossible to become a soldier and to command an army; if you have written history, you must not take part in events which are to form the materials for future historians. This is our law; this is what we call *division of labor*; it is what I more justly call the mutilation of human faculties. But, after all, it is useless to complain; it is an established fact, known and recognized. However, it sometimes happens that nature revolts against these arbitrary distinctions of our times, and that she gives to the same man talents at once opposite and perfect.

Let us imagine Lamartine sitting to the Count d'Orsay. He sees before him several Lamartines; which shall he choose? Is it Lamartine of the *Méditations Poétiques*, of the *Harmonies Religieuses*, and *Jocelyn*? Is it Lamartine of the Hotel de Ville, haranguing the multitude to deliver the Revolution from the flag of Terror, breathless with excitement, his breast bare, and his garments rent? Is it Lamartine writing *L'Histoire des Girondins*? Is it Lamartine on horseback in the fire of the days of May and June, leading the columns of the Garde Mobile and the Garde Nationale against the Place de Grève or against the barricades of the insurgent Faubourgs? Is it Lamartine vanquished, robbed of his power and popularity, retiring from his political career and taking refuge in literature, and devoted to labors by the midnight lamp that would exhaust the power even of youth? No, the Count d'Orsay has not chosen any *one* of these; he has done better, he has produced the Lamartine of Nature—Lamartine as he really is; as we have seen him in poësie, on the tribune, in history, at the Hotel de Ville, and in the Faubourgs, in solitude and literary labor.

It is this combination which gives such incomparable superiority to this work of art. It is not a certain character, a particular incident or part of the life of the man; it is the

man, *the compound man*, such as nature and circumstances made him. This work will be seen and judged at the Gallery; every stroke of the chisel, every muscle, every line of bronze or marble may be criticised. But they will see the life of a man—they will exclaim with one of our friends on first beholding it, "*C'est le buste du feu sacré.*" Beranger, that profound judge, quitted the atelier filled with admiration. As the intimate friend of the model, no one could better appreciate the work of the sculptor.

And moreover it seems that Lamartine himself was much struck with his own image, for the impression he received at once awoke his slumbering muse which had so long been silent amidst the tumult of other thoughts and engagements. On receiving, at Maçon, this bust, presented to him by the statuary, he immediately improvised the following stanzas addressed to the Count D'Orsay. Our readers will again recognize the voice which touched our hearts in our youthful days, and which time, instead of weakening, has rendered more mature, more solemn, and more thrilling than ever.

TO THE COUNT D'ORSAY.

When the fused bronze within thy mould of clay
Bequeaths my image to a race unborn,
The legacy thy partial hands convey
Will court the careless gaze of pride or scorn.
When they behold this deeply furrow'd brow,
Like the worn bed of thought's impetuous tide,
In doubt and wonder will they seek to know
To whom this form, this image was allied.

Is it a soldier, smitten as he stands?
True to his country, and undaunted still!
A poet? Or a priest with earnest hands?
An orator, who moulds the factions will!
A messenger of Peace, by Faith endow'd,
O'er the rough billows of dissension driven,
Baring his breast before the angry crowd,
That its pure liberty may speed to heaven?

For in this dauntless foot, this quivering brow,
Those speaking lips, which seem to breathe and live,
This gesture calm, this bounding heart below,
This attitude, which dreams ecstatic give;
And in that arm, which seems to rule alone,
And in that eye with inspiration fraught,
Phidias has petrified seven souls in one,
And in enduring bronze the wonder wrought.

Seven souls! Oh Phidias! And alas for me
Not one remains! The sport of cruel Fate!
With blighted hopes, outliving destiny:
All that I might have been: 'tis now too late!
Like a torn tree rent by the storms of years,
My scattered branches mark my swift decline,
Whilst the besotted age, with mocking sneers,
Asks, why the chance of battle I resign!

"He praised his God," say they, "yet see him now,
Heart-smitten by the idols of his love!"
The crowd despise him, and the great would bow
His judgment to their own—nor justice prove.
"Our blood," they cry, "why didst thou spare to shed?
We would have dared the fury of the crowd;"
And the couched lion rears his angry head;
"My strength is virtue, wherefore am I cowed?"

Go, Phidias, break thy dangerous, wondrous birth,
And cast the fragments in the fire, the wave,
Lest some heart raised above its kindred earth,
Confused with doubt, should say, in accents grave,
When reading on my cheek contempt or scorn:
"Let the world run its race from end to end
Amongst the thousands that are daily born,
No patriot proves himself his country's friend."

Yes, Phidias! Break this image, hide this face
From a posterity who would consign
A figure of Olympus to disgrace!
And in oblivion bury glory's shrine!
Trust not my shadow to a race unknown,—
The pillory of time would mock my rest;
I weary of the light—and seek alone
The sleep of death, Nepenthe's sole bequest.

Let autumn leaves, by night-winds softly spread,
And the loved sod of my own native hills,
Form the last winding-sheet of this sad head,
And quickly hide me from my country's ills.
One whispered sigh is all I ask below;
A name embalmed in one fond breaking heart;
I lived for man, but on my tomb bestow
Olivion's blessed veil, nor grieve that I depart.

A. DE LAMARTINE.

There is one more stanza still more touching and as solemn as the others, but we do not feel ourselves at liberty to copy it; the author did not address it to the public, but to an individual heart. We submit to the discretion which he would, without doubt, have required of us.

What a gift is that which can inspire such verses!—still greater that which could dictate them spontaneously in the midst of the preoccupation of business and the difficulties of the times. We congratulate the Count D'Orsay and M. de Lamartine; the one has produced a beautiful page in verse, the other in marble. They have mutually repaid each other, but our debt to them cannot be cancelled; we owe them a double emotion, and already our readers share in the sentiment.

A. DE LA GUERONNIERE.

The translator of the above beautiful verses testified her feelings by appending the following:—

ENVOI.

(ADDRESSED TO LAMARTINE.)

Peace to that wounded spirit! time will quell
The surging waves of popular ferment;
France will awake, and Justice breathe her spell
O'er the wild factions that her bosom rent.
Then shall her patriots shine in their own light,
Emerging from th' eclipse by discord thrown,
And thou, Lamartine, in thy country's sight,
The seven-soul'd idol, Gallia's honor'd son.

A beacon, shedding far its warning light;
A tone of music, every thought reining;
A star of radiant beauty beaming bright,
In the clear firmament of genius shining;
A landmark, rising o'er the waves of time;
A golden pillar of a glorious state;
Thy spirit still shall live in thoughts sublime
Beyond the reach of cold oblivion's fate.

C. M. F.

MEETING OF THREE ROYAL FAMILIES.

(SEE PLATE.)

THE friendly re-union of the sovereigns of three kingdoms at Eu, in France,—two of which had long maintained towards each other hostile attitudes,—in September, 1843, was an event of extraordinary interest, and attracted at the time much attention. The last friendly meeting of the sovereigns of England and France took place between Henry VIII. and Francis I., upon the famous Field of the Cloth of Gold. The sumptuous preparations and incidents of that meeting, and its remarkable consequences, gave it great historical importance. The meeting at Eu was as different from that as the state of feeling and public sentiment of the present day is different from that which obtained in those ruder and more boisterous ages. The meeting was in open air, on the fair green turf, with the bright heavens for a canopy, and good nature, and good feeling, and enlightened intentions, alone ruled the cheerful familiarity of the auspicious occasion. It was justly regarded by both nations, as not only a beautiful indication of friendly sentiment, but as a pledge of future amity between the great nations whose mutual interests of peace are becoming more and more thoroughly understood. The King and Queen of the Belgians, allied to both the other royal families, were fitting attendants upon such a scene. The particulars of the re-union, as published at the time, were regarded with extreme interest by the entire civilized world, both for the rarity and dignity of the occasion, and the peaceful presages it afforded, so congenial to the taste and conducive to the interest of our enlightened era. Though the subsequent fortunes of the French king have changed the hopes and modified the estimate of the world in respect to him and his dignity, the reader will find in the following paragraph from the Paris "Messenger," a picture of the event alluded to, which was warmly responded to at the time by the British press, and presents a pleasant aspect of royalty:—

France has been attentive to, the important spectacle which the royal residence of Eu has witnessed. She has approved of, as England has congratulated herself upon, it. This interview of the two great constitutional royalties of Europe is a new guaran-

ty of peace for this world, and a new pledge of good harmony between the two countries and the two Governments. The visit of the Queen of England is a spontaneous and striking testimony of her personal sentiments for our King, and of the affection which she bears the royal family. Queen Victoria has seen at the Château of Eu all that she had expected to find there. She there beheld the old friend of her noble father; a king whose great sagacity has triumphed over every trial, and whose powerful genius, preserving the peace of the world, has fixed France, strong and glorious, on the basis of order and the laws. She beheld there, with a deep sympathy, two queens, models of virtue; princesses, the ornament and pride of the throne; and by the side of the august widow and the royal infant, three of those princes for whom the glory of France is an object of worship, and who have no other aim, no other passion, but to be loved by France, and to serve her. Admirable and touching union of simple virtues and tender affections in the midst of grandeur! Rare and lovely spectacle, which must be keenly felt by the Queen of England, and in which her noble heart has, it may be asserted, found its own appropriate movements and most natural emotions. The adhesion which the British cabinet has so willingly given to the desire of Queen Victoria, the very presence of her Minister of Foreign Affairs at the Château of Eu, are authentic manifestations of the good terms on which the two governments stand towards each other at present. This good understanding, which is so important for the general peace, and of which the cause of constitutional principles, the order of Europe, and the development of modern civilization will reap the advantage, will doubtless draw from an event so honorable to England and France new elements of strength and durability. Europe will behold in it a pledge of the candor and upright conciliation with which all questions, even the most delicate, will be treated in future. The brilliant days which her Majesty the Queen of England, has just passed on the soil of France, in the midst of our royal family, will leave a lively and profound impression on the two countries. Popular acclamation was not wanting to this manifestation of affection and esteem given from so high a source to the grand character of the king, and to the dynasty of July. The young and gracious queen heard and received it with emotion, and responded to it with all the charm of her kind disposition. The two royalties appeared still greater when in contact. France and England, whenever they shall be brought near to each other, will increase in mutual esteem and honor.

RECENT BRITISH PUBLICATIONS.

THE AUTHOR OF JANE EYRE.—New editions of "Wuthering Heights," and "Agnes Grey," novels originally published under the assumed title of Ellis and Acton Bell, and invested with interest, because connected with Currer Bell, the author of "Jane Eyre," have been published, with some prefatory account of these authors, which the reader will be glad to see. The following is the *Athenæum's* synopsis of the contents of the biographical preface. The real name of the sisters here alluded to is BRONTË:—

"The lifting of that veil which for a while concealed the authorship of 'Jane Eyre' and its sister-novels, excites in us no surprise. It seemed evident from the first prose pages bearing the signatures of Currer, Ellis, and Acton Bell, that these were *Rosalinds*—or a *Rosalind*—in masquerade:—some doubt as to the plurality of persons being engendered by a certain uniformity of local color and resemblance in choice of subject, which might have arisen either from identity, or from joint peculiarities of situation, and of circumstance. It seemed no less evident that the writers described from personal experience the wild and rugged scenery of the northern parts of this kingdom; and no assertion or disapproval, no hypothesis or rumor, which obtained circulation after the success of 'Jane Eyre,' could shake convictions that had been gathered out of the books themselves. In the prefaces and notices before us, we find that the Bells were three sisters:—two of whom are no longer amongst the living. The survivor describes their home as—

"A village parsonage, amongst the hills bordering Yorkshire and Lancashire. The scenery of these hills is not grand—it is not romantic: it is scarcely striking. Long low moors, dark with heath, shut in little valleys, where a stream waters, here and there, a fringe of stunted copses. Mills and scattered cottages chase romance from these valleys: it is only higher up, deep in amongst the ridges of the moors, that imagination can find rest for the sole of her foot: and even if she finds it there, she must be a solitude-loving raven,—no gentle dove. If she demand beauty to inspire her, she must bring it in-born: these moors are too stern to yield any product so delicate. The eye of the gazer must itself brim with a 'purple light,' intense enough to perpetuate the brief flower-flush of August on the heather, or the rare sunset-smile of June: out of his heart must well the freshness that in later spring and early summer brightens the bracken, nurtures the moss, and cherishes the starry flowers that sparkle for a few weeks the pasture of the moor-sheep. Unless that light and freshness are innate and self-sustained, the drear prospect of a Yorkshire moor will be found as barren of poetic as of agricultural interest: where the love of wild nature is strong, the locality will perhaps be clung to with the more

passionate constancy, because from the hill-lover's self comes half its charm."

Thus much of the scene:—now as to the authorship of these singular books:—

"About five years ago, my two sisters and myself, after a somewhat prolonged period of separation, found ourselves re-united and at home. Resident in a remote district, where education had made little progress, and where, consequently, there was no inducement to seek social intercourse beyond our own domestic circle, we were wholly dependent on ourselves and each other, on books and study, for the enjoyments and occupations of life.

* * * One day, in the autumn of 1845, I accidentally lighted on a MS. volume of verse in my sister Emily's handwriting. Of course, I was not surprised, knowing that she could and did write verse: I looked it over, and something more than surprise seized me,—a deep conviction that these were not common effusions, nor at all like the poetry women generally write. * * * Meantime, my younger sister quietly produced some of her own compositions, intimating that since Emily's had given me pleasure, I might like to look at hers. I could not but be a partial judge, yet I thought that these verses too had a sweet sincere pathos of their own.

We had very early cherished the dream of one day becoming authors. This dream, never relinquished even when distance divided and absorbing tasks occupied us, now suddenly acquired strength and consistency: it took the character of a resolve. We agreed to arrange a small selection of our poems, and, if possible, get them printed. Averse to personal publicity, we veiled our names under those of Currer, Ellis, and Acton Bell; the ambiguous choice being dictated by a sort of conscientious scruple at assuming Christian names positively masculine, while we did not like to declare ourselves women, because—without at that time suspecting that our mode of writing and thinking was not what was called 'feminine,'—we had a vague impression that authorshesses are liable to be looked on with prejudice; we had noticed how critics sometimes use for their chastisement the weapon of personality, and for their reward, a flattery, which is not true praise. The bringing out of our little book was hard work.

* * * Ill-success failed to crush us: the mere effort to succeed had given a wonderful zest to existence; it must be pursued. We each set to work on a prose tale; Ellis Bell produced 'Wuthering Heights,' Acton Bell 'Agnes Grey,' and Currer Bell also wrote a narrative in one volume. These MSS. were perseveringly obtruded upon various publishers for the space of a year and a half; usually, their fate was an ignominious and abrupt dismissal. At last 'Wuthering Heights' and 'Agnes Grey,' were accepted, on terms somewhat impoverishing to the two authors."

The MS. of a one-volume tale by Currer Bell had been thought by Messrs. Smith & Elder so full of

promise, that its writer was asked for a longer story in a more salable form.—

"I was just completing 'Jane Eyre,' at which I had been working while the one-volume tale was plodding its weary round in London: in three weeks I sent it off; friendly and skillful hands took it in. This was in the commencement of September, 1847; it came out before the close of October following, while 'Wuthering Heights' and 'Agnes Grey,' my sisters' works, which had already been in the press for months, still lingered under a different management. They appeared at last. Critics failed to do them justice."

The narrative may be best concluded in the writer's own words.

"Neither Ellis nor Acton allowed herself for one moment to sink under want of encouragement; energy nerved the one, and endurance upheld the other. They were both prepared to try again: I would fain think that hope and the sense of power was yet strong within them. But a great change approached; affliction came in that shape which to anticipate is dread; to look back on, grief. In the very heat and burden of the day, the laborers failed over their work. My sister Emily first declined. The details of her illness are deep-branded in my memory, but to dwell on them, either in thought or narrative, is not in my power. Never in all her life had she lingered over any task that lay before her, and she did not linger now. She sank rapidly. She made haste to leave us. Yet, while physically she perished, mentally she grew stronger than we had yet known her. Day by day, when I saw with what a front she met suffering, I looked on her with an anguish of wonder and love. I have seen nothing like it; but, indeed, I have never seen her parallel in anything. Stronger than a man, simpler than a child, her nature stood alone. The awful point was, that, while full of ruth for others, on herself she had no pity; the spirit was inexorable to the flesh: from the trembling hand, the un-nerved limbs, the faded eyes, the same service was exacted as they had rendered in health. To stand by and witness this, and not dare to remonstrate, was a pain no words can render. Two cruel months of hope and fear passed painfully by, and the day came at last when the errors and pains of death were to be undergone by this treasure, which had grown dearer and dearer to our hearts as it wasted before our eyes. Towards the decline of that day, we had nothing of Emily but her mortal remains as consumption left them. She died December 19, 1848. We thought this enough; but we were utterly and presumptuously wrong. She was not buried ere Anne fell ill. She had not been committed to the grave a fortnight, before we received intimation that it was necessary to prepare our minds to see the younger sister go after the elder. Accordingly, she followed in the same path, with slower step, and with a patience that equalled the other's fortitude. I have said that she was religious, and it was by leaning on those Christian doctrines in which she firmly believed that she found support through her most painful journey. I witnessed their efficacy in her latest hour and greatest trial, and must bear my testimony to the calm triumph with which they brought her through. She died May 28, 1849. What more shall I say about them? I cannot and need not say much more. In externals, they were two un-

obtrusive women; a perfectly secluded life gave them retiring manners and habits."

"Though the above particulars be little more than the filling-up of an outline already clearly traced and constantly present whenever those characteristic tales recurred to us,—by those who have held other ideas with regard to the authorship of 'Jane Eyre,' they will be found at once curious and interesting from the plain and earnest sincerity of the writer."

Additional Annotations on the New Testament, by Dr. S. T. Bloomfield, is a supplementary volume recently put forth by this eminent Biblical scholar, whose Notes on the Greek Testament are so well known to scholars in this country. The new volume is said to exhibit the same careful learning and judgment which have rendered its predecessor so popular. The *Church of England Review* closes a critique in this language:

"Dr. Bloomfield has spared neither labor nor expense in the preparation of his work, which we can safely recommend to all Biblical students as the most important and valuable aid to the accurate knowledge of the Greek Testament extant in the English language.

The Baroness Von Beck's Memoirs of personal adventures during the late Hungarian war, have been issued by BENTLEY, of London, in 2 vols. It is thus spoken of in the *Miscellany*:

"The interest of this remarkable work is twofold. It is at once a history of public events, and a narrative of personal adventures. In both aspects it will enchain the attention of the reader. We have had a great many books on the Hungarian war; and is not too much to say that this is, far beyond comparison, the most absorbing of them all. We place it even before Klapka's Memoir as a picture of the life struggle and its terrible vicissitudes; while its personal details, arising out of the extraordinary part which its heroic author took in the actual horrors of the war, cast into shadow the scanty revelations of Madame Puleky."

Great Literary Discovery.—A correspondent of the *Athenaeum* asserts that an extraordinary, and, in every point of view, valuable collection of letters, illustrative of the life, writings, and character of the poet Pope, has just turned unexpectedly up, and been secured by Mr. Croker for his new edition of the poet's works.

"The collection consists of a series of letters addressed by Pope to his coadjutor Broome—of copies of Broome's replies—and of many original letters from Fenton (Pope's other coadjutor in the *Odyssey*), also addressed to Broome. It is known that Pope and Broome quarreled:—but when, or what about, has never been sufficiently understood. Broome, however, has told the story by binding together the whole of their correspondence, with other letters illustrative of the quarrel. These I have seen:—and a more curious revelation of Pope's character has not been made since the discovery of his unpublished correspondence with Lord Oxford, which you announced some time back, and which

is still, I understand, in Mr. Croker's possession. When the Oxford and the Broome papers shall be published, the reader will see how untrue Mr. Roscoe's life of the poet is to the actual occurrences and character of the poet and the man;—and, after all, how much nearer Johnson is to the truth of his life than all his other biographers put together. The Broome correspondence, I may add, explains one of the obscurest passages in the memorable treatise on the Art of Sinking in Poetry."

Moorland Cottage is a neat Christmas story, by the author of "Mary Barton," just published by CHAPMAN & HALL, London, and will probably be reproduced by the HARPERS. The *Examiner* says of it:

"The author of 'Mary Barton,' may well put in a claim to obtain audience at Christmas. Her clients have been the oppressed and poor, and her most persuasive advocacy the uncompromising truth. The beauty of her writing is its straightforward sincerity. Language flows from her without effort—manifestly without pretence or affectation."

The *Leader* says:

"Close observation, delicate perception of character, steady reliance on truth, never faltering into conventionalism—a style clear, straightforward, and felicitous, will win for this Christmas book a charmed and numerous public."

Across the Atlantic is the title of a new work on this country, by the slipshod author of "Sketches of Cantabs," which the *Athenaeum* indifferently praises, with some gentle hints to Americans. The reviewer says:

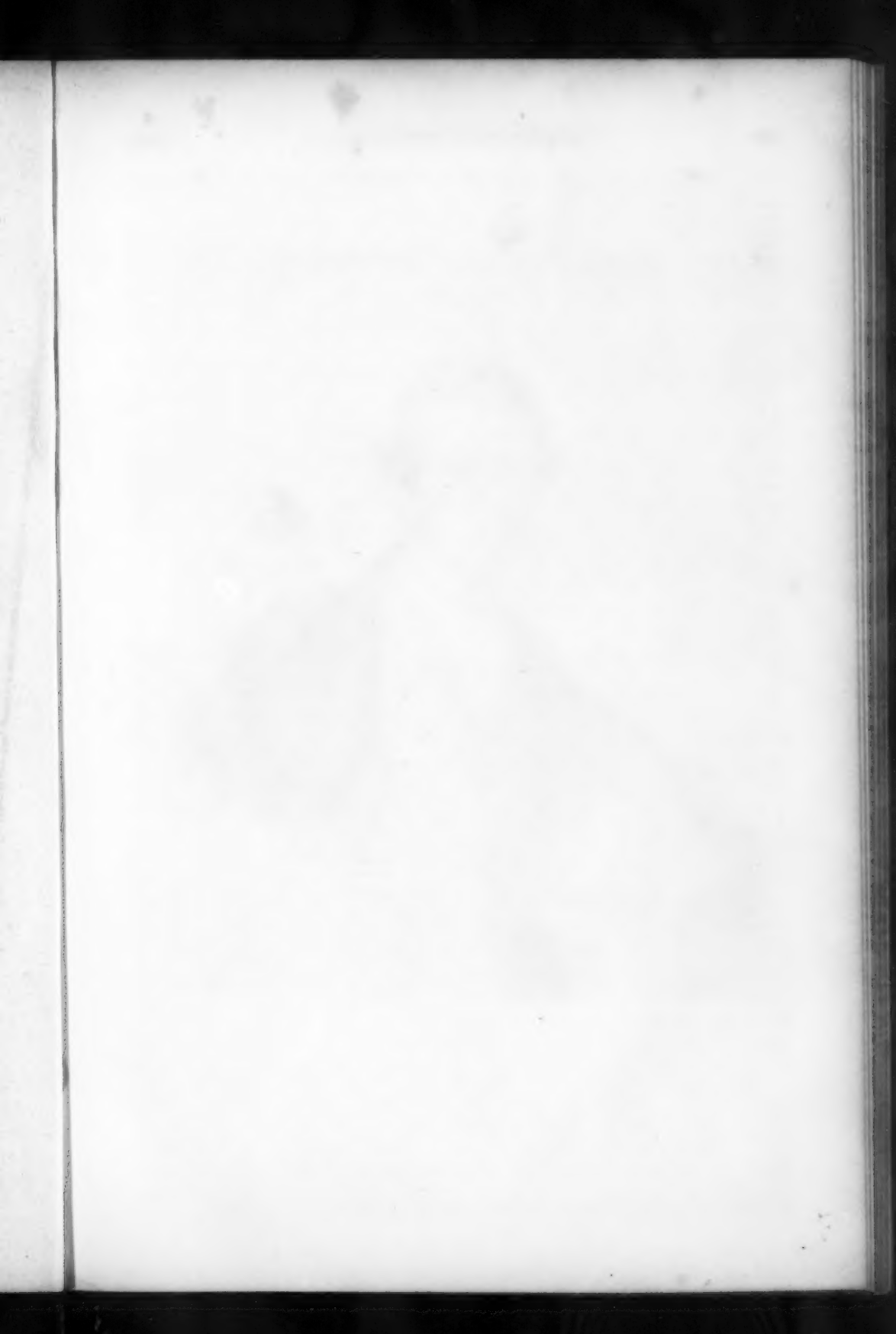
"Very probably our tourists ask too much across the water. It is as useless to seek the repose of European manners in the eastern cities of America as to look for high culture as a rule in the backwoods of Australia, or of the Cape. But, after all, we see no great harm in the traveler's laugh, if it be only good natured. Even Mrs. Trollope may be held to have done some good in her off-hand and not very discriminating caricatures. Some few Americans have ceased to feed with the knife; many have begun to doubt the propriety of chewing tobacco, with its accompaniments, in the drawing-room; strangers are less frequently offended at the theatres by seeing legs dangling over the box tiers, or backs turned on the audience; and "rowdiness" has declined from the gentleman to the gent. Every successive traveler reports an improvement in these matters. But the Americans entertain no love for the satirists whose censures they have justified by practical admissions. The wonder is, that even sensible Americans, while admitting their small foibles—as they may very well do without sacrificing an atom of real dignity—refuse to submit to the literary censures of the stranger. Almost every French, German, and Italian tourist in England finds some fault with our manners, country, or institutions:—our weather is held to be execrable, our lower classes boorish, our aristocracy exclusive, our manners cold, and our streets dull. We admit the sarcasm when it is just,—smile at it when it is not. We do not rage and bluster against the right of private opinion,

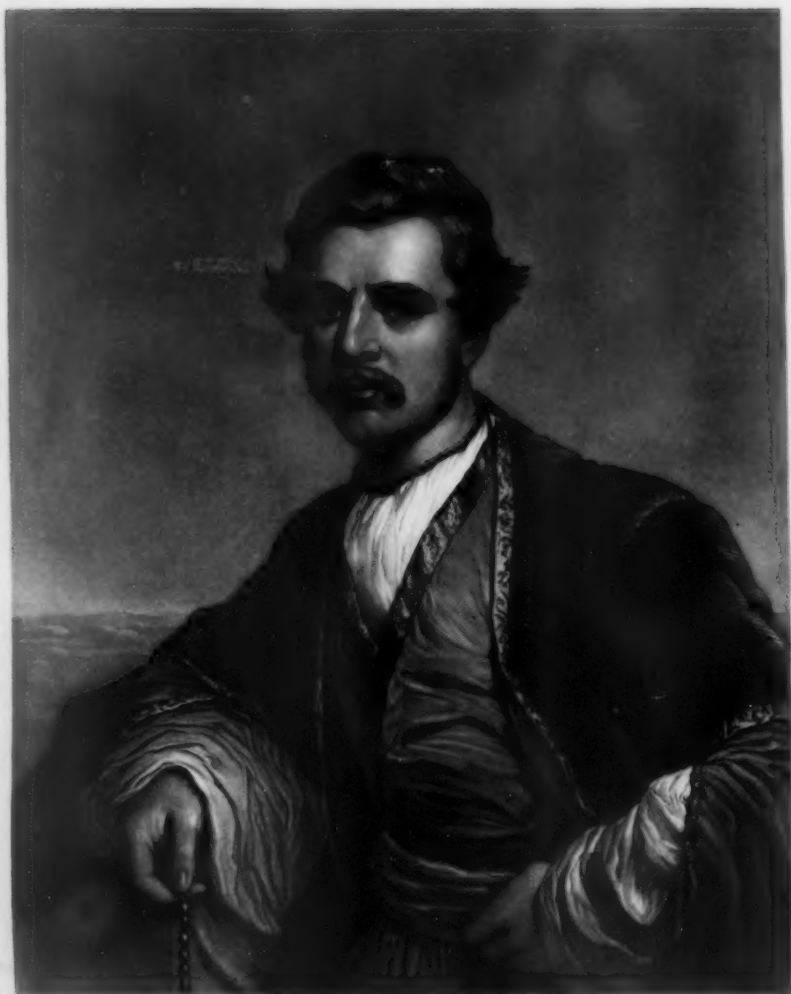
even when the denunciation is in our view uncivil in its form and threatening in its consequences."

A Copious and Critical Latin-English Lexicon, founded on the Larger Latin-German Lexicon of Dr. William Freund, with additions from the Lexicons of Gesner, Pucciolati, Scheller, and Georges. By E. A. Andrews, LL. D. HARPER & BROTHERS.

It has been well known to scholars that Professor Andrews has been, for several years, diligently engaged upon a reproduction of the great Lexicon of Freund. Encouraged by the liberality of the enterprising house to which classic scholars are indebted for several of the most costly and valuable lexicons extant among us, he has spared no pains nor labor to render this work everything that the wants of the country and the state of learning required. With consummate industry and skill, he has here embodied all the useful features of the various lexicons in use, bringing them into a compass not too large for the school, yet large enough for the most thorough scholar. The original plan of Freund,—that of developing the historical as well as logical growth of a word, and setting forth its meaning and usage in all the different eras of the language,—has been firmly adhered to. By an ingenious device of typography, each root is readily distinguished from its derivatives, and so marked as to catch the eye of the student instantly. It is clearly arranged, the definitions are concise, perspicuous, and comprehensive, the quotations and references remarkably full and apposite, and the mechanical execution beautiful. We do not doubt that it will be esteemed by scholars as a work of greatest merit, and as a most desirable contribution to our classical literature.

Mythological Dictionary. One of the most comprehensive as well as creditable enterprises for the improvement of classic study is the undertaking of Dr. Smith, to compile a new and enlarged series of archaeological helps, calling to his aid, by the most liberal rewards, the research and assistance of the best scholars of England and Germany. A series has thus been produced of extraordinary accuracy, learning, completeness, and excellence, which are published in London in three large octavos. A small edition of one of these great works, prepared for schools, has just been issued by the HARPERS, and edited by Dr. Anthon, as a Classical Dictionary, designed to take the place of Lemprière. It is sufficiently large for the uses of the school-room, and thoroughly accurate, orderly, and useful, combining all the wealth of learning and research which the greater work possesses. It will prove an invaluable accession to our literary helps, and unquestionably take the place of all others now in use.





ENGRAVED BY JOHN SANTAIN—THE ORIGINAL BY H. W. PHILLIPS.

A. H. Layard

(DISCOVERER OF THE RUINS OF ANCIENT NINEVEH)

REPRODUCED FOR THE PALÆOTIC MUSEUM

